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NOVEMBER.

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THE
HERALD OF LIGHT:

A Monthly Journal



OF THE
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

The New Church is the body of Christ, including within itself the good, of every sect and persuasion, throughout the world, excluding none. In the visible form it embraces all who confess that Jesus is the Lord; receive the Holy Scriptures as His Divine Word and accept the Doctrine of Regeneration, through obedience to its commandments and in the uses of a godly and self-denying life.

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This publication (now in its ninth volume) eschews all sectarian and denominational distinctions, and seeks to render justice to all—and to labor in charity and faith, for the establishment of the Lord's kingdom in the hearts and lives of men. Terms \$1 per year, in advance.

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

ARTICLE SECOND.

WE purpose to consider, having thus opened the subject of the Anglican Church, as a basis for further statements, its interior and spiritual relation to that great Mother communion, the Romish, of which it is the heir and the successor. It is theoretically as to its external, a truncated Romanism ; a pyramid without its apex ; the segments of an arch deficient of the key stone. When we take up its doctrinal treatises they are cold to the spiritual sense, and leave the impression of hand-fulls of sea salt. It is oftener like the dread sensation which follows when we lay the palm upon the icy features of a corpse. What though the lips and cheek retain the faded carnation ? What though death wears his softest and loveliest aspect in the still repose upon the snowy brow ? What though the bridal roses are twined amidst tresses that once wanted to the balmy evening air, and the little hands look as if they might at any moment rise to turn the key that death has taken from the irrevocable door ? Still the beauty is but the mask of the mortality that riots within the abandoned temple of the soul. And so of this dear Mother Church, this Church of England. We gaze upon it, lying upon the lofty catafalco.

“ Before decays effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

But at the head and at the feet stand the invisible Angels who attend to guard, against infernal sacrilege, the sacred and beloved remains. Alas ! *as a fact in the Spiritual World* the Church of England is no more ; and all that now is left to its mourners are the funeral rites. “ Let the dead bury their dead.”

As the spiritually illumined, with an open perception of the real internal, visit the stately Cathedrals, the humbler Parish

Churches, which survive to attest the architectural splendor of a former age, at every corner and turning are detected the livid and spotted forms of ghastly and wandering demons, dwellers in the night realms and upon the subtle frontiers, where nature itself fluctuates on the pale boundaries of the Land of Spirits. And here they revel, or rehearse their impious profanities, while mortals sleep. So of the sacerdotal houses which are the domain of this proud, this queenly establishment; they are the "habitation of demons and the abode of every foul and unclean thing."

So corrupt is the sphere exhaling from some of the most fondly venerated of these sanctuaries, as for instance Westminster Abbey and the Chapel of Henry VII. that invisible larva swarm in the subtler spaces of the air, while men and women, pale phantoms of their former selves, laugh and gibber to see the mockeries enacted amidst the sculptured and the gilded tombs. Macauley imagines, in one of his historical essays, the feelings which might agitate the bosom of the traveler in some far future age, seated on a broken arch of London bridge and gazing through the shapeless heaps of a desert upon the ruins of St. Paul's. But when, with spiritual perceptions, one takes the same stand, and, through the roar and tumult of the living city, gazes on the unruined pile, he sees the Ghost of a Dead Faith, who, hovering in mid-air, drops her rosary petrified from prayers that were but are not, to fall like a mill-stone round the necks of the suffering unhappy millions, literally sinking them by its weight into the sensual and unbelieving sea. Unhappy England, with her pivotal Church a corpse.

Here we see the sad spectacle of last things. A benumbed Piety, represented in the Tractarian movement, with its starved lips on the nipple of the dead mother, literally seeking to derive nourishment where the sepulchre has set its seal. With painstaking and long continued effort, a gentleman who represents in his person whatever is scholarly and reverent in the Old Church, as well as humane and humble in the New, whose name for obvious reasons we will not allude to, addressed himself to the Divines of the Tractarian party from the earlier stages of their career. Sympathizing in their deep conviction of the lack of vital truth in the minds of the upholders of the Church; sympathizing with them as well in their noble thirst for something real and actual in religion, he demonstrated that the present theology of the New

Church was the basis of the thought of the earlier Christian Fathers, prior even to the usurpations of Rome. They were noble minds whom he addressed, but the arguments might as well have been stated to the stone effigies on the walls of York Minster. They led off in the return to mediæval form, to the status of the Church in an age when midwinter congealed the most interior affections of the heart. They had imbibed, in the Anglican Church, its silent saturating sphere, that of a sleek and worldly Jesuitism. For the Jesuit, in secret, presides at its stately *ats*, and imparts the moral madness of Loyola to the subject spirits who reverently kneel to participate in its magnificent ceremonials.

Ignatius Loyola but represents, as a pivotal man, the sorcery which seeks from Pandemonium, to fill the body of a professedly Christian faith and ritual with all that is poisonous and destructive from below. In Loyola, as an historical personage, the hells rose up to beat back the Protestant Reformation. That Reformation typified by Luther, marched on up to that period, "conquering and to conquer." Since that time the Romish Church has held her own, has in some instances reconquered provinces which were wrested from her hand. England spiritually is one vast arena, where, under the banner of a silent Jesuitism, the myrmidons of Antichrist wage their incessant war. Christian life, it is true, lingers in the extremities of the system, but Jesuitism sits enthroned within the centre of the complicated form. The good men and true, who do brave battle for charity and mercy within the establishment, are like private soldiers, fighting and falling in an ambush into which they have been betrayed by their very chief. Were a clergyman of the English Church to have his internal respiratories opened, were his internal perceptions to kindle and his body to grow sensitive to the spheres of his own communion, he could do naught but go forth, and, like the Hebrew of whom Josephus tells, pass from rampart to rampart of this beleaguered city, crying, "Woe to Jerusalem! Woe, woe to Jerusalem."

We arrived in England with favorable feelings toward its Church. We were prepared to find death perhaps on the surfaces but life in the nobler organs. It is just the reverse; the life pales and flickers on the surface, but the interiors are lost.

(To be continued.)

A PARABLE FOR DIVINES.

A priestly epicure, of noble birth,
Awoke from slumber in the Spirit Earth.
Of plethoric habit and of lusty size,
Earth had been one huge cheese-cake in his eyes;
And he, with Church preferment well endowed,
Rejoiced content, far from the hungry crowd,
In soups, ragouts, and gravies deeply wise,
To eat and drink his way to Paradise.

Soft in the seat which Mother Church prepares
For deans and vicars, free from worldly cares,
He idly revelled in the joys of sense,
And supped for pounds where curates served for pence.
Not his to stir from sleep the buried heart,
To awe the shambles and confound the mart,
Or break Self-love's accursed Lethean spell
With fiery glimpse and sure of Heaven or hell :
His motto, " Comfort at the common cost ! "
He never dreamed a vicar could be lost.

" Ah ! " quoth he, " 'tis a goodly land and fair !
Elysium has an appetizing air;
And—let me feel—the stomach keeps her seat.
Thank fortune ! still, in Paradise, they eat.
Lo, oxen ! steaks and sirloins of the best
Feed, I dare say, the palates of the blest.
Sheep browse, and fat ones, on this grassy sward.
For creature comforts let us praise the Lord !
Doubtless the infidel must hungry dwell
With starved dissenters, famished in their hell.
But see ! a church-spire. Zion's happy land !
No doubt the parsonage is close at hand.
Sweet, beauteous Heaven, that saints foretell on earth,
With endless lives what must the tithes be worth ! "

He paused; an odor softly whispered, "cheer;"
He looked; the parsonage he sought was near,
And from within the sound of knives and forks
Welcomed the Rector of St. Nimrods Yorks,
Vicar of Wigton, Dean of Studly-shore,
Perpetual curate of three livings more.

Seated at table, with suppressed grimace
He eyed the viands, while the host said grace;
Then, tired of acting still the human part,
Like a man-monkey ravened from the heart,
He dined insatiate, for, with cravings new,
Fast as the viands fled the hunger grew:
The generous food his keen desire but nursed;
The limpid water tantalized his thirst;
Naught satisfied—Great Heaven the sight allowed—
But, Ixion-like, his taste but clasped a cloud.

Then, wasting, shrinking, hectic, fevered, wan,
His rotund shape became a skeleton;
While, sight of sights! the ecclesiastic gains,
Unlawful won, grew to gigantic trains,
Loaded with broadcloths, bread-stuffs, pipes of port,
Upholstery, horses, things of use or sport;
And upon each a label bright or dim,
As new or ancient, "bought and charged to him;"
While the grave Angel the large reckoning cast,
With, "Friend! thy settlement has come at last."

The parson answered quite infuriate, "Zounds,
Sir! you insult me. Forty thousand pounds
I left by will, and not a farthing's debt."
"Nay," the rejoinder came, "thou dost forget;
What was thy income?" "seven good thousand clear."
"And what thy work? what use enriched the year?
Son of the Church," the awful thunders rolled,
"Thy lusts were pampered with unlawful gold:
That which we earn by human use alone
Is ours, all else, upon the neck a stone

Of giant size, sinks us beneath the sea,
Whose depths, unfathomed, are eternity."

"Nay!" the reply; "proved mine by canon law:
My church preferments, mine without a flaw;
Two held by purchase, one by right of dower,
One from my friend, the Earl of Studley Tower.
I paid my curates thirty pounds, and one
Forty; I was Lord Fonton's younger son:
We always had a bishop of our blood
Since Harry Tudor, aye, since Noah's flood."

The stately Angel paused, then answering, read
Of ONE, who had no place to lay His head;
Who sent His meek, heroic servants forth
To lift the pale, down-trodden sons of earth;
With soul of charity and tongue of flame,
To rouse the slumbering nations in His name;
By God-like lives their great commission proved;
On Christ, the rock, unshaken, unremoved,
Built up for watch-towers on the mortal coast
Revolving with the lights of Pentecost.

The parson muttered, "This is sorry stuff;
The Church on earth esteemed me well enough;
I should have been a Bishop, but whene'er
A gap occurred, some Whig was Premier.
Whom did I ever rob?"—The solemn word
Thrilled his heart's inmost—"Thou didn't rob the Lord;
Robbed when first, forgetful of heart-truth,
His Spirit struggled in thee all thy youth;
Called thee, with awful voice, to live or die,
To strive or suffer with humanity;
To shun the infamy of priestly place,
Not thine by worth or wisdom, but by race;
To scorn the sacrilege—luxurious bread
Wrung from the thousands, haply half unfed,
Who build, by work of brain, or heart, or hand,
An honest home, though humble, in the land.

Aye, was it so ? thou hast not yet forgot.
Thy heart's Egeria, in the hallowed grot,
Thrilled to the presence and the touch divine,—
Then spurned the messenger and profaned the shrine.

" Learn now, that all a man below o'rhoards,
Or takes for other uses than the Lord's,
Upon the ledger of the Second Life
Remains a debt. The wasted years are rife
With the grave record of possessions, given,
Not for self-use, but for the ends of Heaven.
Not passed as yet the irrevocable bourne !
The vision ends ! Man to thy dust return !
Retrieve thy life, before the iron gate
Jars, with the closing sound; ' too late ! too late ! ' "

AGE IN HEAVEN.

Those who are in Heaven are continually advancing to the spring of life, and this to eternity, with increments according to the progresses and degrees of love, of charity, and of faith. Of the female sex, those who have died old and worn out with age, and have lived in faith in the Lord, in charity toward the neighbor, and in happy conjugal love with the husband, after a succession of years, come more and more into the flower of youth and adolescence, and into a beauty which exceeds every idea of beauty ever perceivable by the sight. Goodness and charity is what forms and makes a semblance of itself, and causes the delightful and beautiful to shine forth from the minutest parts of the face, so that they themselves are forms of charity. In a word, to grow old in Heaven is to grow young : those who have lived in love to the Lord, and in charity towards the neighbor, become such forms or such beauties in the other life.—*Swedenborg*.

CONJUGIAL OBEDIENCE.

AN article, containing, on one particular point, sentiments entirely at variance with those entertained by the conductors of this journal, appeared in the August number of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*. We refer to the article, "How Shall we Grow?" and the point to which we except is the doctrine of the "voluntary and entire subjection of the will of the wife to the will of the husband." Thus broadly stated, it seems from our point of view to be, as applied to human beings in the self-hood, fraught with ruinous consequences to domestic happiness. We should be content to let the article in question pass without comment, but appearing as it does in these pages, our duty to the Church requires this explicit expression of dissent. Yet we utter this with a deep interior affection for our correspondent, and with the hope that clearer perceptions will visit the seeking spirit, gently guiding into the blessed fullness of true Wisdom.

To us no truth is more self-evident, in the light of Heaven, than this, that regeneration can only be accomplished in moral freedom. However sweet and intimate may be the marital relations, it never can justify the husband in asking aught from the beloved companion except through her entire and voluntary acquiescence. Nor is it the duty of a wife to comply with any injunction of the partner, so long as she has, in her spirit, a moral conviction of its impropriety in the Divine sight. Submission, then, is only the wife's duty, so far as she recognizes in and through the husband, a wisdom superior to her own. And now to a few illustrations that will more clearly set forth the principle.

Case first—and it is one that the experienced know to be of a class often occurring in the inverted society of the age—is that of a tender and devoted wife in the Lord, whose husband insists on introducing into the family a female companion, who shall be a secret paramour. Or perhaps the husband, infatuated by the magnetic arts of some captivating person of the other sex, falls a victim to a direful fantasy injected through her sphere; and all the while in comparative or real innocence.

Now the Lord opens the perceptions of the wife, for the purpose of revealing the danger impending over both. What shall the wife do in this case? Say firmly to her bosom friend, "I am deeply persuaded that duty requires me, so far as my voice can have weight, to enter a protest and a denial." Now, if with the warning, the wife acts on the principle of "voluntary and entire subjection to the will of the husband," she is not only an agent in bringing agony upon herself, but ruin upon him. It may be objected, that were the wife to show the spirit of entire acquiescence, the fantasy of the husband would be dispelled, his heart restored to its rightful occupant. Alas! do historical instances, do the records of crime, bear out this position? To the contrary, they do show that, where the wife yields the ground to the invasions of the anti-conjugal principle, God's holy laws are often foully and fatally broken. A compliance in many cases would lead, indeed has led, to undisguised polygamy.

But case second—and here we have only to draw instances from the records of a disorderly Spiritualism. The husband becomes a "Free Lover," and under that fearful delusion, desires the wife to consent that he shall have her permission to carry his theory into practice. If the wife says "Yes," when illumined from even the letter of the Word, she connives at the offense of adultery. In this case, the doctrine of voluntary and entire subjection carries ruin with it.

But third, and again with instances from the same melancholy record. The husband receives the "Harmonial Philosophy," which inculcates the idea, that, if the legal husband finds his female affinity in some person other than his wife, it is not only his privilege but also his duty to desert the one and take the other. The sorely deluded man comes home and breaks the news that his affinity is discovered. He insists that the wife shall aid him in obtaining a legal release; perhaps by removing to a State where a bill of divorce may be procured on certified evidence of a year's separation. Voluntary and entire subjection of the will of the wife to that of the husband would here involve her in a moral sacrifice, to say nothing of a legal fraud.

But still again, the husband becomes a Romanist or a Mormon, and insists that his children shall be plunged into the frozen

depths of a convent, or withered by the passion-blasts that sweep over the morally desolate plains of Utah. Shall the wife consent? If so, the wail of lost childhood shall plead against her before the bar of God.

We might multiply instances from every phase of social life. These, however, for the present must suffice. We proceed to consider the doctrine of "voluntary and entire subjection" as to its spiritual consequences; first upon the wife, and second, upon the husband.

First, upon the wife. In the degree in which she accustoms herself, blindly, and without the exercise of conscience and reason, to obey the husband's fiat, making him to stand to her as Almighty God, her perceptions of right are first obscured and then suppressed. Only by accustoming herself, in the light of the Divine Word and of a regenerating nature, to weigh his states, and firmly, in the strength of the Lord, to resist compliance to him in any falsity or evil in which he may be enveloped, can she either grow in grace herself, or aid him in overcoming the adversary.

As the wife advances in regeneration she will gradually become more and more sensitive to her husband's condition; and will aid him, not by a Chinese or Savage slavery, but by a Christian woman's beautiful example, first, of loyalty to God, and then of submission to her husband, so far as he reflects and repeats the Divine truth and righteousness; she will minister, it is true, in an exquisite sense to every holy affection and intrinsically pure delight; but this only by maintaining and asserting her responsibility to our Heavenly Father. For in an infinite sense the Maker is the husband, to whom the first allegiance belongs.

Should the wife adopt the opposite principle, that of voluntary and entire subjection, she will be closed to the Heavens, and made—and oh! that this could be pondered over—a Subject Spirit to whatever infatuated Society of Evil Spirits domineer over the husband, to whom she becomes the slave. As his states inflow she will return them upon himself in numberless illusions. They both are liable to become mere automata in the hands of the Destroyer.

So the voluntary and entire subjection of the wife reacts with dis-

astrous consequences upon the husband who exacts it. The wife, ceasing to be an organ for the chaste descent of the conjugal Heavens, becomes instead, a link of communication, through whom his own and her Familiar Spirits tempt, beguile, and if possible, through every channel, contaminate and corrupt. She loses by degrees every wifely charm to his oppressed and wearied vision, and sits, like a spectre, at his board. The passive obedience, which was at first so delightful to the man in the self-hood, which was so flattering to his vanity, renders him imperious, arbitrary, and exacting. He insults her womanhood, in the despotism of will, becoming more and more unjust. The developed habit of irresponsible, unquestioned rule, calls out a pride which exults to domineer in its unquestioned supremacy, and regeneration becomes at last almost impossible. We have been thus particular in stating the errors which grow out of the tenet in review, as tender wives may otherwise be led to adopt it; and, writing as a husband, feel doubly called upon to maintain unimpaired and intact, those sacred and chartered liberties which are the defense and security of the bosom friend.

But we trust that our correspondent grasped interiorly at a large truth, and only veiled it in an incorrect method of expression and transmission. We will therefore endeavor, by God's blessing, to define the obedience, which, in conjugal order, is incumbent upon the wife.

In a state of clear internal perception I beheld, standing beneath a palm tree, in a Heaven, to the extreme south of east, the wife of an angel, who beckoned me to her side. Smilingly she spoke, as I approached, "We saw you meditating concerning conjugal obedience, and are permitted to show you that which is within our breasts, where obedience has its home." Saying this she extended a roll of scarlet thread, which, while I beheld it, unwound as from a reel, with incredible rapidity. The strands were all the colors of the rainbow, while the filaments of which they were composed were each an endless spiral. "Observe," she continued, "whence come the threads; they issue from the breast wherein the principle of conjugal obedience has its home. But follow with your eyes, for they are chaste, and see the spinners at work in the bosom house."

I was then permitted to behold myriads of little fay angels, seated within their minute palaces in this dear lady's bosom, and with a low melody they were singing a hymn of conjugal love, and at the same time engaged in spinning from soft wool which lay in baskets at their sides. I then felt a tender fluttering in my own breast, as of innumerable doves gaily carolling in unison. The blessed wife then bade me notice that the threads, as they issued from her breast, invisibly wound themselves into the form of a caduceus or wand with wings, such as Mercury is represented as bearing, in Classic fable; while from the wand, which was in ceaseless motion, the innumerable filaments were wound off as rapidly as they were involved about it. The matron then said, "These are threads of love between my husband and myself; observe him in the distance."

I then beheld, like some glittering warrior, a man in shining armor, mounted upon a snow-white steed, and bearing in his right hand a truncheon of command. "This," continued the matron with a tender smile, "is my beloved one. The filaments which you see unwinding from the rod which I hold, are all, and with equal rapidity, wound again upon the baton in his right hand. Were the faries to stop spinning, my rod would cease to revolve, as the last of the threads were wound from it; and his baton would then become in his hand but a bauble. For the power of the man, in conjugal order, is spun for him by the active and happy affections in the bosom of the mate."

At this, more attentively observing the knight in armor, I perceived that he was a Guardian Angel in a pivotal use, and that the threads from his truncheon descended, and diverged toward different individuals as they approached our earth, weaving garments around their minds for the purpose of protecting them against demoniacal invasion.

The wife then continued in this manner, "It is absolutely needful for me to remain in true conjugal liberty; and were it possible for my husband to impose on me direction, in such a sense as is understood on your earth, the little spinners would be paralyzed and their pleasant labor cease. They would be paralyzed because they receive their influx from the Lord, and can only ultimate these wonderful threads as the wife maintains her celestial liberty.

He is fed through me, in the conjugal, by a constant influx ; but this also descends from the Lord through the fays within, and they can only gather the liquid sweetness of delight, which he afterward absorbs, so long as I am in heart unison with the Lord, and truly conjugal with my husband, that is truly free. That he lives in me and I in him is true, but I am in a state of constant perception, and the influx descends through me which regulates his conditions ; and I am obliged to maintain—for this is order—a wise perception of all that is stored up within and distributed through his various faculties. I can tell you even the minutiae of the forms and qualities of the affections, which, like unborn infants, are latent within his breast.”

Seeing that I gave assent to her words, the lady resumed, “How shall a young girl who is married on your earth exalt her husband into power in the Lord? I will tell you, and you may compare all with that which may be uttered by other wives, also in the Heavens. The true wife is conscious, as she comes into conjugal perception, of things in her husband of which he himself is not aware ; as, for instance, when he returns from the day’s labors or pursuits, loaded with the magnetism absorbed from various sources, she feels it as a changing garment about him, sometimes offensive to the very senses, and as well odious to the soul. She begins to be conscious, and discriminates between the requirements which he lays upon her in the self-hood, and those which are duties in the Lord. She complies as far as possible, but is held back, if she is faithful to the Divine guidance, and so with a gentle will curbs his disorders. She becomes thus the Angel of the Household and a ministrant of Providence in his behalf. As he becomes more regenerate she finds it possible and orderly more fully to obey, because his desires are less prompted from below, and more the expressions of the Divine Truth and Charity descending from above ; but she never loses herself in a blind submission.”

Seeing that she paused I interposed the remark, “Can a wife will herself into a state of voluntary and entire subjection to the will of the husband, and remain open to the Divine influx?” “No,” was the answer; “a wife can will herself to obey the Lord in all things. Her delight will be to receive the Lord’s Wisdom through the understanding of the husband. So far as she is cor-

scious that the Divine Good and Truth instruct through him she will obey, but not without."

I rejoined, "Can a wife will herself to entire submission without becoming herself enslaved?" The reply was, "In this case she but voluntarily throws herself into the meshes of a net."

Soon after this, being also as to the spirit in a state of perception, the Lord led me to a remote region in the hells, far to the west of north, and there I perceived enveloped, in a blue, lurid smoke, a female sorceress. "Ah!" she exclaimed, beholding me, while at the same time her malignant eyes shot venom and emitted a red glare; "You belong to a society who teach that the wife should not submit to the husband?" I replied, "No; but to a society which believes that submission is due to the Lord, and to the husband so far as he accurately transmits the Lord's will." At this she cried, "The wife should obey the husband in all things that he may absorb her spirit, and become wise by the inflowing of the feminine through the masculine."

I replied, "Not so. I perceive your object. You would make the woman a Subject Spirit, by inculcating upon her part a passive unreserved obedience, and so magnetize her from the hells, and return to earth, through her, to biologize and enslave the husband, and ruin thereby both their souls." She was then withdrawn and, the purposes of this intromission being accomplished, I returned to the natural earth.

THE ROSARY.

XII.

The humble line that ends the page
The fairest gem may oft conceal;
As morning dew-drops yet reveal
The rising sun from age to age.

REGINA: THE NEW POEM.

It will rejoice our readers to learn that the summer retirement of Brother HARRIS at Bolton Abbey, England, has been productive of rich results. Far from being exhausted, spiritually, by the incessant works in which, while with us, he was engaged, the treasures of the Lord are, with a constant affluence, distributed through his ministry.

We take pleasure in announcing from his pen a new Lyrical Volume, bearing the felicitous title, "REGINA: A SONG OF MANY DAYS." The work, in the best style of English typography, will speedily and simultaneously be issued in London and New York.

An esteemed contributor, Prof. S. E. Brownell, having been favored with the proof-sheets from England, will doubtless introduce the Poem with a critique from his scholarly pen. We will at present simply remark that it will prove by far the most finished and artistic in construction of any of the series of which, in number, it is the fifth; more brilliant than "Odora," of superior finish to the "Golden Age," and invested with the supernal charm and lucid depth and transparency which characterizes the "Morning Land."

The Poem of Regina was finished at Bolton Abbey in August, and after its close, our brother was directed to the sea-side, for the purpose of preparing the system for the arduous labors of preaching and lecturing, in which he is without doubt, now engaged. There he received a charming conclusion to the volume, in the form of a series of minor poems, redolent of the sweetness of the Celestial Muse. From these we are permitted to transfer the lyrics which follow, as foretastes of the repast at hand:—

SURPRISES.

The midnight of a good man's life
With sudden light from Heaven is rife:
An Angel comes to stand
With guiding lamp in hand.

There, while in darkness he adores,
Break up beneath the brazen floors:
The graves of battles fled
Yield all their stately dead.

Nothing within us from the sky
May, even in its ashes, die.
From their sepulchral urn
Our deeds of worth return;

Changed, as the seed, that from the mold
Lifts its refulgent form, to fold,
With kisses close imprest,
The summer to its breast.

Oh hero hearts! where'er ye keep
Your sacred vigils, in the deep
Death slumber of mankind,
To faith and mercy blind,

Whate'er the perils of the night,
The fitful, unremittent fight,
O'er the enduring will
A light is shining still:

'Tis that which once, through Zion's gloom,
Smote the stern warders of the tomb,
And made the burial stone
Some great Archangel's throne.

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The clouds are cloistered arches;
The winds pace to and fro
Charting their mournful Aves;
From hands of ice and snow
They drop their beads, and hail-stones
F all to the earth below.

Death to the Flowers of Autumn!
The midnight mass is said:
Now Frost, the withered abbot,
With jewels on his head,
Puts forth his sparkling crosier,
And lo! the flowers are dead.

Their tender hearts are broken;
They drop their lives in seed,
Till Spring, the promised angel,
Shall, with his golden reed,
Wake the imprisoned martyrs
The city of God to heed.

Four-square its vast foundations
Shall glad the waking eyes;
Then all their buried nations
Shall, thousand-fold arise,
And wreath, in earth's fair temple,
An altar for the skies.

ROSALIE.

The Year upon her bridal-bed
Of chaste December snow,
Of white December snow,
Unto Eternity is wed:
In blissful trance her countenance
Fades from our sight below.

A youthful queen in summer green,
She taught the rose to blow,
The tender rose to blow,
But stole from me my Rosalie,
Nor soothed a mother's woe.

She stole away my golden girl,—
The sun began to glow,—
She wrought a pinnace all of pearl,
A pinnace for my golden girl,
The sails were white as snow.

Regina : The New Poem.

She stole her to the Summer Isles,
 A little bridesmaid dressed in smiles,
 Before her face to go.

The Year is on her bridal bed,
 Her couch of silver snow,
 Of luminescent snow,
 But Rosalie she must resign,
 My Rosalie, forever mine!
 My golden girl will come again,
 Will come again I know.

FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

As I muse, in dusky twilight,
 On this far but friendly strand,
 All the faithful, the beloved
 Come, in shining robes to stand,
 Like celestial apparitions
 From the heart's diviner land.

There the pure-affectioned maidens
 With the glory on their brows,
 Breathing silent benedictions
 With their consecration vows,
 To the Infinite Beloved
 Each a saintly, child-like spouse.

There the young men sunward moving,
 Building virtues in the day,
 Led by Charity and Mercy
 Through the fearful spirit fray,
 With beatitudes encompassed,
 Clothed in virginal array.

Blissful wives and blooming mothers,
 Watchful fathers of the fold;
 Some with locks that time has whitened,
 All with hearts of love untold,
 By the Angel of the Churches
 On his fairest page enrolled.

Oh ! they come, they come, divested
Of the forms that perish here :
They reflect a light refulgent
From the Master they revere;
While He flows through all their bosoms
With a message full of cheer.

These my Ministering Angels,
Knit by loving ties, that thrill,
As the waves of Eden flowing,
In the silent realms of Will;
Let me clasp them, let me bless them
With a brother's blessing still.

DEATH IN FULL REGENERATION

When Holy Age, with heart benign,
Beholds the lingering sunset shine,
An Angel, veiled from earthly sight,
Waits the soft morn that ends the night.

Regeneration's work is done ;
The battle fought, the victory won ;
The soul, from sensuous thralldom free,
Waits the seraphic jubilee.

The winged seeds of hope and trust
Bloom in the gardens of the just,
Where loving deeds, on earth unknown,
Exhale perfumes from roses blown.

By night the mystic door unbars
That leads to empires o'er the stars ;
By day the Guardian Angels press
With greeting smile and fond caress.

Messiah breathes the quickening breath !
Recedes the shade, expires the death ;
While glorious Use, that triumphed here,
Leads on, more bright, the new career.

THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT.

DISCOURSE IV.

"I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."—JOHN xvii. 23.

Prior to the ascension of our Lord, the human nature which He assumed in the incarnation was not glorified into the Divine; the human consciousness was separated from the Divine consciousness. Hence it is, and speaking from this human consciousness, that our Lord called himself the Son. After His ascension, and after the full union of the human with the Divine, He called Himself no more the Son, but styled Himself the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last, the Almighty. It is, therefore, through the humanity of our Lord that we are made one with Him in His Divine nature; and His object in taking upon Himself our human nature, and manifesting Himself in a visible form, in the midst of the desolations, disorders and ruin of this planet, was that the human body might become a medium in which He, the Lord, might dwell, to manifest His glory, and attract by the strong tie of His Infinite love and sympathy, all those who, in their deep interior nature, open themselves, in the abnegation of the self-hood to receive His Divine Spirit; to love Him with all the heart supremely and the neighbor as himself, and to keep all the commandments.

The *unity* of the regenerate in the Lord—the fact that they are absolutely and intrinsically the members of one vital organization—is a truth which, though plainly taught in the Word, is only perceived as we advance in regeneration. It is very difficult, from the sensuous stand-point, to recognize the truth that a simple negro can receive the Lord by influx, and by keeping His commandments in the Book of Life, and so knowing Him, and becoming regenerate by the absorption of new elements and essences from the Lord, may be absolutely *one* with the cultured Anglo-Saxon, who has had the truth before him, both in its spirit and its letter, and to whom the transcendent facts of the incarnation have been familiar almost from his birth.

It is very difficult to perceive that within all ties of nationality, all ties of familism, all ties even of friendship in the natural man, there is a subtle, a pervading bond of the preternatural which God has made, and that this absolutely knits together as one, not metaphorically and historically, but absolutely and corporately, all in whom the Lord Christ appears.

We can all understand, that the spirit of a man can live within his body; we can all understand that the thoughts and affections, which are themselves substantive and organic, may live within the spirit; and through our easy perception of this truth we can grasp at the idea beyond it; that if those organic formations of thought and feeling in the spirit are good and true, the Lord God Himself, by His Divine Spirit, has descended into them and influenced them, and unfolds them, and works through them, and, corporately through them, reveals Himself to the community in a more perfect revelation. As we advance into that condition all our evils will pass away forever.

The world is now looking objectively, as we know, for the literal coming of the Lord in the visible clouds of heaven; but we must not look for His appearing thus. We must look for His coming in the opening of the internals of our own natures, through which, corporately and universally, He descends in His second advent in an advanced manifestation that shall in its fullness boundlessly transcend His first coming "as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

We know the great truth that there is a three-fold sense in the Divine Word; a spirit in the Bible as well as in the body, and that that spirit is a divine spirit. We also know with a degree of clearness and fullness in accordance with our advance in the regenerated state—and we know it not as theorists but as experimentalists—that by the opening of the interiors the Lord Christ can come down and take up His abode with us, and manifest Himself unto us as He doth not unto the world. He promised that He would thus manifest Himself to all those who, as little children, would receive Him; and as in the New Church we pass into the conditions of little children by giving up our evil thoughts and our bad lives, He will come down and dwell in us. This is a peculiarity of the New Jerusalem, that we need not the sun, the moon,

or the stars to light our splendid dwelling-place ; we need no candle there, for the Lord God is our life, our king, our glory. We have been translated, those of us who have been led into the faith, combined with the charity of the New Jerusalem ; we have been led into a new and glorious condition that is utterly incomprehensible to the mere natural, corporeal and unregenerate man. Christ the Lord has come down to dwell in us.

There is so much rhetoric about the second coming of the Lord in all preaching and all lecturing, that it has become very difficult to explain it, to the mind that is moved mainly upon the external plane of thought, so that it shall be comprehended. What *we* know, and what to our interiors is self-evident, of how tender, how consoling, how comforting and how enlightening is this descent of the Lord into the interiors of those who own Him in His New Church, is a stumbling-block and rock of offense to many. It is sneered at by some as folly ; it is characterized by others as an unwarrantable presumption, and by those whose faith teaches it, in almost all instances it is looked upon as an idle tale.

Yet look for a moment at the *rationale* of it. If He could descend and take upon Himself a visible human form, and through flesh and blood reveal Himself unto the world ; if He could afterwards pour down His spirit at the day of Pentecost in tongues of fire and open the internal perceptions of His people, and put upon them superhuman eloquence to preach His Word ; if He, as has been admitted in all ages of the Church, in the mysterious process of conversion, could come down by His Divine Spirit and cast out the germs of evil, and fire the cold natural man with a flame of superhuman and of pure affection—I say if He can come down, as all admit in Christendom, and by the Divine touch awaken man's interiors and fill his heart with new affections, the whole ground is conceded.

We stand, then, on a position of the most ancient orthodoxy. Before schisms and heresies occurred in the first Christian Church, it stood in the simplicity of childhood in the recognition of this great fact of the descent of the Divine Spirit. The Lord Christ did quicken the interiors of those who loved Him and gave to them a dynamic power over evil spirits ; and, whenever He willed it, over the diseases to which flesh is heir. And so this immortal

gift has come, traversing the great circle of eighteen centuries, to all those who will sit as little children at God's feet, opening themselves to receive His Holy Spirit. Much as the New Church seems a novelty, it is not a novelty, it is not a hearsay, it is not an innovation. And what is our faith? The Lord Christ painted in divine symbols and images in the Word—the eternal faith of Heaven—the eternal faith of Christendom, of which not one jot or one tittle is to pass away until all is fulfilled.

During the dark ages, in consequence of the decline and almost dearth of charity, that picture, painted by the Divine artist, became all blackened over with the dust and damp of sin ; and, in its attempted reparation by injudicious hands, it was daubed over with mere material pigments, that effaced with seeming caricatures the Divine symbols and images. But, in the restoration of truth from the interiors of the Word, our Lord has passed a sponge over that canvas to remove the extrinsic stains which overlaid the original picture, and has let the truth of the Word shine in upon it, by the child-like hearts of the early ages of the New Church, that we can gaze upon the lineaments, which are so brought back by the Divine artist, that we see what He meant, and so we come at once to the boundless spirit and to the sacred and awful letter of the Word. We take the sacred statements, the perfect directions, and promises of our Lord just as He stated them ; and we understand them precisely as the Apostles understood them ; and, God helping us, even the Lord, we mean to practice upon them as did those who sat at the feet of the great Lord and Shepherd of us all.

He said, " if any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me," and we must come to this. The current philosophy of our century deifies self-love ; but we must deny the love of self and the love of the world, as we advance in the regenerated state ; we must wrestle and combat with these loves which desire dominion over our spirits.

We love our children as extensions of ourselves ; it is self-love in the child. A man loves his wife and a wife loves her husband ; it is purely a natural tie. Friend meets friend ; there is a sympathy of thought between them ; if the congeniality is the result of the culture of charity, it is a tie growing out of benefactions given and received ; but if that tie is in the self-hood, it grows o u

of love of self, and soon becomes patronage on the one part, and tends to sycophancy on the other, because it does not rest on a sure basis, but only on convenience. The love of country, in the selfhood, is merely the extension of the natural family tie, which grows out from it, and in the philosophy of our time it is thought all right. But when we come to the root of all this evil in the world, we shall find that it is in the cultivation of the selfhood ; in endeavoring from this aboriginal and primitive stock—the tree of sin and death—to gather good and beautiful fruit ; the effort and mistake is to endeavor to graft upon it the opposite signs ; we lop off the branches, and cut down the trunk, but the root is left and the tree again grows and bears a plentiful and terrible fruitage of crimes and vices. We are ashamed of the fruit the tree bears, and we discolor the blossoms and tamper with the leaves to make them look like something else. We stain, and paint, and color, and call by false and pleasing names the fruit of this wicked tree, but nevertheless we leave the trunk, and are content that our lives should be unfolded by the broken light which passes through its branches. Hence it is that civilization presents such a hideous anomaly. Hence it is that society is masked with vice. And when you take away this mask of vice you find within it fraud, hypocrisy and dissimulation ; dishonesty in thought and speech, in profession and in action ; in art, in trade, in politics and in government ; in the family circle, at the marriage altar ; in the midst of the most sacred oaths and professions is this seminal fluid of corruption and deceit.

But we, in the New Church, must say to the world that it is *self* which must be crucified ; that the cardinal loves of the world and of the earth must be annihilated. Then turning to the Word again we find that our Lord teaches the love of self is to be supplanted by the love of *Himself*, and the love of the world by the love of use, and the love of ruling over others by the love of serving others. Having gone thus far, we find, according to the plainest and simplest teachers of the Word, that no man can make himself over again, while the germs of evil, inherited from his ancestors, exist within him. We must open ourselves to the Divine Spirit that the Lord Christ may come down into us, and dwell in the dormant affections of love and truth, and, raising those latent ele-

ments from the dead, quicken and vitalize them. The Lord does thus come down; at once time and space are completely gone. We have come to the Lord and found that He not only has heard, but has made His triumphal entrance in to the New Jerusalem within the breast.

The problem of this age—of all ages is—How shall a man find God and come into harmony with Him? How shall the days ripen into virtues, and the years stand translated into everlasting charities, and at last the whole man become a likeness and image of the truth, the love, and all the attributes of Deity? Here is the problem where a material philosophy stumbled and fell; here is the point where a sensuous philosophy stumbled and fell; here is the rock upon which those who call themselves absolutists and realists stumble and fall. This has been the problem of all ages to find out Deity. And until we have found out God, we can know nothing whatever of ourselves. We can understand nothing of the wondrous universe in which we live, until we have absolutely attained to communion with the mind of the great Designer.

Then, again, God can only be known through *love*. Here is another great mistake of the present time. The opinion is that God can be known through the intellect, and no matter what a man's heart is, he may attain to a knowledge of the Infinite Divine Spirit; no matter how corrupt, depraved and licentious a man may be, provided he has the organs of the brain in any degree of development, and is cultivating the intellect, he is in a condition to attain transcendent knowledge of God. But in the New Church we see the fallacy of this theory. It is true, most absolutely, that the pure in heart see God; that through a purification and quickening of the affections the Lord comes down to us, and talks with us and directs us. We find Him through love. We discover that He talks in us—I am trying to bring this truth down to such simplicity that no intellect can have excuse—He talks in us through love; that is, first of all inspiring in us desires to perform good actions, He leads us and shows us how to ultimate those good affections which emanate from His nature. And as the thought, and motion which communicates thought, is propelled in and through the electricity in the telegraph, so in and

through these little streams of affection which come through the Lord Christ's heart into our hearts, He, telegraphically, throws down from His Infinite Intelligence into our finite intelligence and comprehension messages of duty for every day. *And when we talk in the New Church of being led and guided by the Lord, it is with this distinct thought in view, that only as we are in charity—only as we are in the love of good and truth, and only as these little cords and nerves of affection are filled with the Divine life that comes through Deity, can we receive, or do we receive the Divine direction.* Let us see then that we cultivate charity—that charity which is wide in its heart and essence, and philanthropic in its form and manifestation ; and as we cultivate that charity through a life in strict obedience to the commandments, what ensues ? The little vessels in our interiors which the Lord fills are opened to Him, and by His Divine Essence He descends into them and fills them with His love and makes us fruitful. Thus interiorly we come to the Lord, thus we see the Lord, and thus we know the Lord.

If any man or woman wishes to know the Lord, and to serve Him absolutely ; to find Him as Peter or John, as Mary or Martha found Him ; it is the easiest thing in the world to accomplish, provided they are really in earnest. First of all let them commence by looking at themselves in this life, and lopping off every evil action, or trying to lop them off. And when you stand still for the first time and see yourselves what you are, you will all find some terrible evil to overcome ; you will all find that at some point there is a darling sin. Having found that sin the first thing is to grapple with it and conquer it. The sin, seemingly, is as weak as a little child, but you soon discover that it requires an Herculean effort to break from it ; and notwithstanding all you may do it comes back to you with a double force, with renewed energies, with all the strength of habit and association, and you cannot overcome it. And after you discover that you cannot conquer that special sin, you should go to the Lord and, throwing yourself before Him, say : "I cannot conquer this evil ; I give myself up to you, dear Lord, enter into the stronghold, take command, and lead me on to victory." This is the beginning of the second coming of Christ into the individual soul. Hence it is that you will find His Divine spirit leading you

to see and to contend against the more superficial and outward sins of which you are guilty, and after these outward sins shall have been conquered, you will be conscious of interior sins, more powerful and more difficult to vanquish—more hellish in their nature. The next thing of which you are conscious will be your need of a more perfect regeneration, a more full, interior and absolute descent of the Divine Spirit ; and hence you will have to come into a state of new openness to the Lord ; a new giving up of idols for the descent of that Spirit more mightily and powerfully to the interiors, and thus becoming dead to the natural, the most secret recesses of our breasts are made bare to be permeated and ramified by that Divine Spirit. And the Lord descendeth in answer to prayer. If you seek to ultimate an affection the Divine Spirit comes down into the breast until you are conscious that it is working there ; as conscious as you are that the Divine Breath is in and comes out of those green leaves in the Park, and that it breathes fragrance into the flowers of the garden.

Thus you attain, through practical righteousness, to a new perception in which you absolutely feel that there is a foreign intelligence within the breast, and that this intelligence has descended into your interiors ; and that that gracious mind, the mind of the Spirit, is forcing Himself down,—not against your freedom—but forcing Himself down while all the remaining evils, whether natural, or spiritual, or moral, are in possession of us and are endeavoring to retain their hold. Yes! this is the true reason and philosophy of the combats that those being regenerated are compelled to undergo, that He, by His Divine Spirit, comes down to take possession of us, and seeks to flow into every one of our affections, and if there is anything that resists Him, of course we feel the resistance to the pressure—the Divine pressure—of the descent and the coming of our God.

Many persons are content with receiving a little of this first baptism—a little of the coming of the Lord in the will only—without fully receiving Him into the heart, and when they feel His pressure, and when they are called upon to combat, that they may receive more of His Holy Spirit, they content themselves with flowing down the stream of mere external, superficial ceremonial observances. After the Divine Spirit has begun to work

in us, it will keep stirring up evils within the breast and rack the bosom until they shall all be conquered. There will be periods of repose, that fresh strength for the combat may be gathered, but the fight will go on as long as the enemy holds dominion, until man standeth upon the earth with every false and evil thing put down for ever beneath his feet, with only one desire : the desire to love the Lord God with all the heart, soul, mind and strength, and to ultimate that beautiful life in performing kind actions and in his sphere of use ultimating all God's commandments in every character and complexion, in every variety of genius and condition in the life to which he may be sent. Now this—and this in the full sense only—is the second coming of our Lord.

It is true, that in the Dark Ages, or during the incipient stages and struggle of Protestantism, the Church has slumbered and slept. But now, in the waking up of the spiritual world, in the opening of the internal senses of the Word, in the descent of the New Jerusalem, the great era of a Christianity which is something more than an embryo has dawned upon the earth ; a man child has been born into the world who shall rule the nations with a rod of iron, and that man-child is to be born in us, and through Him our intellect is to be cultivated and our faith made strong.

And, brethren, mark this. It is just as easy, if a man will only dare the hazard and brave the difficulties of the attempt—it is just as easy for a man to advance to the more transcendent and crowning stages of regeneration in *this* world, as for a man to advance in the other world, and easier. Just as it is easier to instruct a child with a plastic nature in those uses and knowledges which are necessary to life, and which pertain to his calling and genius ; just as it is easier to instruct the child *then*, than to wait until he has formed habits, and with inverted faculties sits in the petrification of his spiritual nature, as stubbornly as water in the rock ; just so is it easier for a man to attain to regeneration and to complete it more rapidly in this world, than in the world of spirits.

If you pause, dear brethren and sisters, you will retrograde. As was said in an illustration given previously you can take the dry grains of corn which for centuries have lain encased in the swathings of an Egyptian mummy's breast and preserve them for centuries longer without destroying their vitality ; plant them

at the end of that time and you will find that after you have caused that grain to germinate that it must do one of two things—either it must grow and flourish and bear its fruit thirty, sixty and one-hundred fold, or else it must rot on the dead earth and perish. And so we see we have either to press onward with all the powers of our nature, and, drinking in more and more of the spirit of charity, let that spirit flow out through us, or we will fall out of the ranks and perish by the way.

The New Church, in its visible form, is simply, then, designed, in all its ministries, in all its rites and all its ceremonies, and in its ritual, to accomplish the use ends of regeneration. Its baptism is different from the baptism of the Old Church. The baptism of the Old Church is by the priest. He in a form pronounces a formula over the head of the one baptized. But the baptism in the New Church is something different; it is real. The priest is open to the Lord, with the Lord dwelling in him. He cannot, in his self-hood, lay his hand on the person's head; he cannot pronounce that Divine formula. Why? because having come to the Lord *for* his use, the Lord *uses* him, and it is the Lord Himself that directs that life and who speaketh through him. There are no baptisms if the man is in the self-hood, and only when the Lord God descends by His Spirit is there efficacy in the form or ceremony.

And in the administration of the Supper. In the Old Church, as we know, the bread and wine are to a great degree at least represented as symbols of the body of the Lord; but in the New Church it is different. There is an absolute descent of the Lord Jesus, by His Divine Spirit, into the bread and wine, which is the medium; and when in faith and charity we receive the spiritual body of our Lord, He draws us *into* Himself, and inspheres us *with* the Divine truth and charity which is *from* Himself, and it remains in the system, working from atom to atom until all is fulfilled.

And in presenting our children to be consecrated in the form of the New Church the Lord Himself descends and performs the consecration; and as more and more we give ourselves up to the Lord, so more and more we shall find the Divine Saviour descends to comfort us; and if we are faithful we shall see, in this

world wrought out that splendid miracle of the Gospel, that full unfolding of the transcendent mystery, a perfect man and woman in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Press on, then, boldly ; bear your burdens humbly ; endure censure and misrepresentation, and live charitably, avoiding the very appearance of evil. Omit no opportunity when the Divine Spirit openeth your internals and directeth you, to preach the Gospel. Train up your children to know that they are sitting at the Lord Christ's feet and that He has called them for His own. Under all circumstances of life remember that, to the faithful, the Lord fulfills His promises. In sickness accept all pain in meekness as being but an agent for your purification. In the loss of property, in the disappointment of external expectations, trust all to that God who knoweth when to make the leaves fall from the trees, and only maketh them fall for the purpose of bringing them out again in fresh verdure. When friends are taken away—I mean now in the self-hood—and your hearts are bereft of the dearest objects in life, recollect that all the angels are your friends, that the Lord of the angels is your friend, and that all in the Lord on earth in their interiors are bound to you by the same great and blessed tie. When the Lord, working by His Spirit, calls upon you to give up a friend and teacher, simply say “ the Lord's will be done,” and, throwing all your energies into your sphere of duty, you will be enabled to rejoice at the bereavement, as opening the way for your performance of higher uses and sweeter ministries for the Lord.

When you hear a word spoken by any brother or sister out of charity, I charge you, in the sight of the Lord Jesus Christ, never, under any provocation, repeat that word. When in the self-hood any brother or sister has criticised you—and this, my brethren, must occur in the earlier stages of regeneration, when the power of resistance is trifling and weak—when the word of criticism is spoken, there is but one reply. Let it be buried in your hearts, never to return again, never to be called up ; let the deep waters of oblivion cover it. If two should by chance disagree, let them come together first of all, on their knees and read the Word and pray ; then let them open together the subject of controversy. If still they cannot agree, and feelings of bitterness spring up, let

them both say we will go home and pray and look to the Lord and seek His guidance and His Spirit, and they will be brought into right conditions. Then, at the right time, let them come together again, and they will flow together and blend as two drops of water, no more to be separated. You cannot tell where one drop of water ends to divide it from another ; so will they afterwards be inseparable.

Finally, never forget the Sabbath. Meet together and worship God on the day He has appointed ; never omit a single Sabbath day ; under all circumstances meet together and keep the temple consecrated to God ; consecrate yourselves before you go up to worship, and then worship. *Even if there are no words of exhortation or instruction given you, meet and worship.*

LOVE.

O mystery of being, mighty Love !
 Thou ocean that dost flow through many streams ;
 Thou soul that flowest through unnumbered lives ;
 Thou day that fillest all things with thy light ;
 How beautiful art thou !
 How wondrous in thy interblending force,
 Merging the all in one,
 Merging the one in all :
 The self-forgetting energy that fires
 The Lover, Hero, Saint or Martyr, flows
 From thee and is thine own.
 Love is the blood within the veins of life ;
 Love is the flame that lights the lamps of mind ;
 Love is the life of lives within the soul ;
 Love is a tree whose fruits are golden suns,
 Whose branches fill immensities of space,
 Whose essences are spiritual spheres,
 Whose most ethereal substance lives from God.
 In loving we grow wise
 Beyond all finite thought.

THE NEW CHURCH FABULIST.—NO. 4.

THE BOTTLE IMP.

Said my friend to me one day, deploring,
" You have seen an Imp within a bottle,
Filled with air and made of India rubber.
Press the top ; he sinks and finds the bottom :
Lift your finger ; lo ! he seeks the surface,
Dancing like a Dervish through the water.

" So in days of fatuous worldly blindness ;
Then my base and sinful inclinations
Were an imp, within my heart, the bottle.
When the hand of Providence was on me,
When I felt the pressure of disaster
And my breast was burdened with affliction,—
Then my Sin, the bottle imp within me,
Sank in quiet to the depths of being,
'Till I quite forgot his face and presence.
But, when sudden gleams of outward sunshine,
Prosperous days, or praise, or better fortune,
Indicated the uplifted finger,
Then the Sin, the imp within the bottle,
Rose to toy and riot on the surface,
Dancing like a Dervish through the water."

So with all of us ; the sin we cherish
In the heart's vase, in its liquid crystal,
Rises—falls—as we rejoice or suffer.
So prosperity but calls the demon,
From his hidden depths of secret darkness,
To his throne upon the gleaming surface.
Therefore we are tried with long affliction,
'Till the bosom-sin is pierced and vanquished,
'Till we draw him breathless from his castle,
And the limpid life that flows within us
Gleams in sunshine, colorless, to Heaven.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

A POEM OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

(Continued from page 345, Vol. 3.)

POEM OF THE HEAVENLY PEACE.

Dissolved in odorous rain of honey dew
Melts o'er the inland pools the misty blue,
There is no life but peace and its repose ;
The fading yellow leaf to emerald glows,
The green leaf slowly ripens into gold,
Here all things from the soul their life unfold,

Here is no winter cold.

Hail to the land beneath the wave !

Hail to the land that Christna gave !

With honey-dew their bowls the lilies fill,

Then bow their heads like poppies in a swoon,

The crimson sunset sleeps on vale and hill,

Blushing through all her endless bridal moon.

From eyes of sleep, enveiled in golden calms,

The flowers of Christna's Heaven upon us gaze ;

Sleep smooths our foreheads with her drowsy palms,

Through endless autumn days.

Mild languor breathes from ever-setting suns.

Surely the end of action is repose.

The storm into a peaceful quiet runs,

The babbling stream to restful ocean flows.

Hail to the land beneath the wave !

Hail to the land that Christna gave !

The noisy brain should feel the quiet heart,
As the quick bridegroom yieldeth to the bride ;
Rest and Contention dwell too far apart
To melt their being in one common tide.
See how the yellow bees, for nectar glide
Into the honeyed clover. Hush ! be still !
Of calmness take thy fill.

The butterfly, impaled upon a thorn,
Flutters away its life in agony.
There is no balm for hearts by sorrow torn,
Save sweet tranquility.

Scorn not from lilled chalices to drink
Nectareous dew of slumber, and desire
No more to vex thy brain, and cease to think
Save as the gods inspire.

I was a poet in my stormy youth,
It ended in a cloud of black despair.
Vain is the strife of mortals after truth,
Till Love the heart prepare.

Gaze not into the dark and stagnant fen,
Or serpents meet thy sight.
When heaven is bare of clouds, and only then,
The mild stars yield their light.

Love is the sole oasis in the waste,
Fly from the barren sand :
Cool is the pleasant water to thy taste,
And, like Rebecca by her Lord embraced,
With golden girdle round her dainty waist,
Peace beckons with her hand.
Haste to the sunset land !

Fire burns through all the fevered veins of Noon,
But pure and quiet Night
Pours dewy calm from out the silver moon,
And gives to man her medicinal boon,
Rest, coolness and delight.

Day is made up of troubles. Night is deep.

Come to the Sunset Land !

Here eyes grow bright, forgetting how to weep,

And, as a shepherd sings unto his sheep,

Peace doth his tuneful watch forever keep,

With roses in his hand.

Come to the land that Christna gave !

Come to the land beneath the wave !

In trance Columbus saw the clime afar,

Veiled in the setting day,

Where Freedom slumbered in her new born star,

O'er the dim waves away.

A trance descended from the Angel-world

On Dante's visioned eyes,

Then Purgatory all its realms unfurled,

And Hell and Paradise.

In trances deep great Milton heard the hymn

Chanted around the throne,

And through his shadowed orbs the cherubim,

Veiled in their glory shone.

Windless and waveless are the purple seas

Of Aethra's yellow clime :

There poets dwell, even as Apollo's bees,

Invisible by time.

There Wordsworth sings his infinite sweet lay,

Enthralled by sense no more :

Fear not, but fly from scorn and strife away,

Come to the Sunset Shore.

Toil not to find celestial wisdom's ore

In coarse, material dust.

Thy Better Genius trust.

Ere sorrow's worm has eaten to the core,

Or age begins thine elements to rust,

From Comus and his rabble sons of lust,

Oh follow, while thy heart flies on before.

Come to the Sunset Land,
 The land that Christna gave.
 The water-lilies stand
 Beside the silver wave.
 Faith with her slender, jeweled hand
 Shall guide thy soul to Sunset Land.

I turned a little more to the right and saw a youth of slender, graceful form, whom I had never consciously beheld before, but I felt drawn to him as to a brother. The very spirit of rest seemed to have built its bower within his heart ; but I was unable to learn the name which he had borne while in the natural body. After he had concluded this Melody of Peace, he drew still nearer and took my hand in both palms, and sang

THE ORIGIN OF THE ODORA POEM.

Before the Morning Land was wrought
 In the internals of thy thought,
 The Sunset Song we now unfold,
 Was fashioned in its primal gold :
 It now descends, and Earth shall feel,
 From age to age its music steal
 Through poets in their budding time,
 And lovers in their marriage prime.

'Tis but one blossom from a tree,
 Whose annual buds of melody,
 Unclose through all celestial spheres
 And ripen with immortal years.
 Take to thy heart no thought of ill ;
 Like a ripe grape thy soul shall fill
 Her purple vase with Angel-wine,
 Whose life is drawn from CHRIST the vine.

The spirit whom I had called Singing Sweetness now drew near and said, "Such are some of the mysteries of the vestibule, which greet those minds who in the Divine Providence, are permitted to enter the Third, or Ultimate Heaven. You are now in a Paradise of that Heaven." His voice then changed to a flute-like music, and he began singing this

BRIDAL MELODY OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

Odora ! Odora ! I hear the doves calling,
Odora ! Odora ! the heart-dews are falling.
Odora ! Odora ! the red lilies part ;
Thy soul through thine eyes gazes into my heart.
Odora ! Odora ! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora ! Odora ! the south wind uncloses
The lips of the myrtles, the leaves of the roses.
Odora ! Odora ! I feel thy soft kiss ;
Thy lips through my spirit send music and bliss.
Odora ! Odora ! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora ! Odora ! thy spirit is praying ;
I hear in my soul the sweet words thou art saying.
Red Lily ! Red Lily ! thy bosom's desires
Thrill warm through my heart, like the sunset's soft fires.
Odora ! Odora ! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora ! Odora ! thy heart, in its motion,
Expands, like a blossom upon my soul's ocean.
Odora ! Odora ! my blessing, my bride,
Thy thoughts through my heart like red water-fays glide.
Odora ! Odora ! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

" I am now going," he said, " to tell you of my nuptials with the Red Lily," and resumed his song :—

Odora ! Odora ! the south wind is bringing
The voice of thy love in sweet melody singing.
Odora ! Odora ! the joys of thy thought
Are bracelets of pearls round thy white arms inwrought.
Odora ! Odora ! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! thy dainty white bosom
Is fragrant as tuberose and lily in blossom.
Odora! Odora! thy love-thoughts are sweet,
Like a necklace of pearls with a star where they meet.
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! the beams of the morning
Have tinted thy cheeks with their crimson adorning.
Odora! Odora! the thoughts of thy mind
Are a zone for thy bosom with white pearls entwined.
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! the blossoms find voices
To greet thee ; thy coming the garden rejoices.
Thy artless affections have robed thee in white,
And in sandals of pearl peep thy feet to my sight.
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! the Father's perfections
Thou shrinest in all of thy bosom's affections.
Odora! Odora! thou child of the skies,
The truths of the Word thrill my heart through thine eyes.
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S SONG.

We are married, we are married,
Like the myrtle and the vine ;
By our love our souls are carried
To the joys of the Divine.
When the Night with stars was laden,
Like a flowering orange tree,
Came my heart's betrothed maiden
From her virgin rose to me.

She was born within the waters
Of a planet pure and mild ;

She was fed by Love's fair daughters
On their bosoms undefiled.
As the Night with stars is laden,
Came that lovely one to me,
And my soul embraced the maiden
As the margent clasps the sea.

She was fed by *all* the Graces,
In a paradise of Mars ;
And upon her, from their spaces,
Showered blossoms all the stars.
We are married, we are married !
Oh my blessing and my pride,
By its love my soul was carried
To thy bosom, Oh my bride.

Where the fairy nymphs are singing
In the music of their glee,
And the fairy bells are ringing
In the valleys of their sea ;
Where the twilight fairies listen,
From the shells upon the shore,
To the waves that chime and glisten
Round the sunset's bridal door ;

We were married, we were married.
By the fairies of the wave
To the Love-land we were carried,—
To the land that Christna gave.
In thy bosom's hidden valleys
All thy thoughts, in music, tell
Of the heart's enchanted palace,
Where thou biddest me to dwell.

We are married ! Oh the sweetness
Of the blessed Eden years !
And our loves dance in their fleetness
To the bride-song of the Spheres.
Like a vesture to my spirit
Is the sunrise of thy smile,

And thy beauty I inherit
Like a beaming Summer isle.

We are married ! we are married !
And the sound of nuptial bells
From our Paradise is carried
Through the vale of asphodels.
We are married, and the morning
Of our being is begun,
And my bride, in her adorning,
Is an Angel in the sun.

BROTHER HARRIS.

We take the following extract from a private letter addressed to a gentleman of this city, in regard to the movements of Brother HARRIS. It was written from London under date of 27th September, 1859, and is from one who occupies a prominent position in the English New Church :—

“ Mr. HARRIS has gone this week to Manchester, where he will continue to preach for three months. He has already made many friends, and is certain of a very warm reception. I think he will have quite a success in England. Here in London we had only a very little taste of him, but what we had makes us long for him more and more. I hope he may again be with us at the New Year.”

“ I have seen the *critiques* in the *New Jerusalem Messenger*. The English people are quite able to *and will* make up their minds about Mr. HARRIS, without the assistance of the *Messenger*.”

MEANS FOR THE PROMOTION OF BROTHERLY LOVE AND CHARITY.

A SERMON BY REV. WOODBURY M. FERNALD.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.
* * And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."—JOHN xvii. 20, 21, 26.

We frequently have occasion to speak of the importance of love and charity; it is the one great practical theme. We can do nothing without it—cannot even live without it. But the means whereby that love is to be promoted are not perhaps so frequently dwelt upon, and are not so well understood as they should be. And, unless we thoroughly understand these *means* and *causes* to a true affection, and are willing to employ them, it avails comparatively little to keep up a perpetual enforcement of the great claims of a brotherly love and a more expansive charity. To be sure, the heart intuitively assents to the justice and rationality of the claim, as soon as it is presented, for there is that in man which cannot but respond to the very word of love, and is affected with it by a magic belonging only to the great All-Father. Therefore it is profitable even to talk about it, in the most incoherent manner. But man has an understanding as well as a heart; and it is true that even the deepest subjects—those which are hidden in the secret recesses of the will, and pertain to the profoundest principles of the Great Jehovah and the devotional affections of His creatures—may be increased and quickened by a rational understanding of them. Nay, there *are* no feelings, not even the most fitting emotions and intuitions of the heart, but are closely allied to their own truth, and are capable of being apprehended. We do not always want to be dissecting our feelings, and turning up the roots of the tender plants to see how they are growing; we may injure them by such a process. But we ought at least to know *once*; we ought to have an occasional flash into the understanding, of the metaphysics and system even of our prayers, and our holiest and most indefinable loves. And just in proportion as we become angelic and spiritual we shall have that understand-

ing—a truth united to good so closely as to both feel and see at once how it is and whence it is, with our most intimate and inward experiences.

It is in the spirit and truth of these remarks that I wish now to call attention to this great practical matter of love towards the brethren. “Let brotherly love continue.” “Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love.” “These things I command you, that ye love one another.” But these are exhortations and commandments that are not only founded on some reason, but are most surely promoted by some specific means. And it is not enough that we have the exhortation and commandment, even from divinest sources ; we want to know why it is and how it is, and the whole psychology and philosophy of the operation. Then we may more successfully practice the commandment, realizing our connection in the great system of creation, and may more thoroughly comprehend the folly also of anything opposed to this movement ; in short, may better understand

“—How everything was made to love,
And how they err, who in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.”

What we want, in brief, is a *systematic culture* of the good affections, just the same as we cultivate the intellect in the household and in the common schools. This is the *great* want of the Church and the family. We do not attend to it ; we don't know *how* to attend to it, frequently, just because we do not realize the importance of this thing as we do the necessity of a good education to fit and prepare man for a successful experience in this world. The culture of the intellect is something that everybody understands. We know what it is to teach grammar, and arithmetic, and geography, and even the higher sciences taught in the schools of learning ; and we teach them with a wonderful success and accomplishment. Hence we have young ladies and gentlemen who can discourse intelligently upon the starry firmament, can give us the chemistry of matter and its beautiful laws, can speak to us charmingly of the whole floral kingdom, and the forces and mechanism which play everywhere in Nature ; but who, at the same time, do not manifest that proficiency in the more amiable and human acquirements of a modest and affectionate heart, a mind well taught and trained to

the christian virtues ; and whose lustre of intellect only serves frequently to set forth in more painful contrast the expressions of an unsubdued temper, a haughty and offensive pride, a disagreeable vanity, and a heart full of all uncharitableness.

Now, *how to cultivate* the good affections of mankind as we cultivate the intellect. *How to attain* to that christian charity which is the subject of so much exhortation and appeal. *How to learn* to love another, and to be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another. This surely is a subject of the most vitally practical moment, and it is one which, I fear, we shall need many lessons in, before we can attain to anything like thoroughness of practice.

How sublime are the words of the text ! “ Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word ; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.” Here is an ascent at once into universal principles. The Saviour mounts at one effort, and almost without effort, to the great Fatherly Principle of Divine Good, which he recognized in His own soul, and by means of which He also was in the Father, and the spirit of which could also pass into the souls of the disciples everywhere, and also into those who were not disciples, but who should become so by belief in their word, connecting them all together into one unitary and organic life. I say one unitary and *organic* life, for although there are different personalities, yet they are all organized into one grand, societary body, by means of a common principle and essence. Man is man only by virtue of the Divine Spirit dwelling within him ; and although the *very* divine never comes into consciousness with him so as to constitute a part of his self-hood, yet it is the only thing that vivifies that self-hood, and calls forth all the human into activity and life. Reason, imagination, memory, judgment, fine intuitions and instincts, sympathies, affections, friendships, all-brilliant intellect and all-beautiful love,—the man entire and the woman entire, is only such by virtue of the Divine impulses operating deeply within, and spreading all through that wonderful humanity the glowing heat of the Divine Love, and the glowing radiations of the Divine Wisdom. And although man’s proprium or self-hood, in itself considered, is nothing but evil, or a mere dead nothing, without the Divine flowing

into it and quickening it, yet the Lord in regeneration gives unto man a *new* proprium from His own Divine nature; and hence it is said that all men may be one, as Christ and the Father are one, they in God and God in them. It could not be said so unless the regenerated self-hood was of the Father only. Hence, as one man is all alive and glowing with beauty from the Divine Life, so a multitude of men, and so all heaven, connected with the Church on earth, and this is that great mystical body of Christ, so often spoken of, and so little realized by men. It is indeed a body—an organic, societary Man. It is not perfect on the earth, but it is perfect in the heavens, just in proportion as regenerated men and angels flow into it from the different earths. It has a heart, which beats with the living pulsations of the Divine Love, humanized in that great organism. It has a head, wonderful and brilliant with the glow and coruscations of the Divine Intellect. It has hands and feet, swift and executive in all their individual members, with the humanized essence of the Divine Power. It is busy and industrious, with a diffused, productive happiness through all its offices and functions, with the angelic ultimations of the Divine Use. It is the great corporate man of the Heavens. The problem is there solved, and in it, of true self-love and social being the same. We shall never have a perfect Church on earth, never a perfect state of human society, till these angelic societies and associations become ultimated into a new civilization, and the kingdom of God has come on earth as it is in Heaven.

It is something to know of Divine Truth in principle, and in the abstract. It is still more to see it concretely in the heavens. It is for man on earth to love his fellow-man from such a consideration. He is to have *prayer* for that love: as the Great Saviour Himself, who could pierce through all disguises, all merely external appearances of union, to the great unbroken unity of the heavens; and so could lift an understanding heart in strong, earnest aspiration, that His scattered flock on earth might be all one, “as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.”

Such is the truly “divine union.” But before we proceed any further in the subject, let us inquire more specifically what it is that *obstructs* our union, and that prevents that love and charity

from operating with us, which ever ought to characterize the true Church of Christ. And *of course* the answer must be, it is our own evils ; but these again are something that have no part nor lot in the union. It is good only that unites ; it is truth without good, and the evils of the heart, that are continually creating divisions. Thus, every man has, before regeneration, a predominant evil self-hood. He has a will which is *his* will, regardless of everybody's else. This is the source of the whole mischief ;—this little will, contemptible in itself, stirring and bustling about in the creation, so full of importance, as though it *could* live of itself, or make anybody else live with it ! Now, there is only one remedy for this, and one means of peace. It is to have that will regenerated, or else ejected from any society into which it may intrude. This is the way the Lord governs with the children of men. He cannot make a heaven where such a will comes in ; there must, therefore, be a hell, into which finally to cast all such resolutely determined spirits. Poor souls ! We will not undertake to say how much the Great Everlasting Mercy may do for them in the unknown ages of eternity ; but one thing is very evident, they cannot enter into Heaven ; they have no peace, no elements of peace, for any united society on earth or in Heaven. Therefore there is a peculiarity in this chapter from which we have taken our text. The Lord says, "I pray for *them* [that is, for those who have received the Word and kept it] ; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me, for they are thine." (ver. 9). The purport of which I understand to be, not that there are any human beings whom we are not to pray for, or whom the Lord could not pray for, but that, foreseeing that certain ones *would* not be saved, they could not, *as to their evils*, be made the subject of any hope or faith.

So it is with self-will in all its forms of inversion and opposition to universal interests. It must either be regenerated or rejected. It cannot enter into any divine union nor any heavenly union, nor any union with the Church on earth. It is ever an element of strife and discord.

It is this which obstructs our love and charity. We may have a great deal of truth, but if it is not conjoined with good, it only operates as a cold, heartless knife, to criticise the conduct of others,

and to cut asunder the bonds of charity. It is the legitimate and natural work of truth without good, to separate its possessor in solitary coldness and lofty conceit from his fellow-men around him. The more of it he has, the worse it is with him. For it only supplies the materials of thinking, of meditation and abstract revery; and there is so much gratification in this, and so large *supplies* of spiritual thought, and so self-entertaining, that the man shrinks into himself to enjoy it, becomes non-communicative, and to a spiritual being who can look in upon him, dwells in a high, sublime, mountainous region of snow and ice. The prospect is grand, but the climate unproductive.

Again, the manifest and active *evils* of the heart are continually interfering with this bond of charity. Every man's self-hood has some one or more evils that are prominent. These are as so many little personalities, each conspicuously marked with the pronoun I, setting themselves forward with their own particular interests, not sufficiently respective of the opinions or the good of others, and so concurring in a general confusion. One man has an *ambition* to gratify, and therefore *he* is a trouble. Another has an amount of *pecuniary interest* to secure, and therefore *he* cannot work harmoniously. Another has a sect or a great name to honor and build up, and therefore *he* is an obstruction. He will go so far, but not one whit further, for the life of him. Another thinks he knows better than all the rest, and therefore he is more trouble than all the rest. Follow it out however you will, and it all comes round to this—a predominating self-will, not universal, not catholic, narrow and contracted both from ignorance and from evil, hardly able to ascend in prayer with the Great Saviour of men, “that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.”

Oh! if there is *anything* for which I have *no patience*, and which provokes the evils of my own heart to intolerance, it is this little, ungodly contraction into spheres of bigotry and exclusiveness. Men who think that because *they* cannot see any further, no others can; who wish to measure everything by their own line and plummet. And yet I see that such are frequently honest in their prejudices, and therefore we must not complain too bitterly.

The object is to cast down all this self-hood, and to promote a

true universality. How shall we do it? And I answer, first make men to realize that God is trying to do this very thing *for* them; that this is the great object of all His providence, to organize out of all these discordant elements, one grand, regenerate, and unitary MAN—a society in the order and form of Heaven.

Second, that our own evils, our own little selfish personalities must be sacrificed, one after another, to this great end. Here, upon the altar of universal interest, must every private wish be offered in solemn sacrifice to the Lord of all. Here must be slain and burnt every evil and impure thing, so far as it is possible for us to do it. When we feel the spirit of intolerance or of uncharitableness arising in us, of which every man may be more or less conscious, we should stop to inquire how very possible it is for us to be mistaken, and how our own evils may delude and cheat us into a fancied superiority. In common life, in the family or the social circle, much may be done by simply setting out to diffuse as much goodness and joy as is possible, by making one's self as entertaining and instructive as possible, by overlooking all artificial distinctions, and the vain and foolish pride of birth, wealth, or place, and trying to discern and appreciate the *good* in others. Thus, by removing the sphere of hell, which is based on human pride, and inviting the sphere of Heaven, where the only aristocracy is that of goodness and truth.

Again, if a man or a woman cannot at all times *feel* good, much may be done by forcing up the sluggish nature to imitate it. It is worse than folly to give way to these feelings of depression and sloth, and not make any effort to goodness because we must affect it or not have any appearance of it. There is an affectation, I would have it understood, which is a virtue, which is *not* an affectation, which is at least a good morality, and which is nothing more nor less than a striving to imitate on the outside what the interiors say ought to be there from a true heart and life. In all such cases, it is the heart that prompts; and although we have to whip and spur the sluggish nature into smiles and graciousness, it is a *mighty deal* better than a stolid, selfish stupidity, and may cause the genuine love to break forth and smile. Sometimes, by supplying the ultimates, the interiors flow into them with a wonderful readiness. Love tries a thousand ways to make its way, for

it is the only thing under heaven that has any real life in it ; all the rest is dead and motionless, and is only animated by the all-pervading fire.

Again, we should do well to remember that we all have a thousand hereditary evils and personal peculiarities that are not at all ours ; that are entailed upon us by birth ; that, had we been consulted, we should have been perhaps unwilling to accept, and which are to pass off in the regeneration. These are felt as terrible obstructions to association by the virtuous and sensitive parts of the mind. We have also sharp prominences and jagged peaks of peculiarity, which are very annoying sometimes. Now, the only way to triumph over these obstructions is to associate frequently, whether we will or no. It is only by coming together and making the best of it, that we are able to wear off these sharp points, and pierce through these disagreeable peculiarities, reaching thereby to the inner good, and getting rounded into somewhat of harmony. The pebble-stones upon the sea-shore are only made smooth and round by rubbing against one another. Human beings need a similar treatment. That is precisely the secret of a certain sociality and good nature which is discernible in great cities and crowded marts. And the difference, for instance, between New York and Boston. You have no more *internal* good here than we have at the north and east ; but your jostling together here in the crowd of all sorts of humanity from all the world, tends wonderfully to bring it out. And it *does* come out, both good and bad, upon the surface. You are *compelled* to be more associative; and this brings to mind what Swedenborg says of the spiritual world, and of new-comers there from the earth. One of the first things to do with many novitiate spirits is to "*inaugurate them into gyres,*" or circulatory motions of many together, in order to make them associate ; that they may be accommodated together, and that their thoughts, and speech, and affections, may mutually agree. (A. C. 5182). There are also choirs and choruses for this purpose ; and while many of the heathen, on account of their greater simplicity, "can be initiated into these choirs, thus into harmony and agreement, in the space of a single night, very many Christians can scarcely be in thirty years." (A. C. 2595.)

Now, it would be well for us to imitate somewhat of this disci-

pline here in the world. It is not indeed required that all should associate, and there is much to absolutely forbid intimacy among many ; and the congenialities and distinctions of nature must be consulted to a great degree. There are indeed some minds of such exquisite tenderness, that, like a sensitive plant, they close themselves up, and their finer powers refuse to expand or to act except in a congenial and loving atmosphere. Yet, after all, there is such a thing as the devil's solitude, separations of civil and of selfish seclusion, which need precisely the treatment of the pebble-stones upon the sea-shore—more friction, more purely external propinquity—that the associative elements in the interiors may have a chance to mingle and flow together. I conclude this part of my subject with the exhortation of an apostle : “ To do good and to communicate, forget not : for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

Again, we should remember, as of *prime, essential* importance, that in trying to love others, it is only our own evils that suggest anything else than that it is essentially the same as loving ourselves. I say, *essentially* the same, not personally. For, what is it that we are required to love ? Not their evils, but their goodness. And now, what is *our* goodness, that we should think so much of it ? Did we make it ? Did we originate a single particle of it ? Does it not all flow in from the Great Divinity, and is it not the same as flows into others ? “ Who maketh thee to differ from another ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive ? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it ? ” (1 Cor. iv. 7.) This is an *evil* which suggests that in loving others, we are loving anything but what is in ourselves. When once it is seen, and thoroughly appreciated, that it is only the Lord's infinite Divine Essence, parted and distributed into a myriad human personalities, here a little and there a little ; here a casket of beautiful things of the intellect, glowing and sparkling with the tints of goodness, of varied hue, and form, and character ;—there a predominant charity organized into beauty, and sweet with affection ;—here a philosopher and there an artist ;—here a mechanic and there an author ;—here a merchant and there a workman at some other craft ;—a varied humanity so full of interest, and each an incarnation in the human nature from the

great Divine Fountain of all art and intellect and love ;—what a reflection it is, to rebuke this little monopoly of godless pride and hatred and contraction, and pour a flood of feeling and of Holy Spirit abroad upon the world ! I had almost said the Church. One day it will come more naturally ; we shall not have to hesitate in the speech so much ; it will be such a Church as knows no limits, as has no walls but the walls of the great Jerusalem, from which nothing is excluded but that which defileth, that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

Here we see, then, that loving one another is but loving the same qualities that are in ourselves—from the same great Divinity—only infinitely varied ; and with a little first exertion to break through the hard crust of the natural man, it is the easiest and most delightful thing imaginable. Cultivate, then, that love. See to it, that charity from thence abounds. For herein is illustrated the concluding words of the text : “ And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it ; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them.” That is, the *quality* of the Lord of heaven and earth. To declare the *name* of the Father is to make known the *quality* of the Lord Jehovah, that it may be felt in all hearts, that as Christ was united to the Father, so may we become united by the same spirit.

We have seen what the quality—what the essence of this Divine Nature is, and now there is one last means to be named for the procuring of the income of that quality in the hearts and minds of men. That is, *Prayer*. This is a point which must not be overlooked. Our Lord, it must be observed, *prayed* for this great consummation. This whole chapter, almost, is a chapter of prayer. The Saviour begins with lifting up His eyes to heaven in contemplation of the consummating glory of His humanity, which He prays for most earnestly ; then He prays for all who are given to Him out of the world, and who have kept the Word faithfully ; He prays for their sanctification ; and lastly, “ not for these alone,” but for all who shall “ believe in Him through their word ; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.” And was not this same Jesus *always* a man of prayer ? Did He not “ rise a great while before day,” and go into

a solitary place for prayer, and pass whole nights in prayer to God ?

And now, can we expect to obtain the divine blessing in this way without similar practice ? And not by one act, but constantly. Here, perhaps, is where we fail most of all. We do not understand the *power* of prayer, and from the abuses of the old Church in this matter, from the extravagances and absurdities into which many have run, not knowing the philosophy or the propriety of prayer, we have lapsed into an opposite extreme. But there is a wondrous efficacy and power in prayer, and it is not only subjective, it is objective also. That is to say, the effects of prayer are not merely natural consequences in the heart of the person who prays, but positive, external effects, having no visible connection with the prayer. By the act of prayer, we do not indeed change the laws or the disposition of the unchangeable God, but we do change the currents of influx, and cause that to flow in which could not have flowed in before. We do this by changing our own states, and opening upward the spiritual vessels of the mind.

And more than this. It is not only a present, immediate effect, which we derive from prayer, which is felt in the joy and satisfaction of the occasion ; but a future effect, when we are not thinking of it. I do not mean, altogether, a future effect derived from forms and habits which prayer has established in the mind, though these perhaps are inseparable *from* the effect ; but I mean, that long after we have forgotten the prayer, and even forgotten what we have prayed for, God has not forgotten it, the angels have not forgotten it, and they conspire and work together to answer that prayer at a time most favorable. I am as sure of this as I am of my life. Nay, I feel sure that many times when we have really forgotten that we prayed for this or that particular blessing, we are only brought to remembrance of the prayer by the unexpected bestowment of the blessing ; and this not only for spiritual but for material things. Thus, that we are really taken better care of than we take of ourselves.

To say that all this implies any power on our part to change the unchangeable God, is the merest superficial folly. This is the way the unchangeable God operates—this is a *part* of the un-

changeableness,—the system established ;—and it is God Himself who gives the prayer, when it is true, and such as we ought to indulge in ; and as He flows in with the desire, which we in practical freedom adopt as our own, so when the answer comes, He only answers to His own desire, and of course without any change. But we are left in freedom to adopt that desire or not, just as we are to act wisely or foolishly, righteously or wickedly.

And now, be it observed, that it is this act and habit of prayer which, more than anything else, brings us into the quality of the infinite Father, and so casts down this very selfhood which is the great obstruction to universal unity, love, and charity. Man here comes into humiliation before God, abnegates his little self in the presence of the Father of all, does that very thing in private, which he ought to do in public, and in all his daily intercourse with his fellow-men. If the prayer is true and sincere, or in so far as it is a prayer, for there is no prayer in anything *but* sincerity, then there is, flowing into his heart, the Spirit that unites the universe !—that *shames* all domination and conceit,—that crushes under foot all private interests,—that says to all hatred, pride, vanity, and ill-will, “Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offense unto me,”—and that causes happiness, and love, and joy, to overspread all faces, and to rule in all hearts.

Here, then, I must lift the exhortation to prayer. We must pray daily and earnestly. We must pray simply and in faith. We must carry *all* our affairs, little and great, spiritual and material, to the Lord our Father, and this till the *habit* is not only fixed, but till it becomes an indispensable joy and satisfaction. Until we do this, we do not truly live, and we cannot.

Again, the Lord’s prayer is not enough. That may do on often occasions, but what we need is *specific* prayer, as well as general. There is no impropriety in it, if we are careful to submit it all to the Lord, asking that His will only be done. Our Lord Himself made various petitions, according to His needs and wants. The Lord designs to bless us in particular as well as in general, and if a general prayer was sufficient, the simple phrase “Thy will be done,” would be enough. But this is not enough. We of the New Church have generalized and intellectualized this subject into coldness and inefficiency. What we want very greatly, is the piety of

the old Church. I know there is such a thing as New Church good, but I am not inclined here to speak particularly of it. Credit to whom credit is due. We are suffering daily from the want of an old-fashioned piety which is *always* new. We have the truth, and we cannot think too much of it; but we may think too disproportionately of it, and that is just the thing we do. O Lord, revive thy work in our midst, break up the hard shells of mere intellect and pride, save us from all vain conceit, and cause thy Church to live with us more fully from the great invisible communion of the heavens. We pray for all and with all :—That we all may be one, as thou, Father, art in Christ, and Christ in thee, that we also may be one in Him. “And the spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth, say, come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

HYMN OF THE INDIAN RACES.

Our Forest Kinsmen pass away,
And other homes the woodlands fill;
Yet o'er us in the crimson day
The Indian Heaven is beaming still:
Their mild, fraternal voices call
Through sunset vistas far and dim;
Their hearts are pulsing through us all
In tender prayer and melting hymn.

And still they smile, from golden skies
Where Morning fills her lucid urn;
Or gaze delighted through the eyes
With faith and charity that burn.
Their thoughts are in the balmy air
That fans the brow when day declines;
Their loves diffuse a fragrance rare,
Where breathe the dark and solemn pines.

The maidens of the dusky race,
In the rich maize their life pour down,
And gleam in glad ærial grace
Through skies that wear the arctic crown;
Still, in our Camp of Life, await
The braves of helping heart and hand;
Or light the peace-pipe at the gate
That opens to the Spirit Land.

PIVOTAL MEN.

The world is governed, in every department of life, by pivotal men. But here, as everywhere else, self comes in to take the place of true humility, and, instead of recognizing the truth as unfolded in Nature; in Providence, as outworked through the common All of humanity : that he that would be greatest must be servant of all, it is too often the case that the servant is the master. In true order, whether in the Church or in the State, there must be men who will serve as the radiative centres for the out-flowing life of God. This law is recognized everywhere in all the relations of life. The mistake men make is in supposing that these radiative centres are to be recognized as a distinct class, separate and apart from the great body which they serve.

Human life manifests an infinite variety in unity. Each human being is created for a special *use* in the great economy of things, and this use determines the relations which he sustains to the whole. In a collective capacity the universal human race is aggregated together, in functional relation, as a **GRAND MAN**, and each member of this human race occupies, or will occupy, his proper place—his proper *use* in this great organic whole. When men learn this important fact—learn where their use is—they will cease to strive for this position or that, but following the lead of the Lord in all things will know that there is no high nor low in the Church, but all are united as one in God. The head will not say to the body, I can do without you, nor will the war-ring members of the body say to the head, we can do without you; but all, recognizing the use—the function—which each sustains to the other, will move on harmoniously together ; all performing their several offices *interpenetrant*, and the great life currents circulating freely through each member, uniting all in one body in healthful action. The great trouble in the present disordered state of human society is that we are too apt to be discontented with the work that the Lord gives us to do. Instead of performing our own duties we are constantly impinging upon the duties of others ; or else failing to do anything we impose upon others a work which we ought to do ourselves. Thus deranging the great

use-life which should dwell in the body of the Lord, disease is produced, and all the members decay and die for want of proper equilibrium throughout the whole. It is the province of the Church of the New Age to state the truth here as everywhere else, and to restore, as far as possible, a healthy state in the working order of the Incoming Dispensation.

As it is our object in this article to speak more particularly of the priesthood, we shall confine ourselves to this phase of pivotal life. "In the New Church all are priests and kings, who, in manly freedom and in abnegation of self, are doing battle against the false and evil, under the direction of the Lord, who is the Infinite Truth and Righteousness. All are priests in whom, by reason of the predominance of the affectional element in its restoration to its primal order, the love of good becomes the ruling potency of life. In like manner all are kings in whom the intellectual nature predominates, and in whom the love of truth for ends of use become the mightier manifestation. There is a conjoined priesthood and kingship in those with whom the two, in achromatic perfection, are fused together. They reign by a double right, enthroned in dual empires of the transfigured understanding and the beatified will.

All true rule begins in self-rule. When the man has conquered himself for the sake of Divine ends, he begins to be in a condition to bear rule over others. The best, the worthiest, and the wisest are the Divine nobility, and they exercise dominion by right of perfect love to God and man. The loftiest heroism is to conquer self-love. Through overcoming self-love, the devils, who have sought to invert the affections of man, sink, themselves, into subserviency. To live for others is the true life, but we can only live for others in reality as the Lord lives in us.

The pivotal men of the New Church will be divided into six great types, classified as follows: the Industrial, the Artistic, the Scientific, the Philosophical, the Poetical, and the Ecclesiastical. The priesthood and the kingship of each of these degrees will be represented by its pivotal men."—(*Arcana of Christianity*, Nos. 742, 743, 744.)

This statement is entirely in accordance with the external letter of the Word, by the usages of the earlier Christians and by Sweden-

borg, the illumined seer and first illustrator of the Word. The Church is the body of Christ, and as His Divine Life, which is Love and Wisdom, flows through it, of course every member of this body receives these co-related elements according to the use he fills in this body. He is a pivotal man, a priest, a king, and a minister to all the other members of this body. But whilst he is one or all of these he is not separated distinctly in caste or class relation only in so far as his use or function may separate him. He is one—connected with the whole of an innumerable number of unities. There is no such thing as absolute independence anywhere; nor is there any absolute unity of integrant parts anywhere. But everywhere are both displayed in perfect working order. Paul, in writing to the Romans, has stated the whole thing in a few words: "We, having many, are one body in Christ, and every one members of one another, for we have different gifts—and there are amongst us prophets, ministers, teachers, exhorters, rulers, shewers of mercy, and others" (chap. 12). Here is what we mean in the New Church by pivotal men; and as this Church is endeavoring to institute a new order of things, where the *same principle* is recognized:—the principle of the immanence of the Spirit of Christ throughout His body,—which is His Church,—in communicating spiritual gifts to its members to the edification of all, we hold to the same privileges: "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord; there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal; for to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another the discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the self-same spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." Here then is the true idea of a priesthood and of a Church. A body of men animated with *one* spirit, and this spirit manifesting itself in divers gifts for the edification of the common body. According to the wants of that body, so will be the gifts of the spirit. The necessities of this

age may not require the diversity which was given in the Apostolic Era ; nor may it require the same *kind*, but whatever the requirement may be, there will be a supply to meet it. The gifts come, too, not only in adaptation to the wants of the Church, but in perfect unison with the genius of the recipients. God imposes no arbitrary power upon any man, but preserves his freedom by unfolding his faculties into the ripeness of perfect fruitage. The energizing of these powers by His own Spirit is the gift which He imparts to each and to all.

We are very distinctly informed in the New Testament Scriptures, by the practices and usages of the Church in the first days of its existence, and by the *true Church* from that day until this, that the Holy Spirit imparts His influence to all those who seek to be guided and directed by Him in all the uses of a new life. That this impartation cannot, therefore, be confined to a privileged few—to a class who hold a distinct grade in the Church of God. All such distinctions are man-made contrivances to ride into power, and to hold the weak in vassalage. The erection of this *class-distinction* is what has contributed more than anything else to establish that vast hierarchy of hell—the Papacy—and the Episcopacy of the Church of England. It is this, too, which has deadened the Church, and starved out its life, for the last fifteen centuries.

Of course we would not be understood as making war upon the present order of things. We only seek to state the truth. Underneath all this falsehood there is its opposite, and we are glad to know that there is a Movement begun which is to bring into Divine Order all these inversions. There is a true idea in the universality conception of the Romish Church, but it is an universality made up of an innumerable number of smaller Churches—each Church like each member of the Church, and like each member of that member interdependent one to the other. There is also a true idea in Episcopacy—the hierarchy—but it is not in the class distinctions which are made between the clergy and the laity, between the official and the non-official parts of the Church, but it is a distinction which grows out of the *uses* which each is called upon to perform in our brotherly relations with each other. And this wide and palpable distinction should always be kept in view ; if we do not, the same curse will be entailed upon the New

Church as is stamped out upon the old ; to wit: the merging of the whole body of Christ into *one member*—the *ministry*. We must preserve this body in true working order, and to do this the Spirit of the Lord must be immanent in all its parts ; must thrill the least fibre as well as energize into the active and important uses,—the hardest muscle. The Lord Himself must be its living, thinking head and we willing and obedient members of His Triune Church.

This personal accountability of each organ in the body of Christ does away of course with all this salaried class, officialism of the Old Church, and we stand related to each other as one in Christ Jesus, the Lord of Heaven and earth. That abuses have and will arise in this system we know. Where the sons of God meet together, Satan is always present to invert every truth into falsehood, and every good into evil. Men partially regenerated and acting from the impulses of a natural self-hood are too prone to imagine and feel that the Lord calls them to positions where humility would better serve the purposes of the Church. But notwithstanding all this it is better to bear with all these frailties of our brethren than to stifle and crush out the life which the Lord intends to impart to us all. Anything is better than inertia. It is better to stammer and stagger and make failures than not to call into active exercise the faculties and gifts which the Lord has given us to be cultivated in the uses which He is unfolding in His Church. It is better to do something now than to quietly wait for the opening of the fitting opportunity to-morrow. Action, action belongs to the Christian's life—let us act with the Lord directing us.

We, as a Church, must come to the point where we can do without man-made hierarchies, and being baptized with the Spirit of the Lord, each of us, when He calls, must be ready to labor in His vineyard in any department. Each member of the Church of Christ is a priest, and his office is sacred. We hold no distinctive relationships here. The Lord is the All-in-all of the Church, and it is He at last who does the work ; it is He who should have the glory ; it is He who is head over all, and on feeling this, our puny prerogatives will sink into insignificance. We will learn the fact that he who would be greatest among us, must be servant of all.

In the past ages of the Church the individual has been depressed, but now is dawning the era when its angularities are to be rounded out into beautiful Christian culture. Instead of the Divine inspiration being confined to the few, it is to flow to the many, until the One Universal Life shall circulate through the whole. As every man is a Church in the least form, and as he corresponds to the Church in its greatest form, he must embody within himself the priesthood and kingship of a vast and populous empire of goods and truths. Freedom and rationality are the sacred heirlooms which are being bequeathed to him, and he will be held strictly responsible for their exercise. Each member of the Church of Christ must perceive truth as unfolded from the pages of the Word—from the records of human history, and in the great volume of nature, everywhere displayed as the reflex of the Eternal Logos. Whilst this truth is to be sought after and enjoyed by all—all are in states of regeneration requiring more or less of external aid and external culture; and, of course, whilst this is the case, there must be a corresponding office for instruction, and men to fill it who will answer to the demands of the novitiates. We are commanded to give to the poor and needy, and he gives to the poor and needy, in the spiritual sense, who dispenses love and truth to his less fortunate neighbor. And he who can stand up in the Lord's Church and give most of these, is entitled, for the time at least, to this function. It requires no man—no Church, therefore, to qualify us for the office. The gift we possess is our best indicator, and he who can edify in Divine order needs no badge of succession to stamp the superiority of clerical caste over his neighbor. The Lord's priesthood are divinely clad.

In the New Church we have various simple rites and ceremonies, symbolic of the work which is indicated by the Lord for us to do. The novitiate is inducted into them or not, as he chooses. We attach no factitious value to them. They are not binding—nor do they convey any special rights or privileges over others. They represent the *use*—nothing more.

BROTHER CHRISTY AT GRIFFIN.

We are pleased to learn, from the following letter, that Brother CHRISTY has made so favorable an impression upon the friends at Griffin. It will be a matter of congratulation that another distributive centre has been formed to radiate the influences of the Lord's Church. Our Brother Buckner, to whom has been committed the care of the little flock in Griffin, is a good man and true. He will now feel more strength in the performance of his arduous and responsible duties, and we hope that he will have influx to declare the whole council of God. We have received another very interesting account of the proceedings at Griffin, but it came too late for this issue. It will appear in our next :—

GRIFFIN, GA., October 13th, 1859.

We have been greatly edified and strengthened by Brother CHRISTY's visit. He remained with us about two weeks, laboring in public and private for our good. His discourses did not excite in the public mind the opposition that we had supposed. On the contrary, favorable expressions were made of the doctrines he advocated by many of the orthodox who came out to hear him, often asserting that they were the doctrines of their own Church. He maintained his positions by the Bible, which had a very happy effect. A small Church was organized by him before he left. That and the baptism, etc., were the most solemn and impressive scenes that we ever witnessed. We were much pleased also with his lady. We found her very friendly and affable, and possessor of a loving heart. We feel now more fully identified with you, and hope that we shall share more fully in your sympathies and prayers than we have ever before done.

Please write us whenever it is convenient, for your letters do us much good. Give our love to the brethren, and be assured that we remain yours in the strongest bonds of love and friendship.

FAIRY GERMANIA.

O'er the blue Rhine,
In a trance divine,
I glide in a pinnacle of air-beams fine :

And I sink, in a shell,
Where the lovelies dwell,
In their sunless caverns of asphodel :

And I bask in the beams,
Where the vintage gleams,
Ere the golden cup with its madness teems.

I dance to the lyre,
That with chords of fire,
Are swept by the bards of the northern choir :

And I thrill in the breast,
With a sweet, sweet rest,
That Schiller is crowned with the Angels blest :

And my joys, in the night,
Like the star-flakes, light
On maidens who sleep in their bride-robcs white :

Then with lamp in hand,
I move in the band
Who light their steps to the Fatherland.

THE CRISIS.

It will delight our friends to learn that this sterling New Church periodical is to be sustained, and that it will make its usual visits in the future. *The Crisis* has become one of the spiritual necessities of the Church. Few men write with more force and power, than its editor. The sentences of truth which flow from his pen, are fired by the Divine Love. We are glad to see that our dear brother's soul soars heavenward, and catches the inspirations which are now coming to one humanity. No creed confines him, but mingling in the great heart-throbbings of the Universal Movement of the age, his comprehensive mind grasps at a Catholicity in unison with the Advanced Mind of the times. We wish him a heart-welcome to many thirsty natures. The following extracts from his prospectus will indicate somewhat the purpose of the present volume :

" *The Crisis* claims to have its own peculiar use ; aiming upon all questions to take the golden mean by the marriage of truth and good ; avoiding all extremes, and seeking to render strict justice to all others. We believe that the true man of the new dispensation will unite in himself all the elements that go to make up a perfect humanity ; he will attain to the full measure of a man—that is, of an angel. And that this measure will combine all things in a perfect marriage union, giving prominence and precedence to the higher, to which all of the lower are subordinated. Thus he will be both internal and external ; drawing inspiration from above and ultimating the lessons of heaven in works upon earth. He will be a Church in himself both invisible and visible ; invisible in his communions with the Lord and His holy angels, and visible as a light shining before men, who seeing his *good works* will glorify *our Father* in the heavens. He will be both scientific and intuitionist ; well grounded in genuine doctrine from the literal Word, illustrated by the eternal senses ; having sound, well prepared vessels into which illustration from the Lord will perpetually flow—a healthy mind in a healthy body. In short, he will no longer be a broken, fractional man, but will stand forth a man in full pro-

portion, and in full integrity,—filling out the natural, the spiritual, and the celestial planes of his being. Such is the humanity of the coming age that looms up to our vision, and for its realization we watch, and pray, and labor.

“Of the peculiar features of the volume we are entering upon we give no definite promise, for the world is now so full of stirring events—Churches are exhibiting new phases, and all things betokening change, so that we can hardly say, from one day to another, what may be our most prominent theme. Apart, however, from the current subjects of the day, we propose to devote a large share of our pages to the elucidation of the internal sense of the Word, and to answer all inquiries that come to us as far as we are able. We hope also to relieve our pages by occasional efforts at the portraiture of human life in some of its lighter features. Also we shall continue to give from the English N. C. periodicals some of their choicest articles.

“Terms \$1 per annum, *always in advance*. All current bills received at par, and all remittances by mail at our risk.”

THE HIGHER LAW.

There is a Higher Law, from Heaven descending ;
It hath no stain, no flaw—all men befriending,
It lifts the lowly, and abases none.
All families of earth shall yet become
Like flowers in one garden, beautified
From One Pure Source. The vain, the impious pride
Of color, caste, and fashion, now adored,
Then perish, by no Angel-heart deplored :
And North, and South, like twin-born children, rest,
Drinking sweet life from one pure Mother's breast.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have found it necessary, owing to the additional matter furnished in the **HERALD OF LIGHT**, to divide the present year into two volumes. This makes no difference in the price, but is only done for the convenience of binding. Two dollars pay for the entire twelve numbers or for one year, commencing with last May. The second volume of this year commences with this number, and as Brother **HARRIS** has commenced his labors in Manchester, England, we may expect contributions from his pen of a startling and interesting character. This volume will, we believe, prove more acceptable than any which has preceded it; and will be furnished for the next six months for one dollar. Our friends will bear this in mind.

BOOK NOTICE.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

By **WOODBURY M. FERNALD**. *Otis Clapp, Boston, 1859; pp. 437.*

We have just received this work, and have only space for a bare mention of it in this number of the **HERALD OF LIGHT**. From a hasty glance at its contents we are led to believe that it more than sustains the writer's well-earned reputation as an author. It is a profound work, and is an able contribution to the religious literature of the New Age. Mr. Fernald is deeply imbued with the inspirational element, and his well-turned periods are full of thought and feeling. We can see in them the author's own mental throes and agonies as he has been born into the New Life. His book is not sectarian in its character, but is written, as he says, for the Universal Church—the "wide, wide world." We hope to give this work a more extended notice in our next. It is on sale at our book room. Price \$1.00.

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AIMS AND ISSUES OF THE NEW CHURCH.

It is predicted, in the Prophet Daniel, that the God of Heaven shall set up a kingdom at the era of the consummation of the subversive civilization of the race—"This kingdom shall never be destroyed; it shall not be left to other people; it shall break in pieces and consume all these other kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." The text itself may serve as an apt prelude to that which we now have to say, concerning the aims and issues of the New Jerusalem.

The only lasting government, is that of Ideas. Principles clothe themselves with institutions; which, in their turn, according to their character, establish men in their divinely-given rights, or doom them to hopeless vassalage. The truth from Heaven, that works regeneration in the soul, developes moral order in the State, and reconstructs, in the long run, the body politic. Equally so, the secret crime, that domineers over the heart, embodying itself in falsities within the intellect, comes forth to preside in cabinets and to sit on thrones, to marshal armies and lay waste mankind. Sooner or later the silent, secret principles, that first lay claim to human hearts, display their banners to the light of outer day, and make wide earth a theatre of action.

It is in the light of a doctrine so tenable, that we claim for the New Church, not merely an ecclesiastical and individual, but also a vast natural and social mission. It contains within itself, not alone the *faith*, but also the *order* of the universal future. And if to-day it busies itself with text-books, in the vast to-morrow of the race, it is to govern empires and preside in all the secular domains. It will indeed "render unto Cæsar the things of Cæsar," by meteing out the most exact justice to all classes of mankind, by reclaiming to Christ all usurped and stolen power, and by substituting the reign of equity for the tyranny of force.

It will do this by providing men competent to carry out the infinite decisions of Divine Providence in every walk of life. It is the misfortune of Republics that men of desperate character, through dishonest practices upon the nation, ride into power, and corrupt in their execution the most benignant and righteous laws. It is the fault of Monarchies that the succession to authority depends, not on virtue, but on blood. The kingly office, that should be resplendent in the sight of man in the express light of purity and self-abnegation, serves too often rather as the golden frame-work for a picture of gross intemperance and excess. In patrician government, as in democratic, the man of vast executive power, climbs to greatness, be his heart however corrupt, his deeds however wicked. Providentially permitted during ages of transition, we may well ask, "Are they permanent?" In the light of the New Church, we answer, No. They are only suffered for a season.

The New Church has before it a social and political, no less than a merely spiritual mission. It is the man-child born to rule the nations. Through it the Divine Order descends to be realized upon the orb. It contains the only possible salvation for the collective and social man, as we shall proceed to demonstrate.

All government, in the Divine Ideal, is simply *service*; that is, all true government; and all appointments, however, with the full concurrence, or by the spontaneous desire of the people, are at once elections with man and ordinances from God. Uses are invariably fulfilled through individuals qualified for their administration. Every place awaits the man, every man is trained and fitted for the place. With this premise, we advance the proposition:

1. That our Lord designs to establish on this orb an exact and righteous administration of affairs. Society, that human flower, is destined eventually to unfold its petals like the rose, and individuals to live in the consummate flower as living aromas in the fragrant sphere. But order grows and life proceeds from centres to circumferences, and not the reverse. Order, therefore, will unfold and proceed from *individual to societary types*; from the individuals to the species. Not all England can develop a Cromwell; but, given Cromwell as a centre, and he holds firm the highest possible form of government for England. No thirteen

Colonies can develop a Washington ; but, given a Washington as the centre, he serves as the soul-germ of a Confederate America. But, given a series of Cromwells, and England rises perpetually in the moral scale of Empire ; or a series of Washingtons, and the Republican throne becomes the perpetual seat and fountain of justice for a continent. This may serve as a partial illustration. But, given a Cromwell with internal respiration, so that his express breath shall be from Messiah God, with his mind illumined for every exigency of government by a radiation of truth in the spirit and by the speaking Voice of Deity through the breast, no less than by the guidance of the understanding through the Word, and we have, at once, a realization of Divine Leadership in the natural sphere. The Mediatorial man is the throne, but on that living throne, which moves in poised supremacy of place as if upborne by cherubim and seraphim, sits the King of kings and Lord of lords. The humble, patient, burden-bearing man acts, in his mind, as a self-registering index of the decrees of Deity. Through total self-abnegation, and in the death of every personal ambition, his glorious function is made perfect, and he reigns representatively, the true sovereign by Divine grace.

Men are moved to great deeds but seldom, in the mass, through a mere intellectual statement of abstract principles. The bare philosopher, or sketcher of ideas, sways the public but remotely. It is when the idea is represented in some human exponent, whose internal being is a sea of light from its peculiar life, a sea of fervency from its especial heat, that men are moved, enrolled and rallied to its advocacy. We may see to read by moonlight, but our fruits ripen only as the sunshine beams upon them. Great captains are needed in order to a successful war. There can be no Austerlitz without a Napoleon, no Blenheim till the forces find a Marlborough.

We are told that in Heaven, even the angels are classed in series ; not scattered or aggregated indiscriminately, but grouped in ranks and hierarchies, spiritual or secular, according to quality. So exact are the laws of order with them, that, as Swedenborg informs us, a priest who was to address a congregation, could not be inspired till each had found his place. Ranged in their fine octaves, like the chords of some grand instrument, they fitly respond to the pressures of the Chief Musician. To place men in

order, each to his own use, therefore, is the preliminary work of the New Christian Dispensation ; and for this purpose the laws of order must be defined and understood.

Men grow into order by keeping the commandments, from an inspiration of duty and disinterestedness ; by resistance to all oppressions, whether from sects or individuals, from pernicious customs or from vices. The path to order is through the most profound humility. We must abdicate every false sovereignty, if we would enter into a true rule. This requires, first, the mental renunciation of aristocracy. Patrician blood must humble its heady stream. Lordly birth must respect with equal reverence the equal humanity that sings from the rude home where perhaps some Ayreshire mother rocks the infant Burns, or the yeoman's cottage where haply the baby Shakspeare dreams upon the loving breast. This is a hard thing ; for the horrible exactions of caste are not confined to Brahminical Hindoostan ; they chill the glowing stream of sympathies all over Christendom. Matthew, if he would be an apostle, must forget the official station that exalts him in rank above the sons of Zebedee, and both take service under One who is called the Son of a Carpenter. Lordly Dives, who shuts out Lazarus, shuts Christ out also, and will find it no alleviation, hereafter, to recollect that once he was " clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day." It is hard, in lands where pride of birth and place are ingrained in the very constitution, and taught as thoroughly as the Apostle's Creed, to remember and practice this ; yet, nevertheless, until it is practiced and remembered, the Angel with the flaming sword forbids all ingress to the Holy City. We repeat, pride never shall enter, never can enter the New Jerusalem ; or, if it enters, it will be but to bare its breast to the thunderbolts, and dare the lightnings in their dwelling place. Were a queenly lady to come to us and say, " How can I become a consistent New Church woman ? " we should answer, Madam, examine yourself. Placed where the example of immemorial centuries powerfully calls out the sin of pride, can you, in gracious act, no less than silent loving thought, embrace the poor needle-woman, call her sister, and esteem yourself of but on equal level ? If so, well !

In the second place, and as an absolute prerequisite, pride of intellect must be renounced also. And here we touch the ruling

evil of the aristocracy of letters. "What!" the popular author, poet, historian, dramatist, statesman, orator, or philosopher, may ask, "do these rare faculties confer on me no eminent distinction? Am I no better than the mill-hand, whose reeling brain is stunned amidst the clatter of machinery, or the debauched child of fortune, who exhibits his effeminate manhood in the 'soft crush' and amidst the compliments of Rotten Row." We answer, You may be, friend, far worse than either the dandy or the operative; the one the rank plant spoiled by superfluous sunshine; the other the poor struggling germ, doomed unwholesomely to vegetate in endless shade. The intellect is but the house of the soul. You can simply boast the splendidly furnished palace. What though all the muses surround thee at the board. Art thou, in all respects, a just, God-fearing, and self-sacrificing man. This is the only criterion, all others false weights and inconclusive balances. Though you come with Macaulay's brilliancy of style, or Bulwer's opulence of diction, or Thackeray's keen wit, or Ruskin's magic power to make the very stones speak, or with Humboldt, rich with the spoils of every habitable zone, or with gift of language like Mezzofanti, still, lacking the regenerate heart, you had better come from the dark kraal of the Hottentot; happy in this at least, that stupidity is better far than splendid crime. For the pride and boast of intellect is crime, at war with regeneration, inimical to use, altogether foreign to the requirements of the Word, and the spirit and constitution of the skies. Come then, oh! brother of the forum or the schools, and, if thou wouldst be saved, sit lowly and humble at the Master's feet, though thy right hand neighbor come from the tumult of the factory, and thy elder and thy superior in the rapt circle bear upon his mortal arm the badge or fetter of the slave. It needs must be so.

Having thus emptied ourselves of pride, and taken up the cross of lowliness; next and in the third place, comes the public profession of such at once wholesome and hated doctrines. Our Master comes in a form of infinite humility, nor must the disciple shrink from following in the path He trod. But some will say, "May I not be a New Churchman at heart and call myself by whatever ecclesiastical name best befits my station, birth, or purpose. For instance, may not I consistently avow myself, if in England, an adherent of the prevailing Church." No! a thou-

sand times, no! "But why? good people are in it. The precedent has been set by illustrious names." We answer, good people are in it, and thousands of them; but the times are coming on to a sharp issue. For the reason that it is bound up in abuses that the New Church is commissioned to destroy; for that, organically and constitutionally, it is bound in alliance with hoary sins, for which God has sent the New Church as a remedy, therefore, it is impossible at once to favor the system, and to be armed with that high truth which involves, as to its present form, a dissolution. We urge this home.

"But, may I not remain a Wesleyan, as to my ecclesiastical relations and sympathies. We answer as before. If Wesleyanism receives and works upon the system of the New Church, yes; but *no*, if it is committed, by the very terms of its legal incorporation, to pursue an opposite policy. For Wesleyanism we have a deep and ardent love, and would not willingly wound the spirit of any good man connected with it, nor are our sympathies less with ancient and fundamental truths contained within the Anglican system, but no man can serve two masters. No man can at once be a citizen of despotic Russia, or autocratic France, and constitutional England, or Republican America.

Did we believe that, as a whole, the Church of England was in the right, we would cling to it to the death. Did we conceive that New Church principles could be wrought out in their breadth, and length, and height, and fullness, through the creed and discipline of the Methodist body, our hearts would leap for joy to claim a place, ever so obscure, in its assemblies. But men do not put new wine in old bottles. When a new soul-germ descends to assume its place, as a human entity among the sons of men, it does not take possession of the body of its father, or its grandfather, just deserted by the passing spirit.

Of course, a large class of minds *in transitu*, may lawfully and profitably take advantage of these wayside turns upon the high road of centuries. Doubtless, too, the weaklings will find it convenient to rest there till the buildings themselves show signs that they are about to fall; for fall they must and will as they cease to represent the life-movements of the living age. But the men who are bent on realizing, in freedom and through the truths of the New Church, Christ's kingdom on earth, will journey on, and rep-

resenting distinct principles, will assume that position in which their distinctness can be made most obvious. If the times were not ripe in the beginning of the century, they are now ; if not now, then may we well despair that they ever will be.

We advocate this position on another ground. Every man finds himself, by stress of circumstances, the apologist of the system to which his hand is committed. Any silent protest is overpowered by that public ratification which his act involves. We have no right to be insincere accepters, from motives of policy, of any system or of any faith. We have no right to eat the bread or wear the surplice of a Church, whose slightest tenet we silently deny. For instance, the Church of England teaches in her doctrine the Athanasian creed, prefaced with the damnatory clause of eternal punishment to all who reject it. Whole-souled, full-bodied honesty, from our stand-point, would exclude from her altar, any person not a thorough believer of this creed, damnatory clause and all. The professor of religion, above all the public teacher, should never stoop from the majesty and verity of truth, to the paltriness of an equivocation. We would have no man with us in the New Church, unless, with the whole force and burning fervor of a spirit convinced of its sublime realities, he casts himself upon a venture. So we think that the very principle which requires the man whom Rome fits to avow his Romanism, should induce the receiver of the doctrines of the New Church to avow himself a thorough, uncompromising New Churchman.

But it is said again, "We can work best for the New Church secretly, and keep our present ecclesiastical connections." This savors to us not of Christ. If a man is either a lay or a clerical member of any sect and can, without let or hindrance, advocate to the full the truths of the New Church therein, and find that enlarged liberty which only is extant in the New Jerusalem ; if the body to which he belongs is so dead to its antecedents, and so ripe for change, that its dogmas are obsolete, though extant still in name, the case is different. No one would think of having, for instance, the teacher of a Methodist congregation divorce himself from his people and change his connections because, in the progress of religious ideas, having advanced from the natural to the Spiritual degree of truth, he found himself ready more abundantly to instruct, as they more eagerly to listen. Where, obviously, a body

is evolving a new spirit, and preparing to shed its old form, we may therefore, as once in it, labor for the Divine end to which the members of the form, with one consent, conspire. But in Religion we must exercise a lofty honor, and abuse no position of trust which we could not keep were our true sentiments evident.

To realize Christ's Kingdom below being the aim and end of the New Church, it must, therefore, be the end and the aim of the avowed New Churchman. Avoiding all loose generalities, and facing with directness the issues, we aver that the essence of that Kingdom consists in this, as opposed to all other kingdoms, namely, in exalting the Divine law as supreme, and in carrying that law into action in every department of life. Here, then, we reach the great question of reform. Christendom is full of a splendid reformatory sentiment, which cannot, for lack of fitting forms, take to itself a working place in society. To localize and condense this sentiment, to bring it from a state of nebulous disorder into coherency and practice, is our end ; to take every reformatory enterprise out of the hands of charlatans and mere agitators ; to eliminate the wheat from the tares, the true from the false, the good from the evil, and, with these quick germs of wholesome doctrine, to plant the world.

The ministry of the New Church will be a composite one. While it claims the pulpit for the illumined priest, it will no less occupy the platform with the equally illumined lecturer. While it casts its truth in abstract forms for the scientist, and evolves its doctrines in principia for the philosopher, its aims include as well the universal field of Belles Lettres and of polite culture. Availing itself of every implement, which fancy or imagination can furnish for illustrations of the True and defences of the Right, while it enriches and makes masterly the sermon, it will permeate, with its own Celestial spirit, the romance and the song. For this purpose it requires service in every department ; it literally designs to overflow the world with deluges of glowing and fluent inspiration.

To convert Humanity to the Divine Faith, we must avail ourselves of every orderly form through which influx inflows from Heaven. But while, with every varied resource, we aim to arouse and educate the intellect, our chief work is with the heart ; for out of the heart are the issues of life ; and, from the stand-point

of the heart, all objects are visible in their true aspect and in their right relations. While other doctrinal movements have had for a chief end to convert men to the faith, the contradistinguishing New Church mission is to win them to the *life* of Christ. While it was the especial object of the Lord in the mission of Swedenborg to announce His descent to mental perception through the opening of the spiritual sense of the Word, His object, through us, is first to announce His second advent, not merely through a more interior sense of the Word, but also His own prospective in-coming, through the reöpening of man's internal respiratories, into the very outposts of our breathing frame. As, in the typical deluge, when this internal respiration closed, all who were not organically able to change the process of aerial inspiration from internals to externals perished; so, in the solemn crisis which awaits mankind, all who are not organically conditioned to return to this prior or normal mode of breathing, must be destroyed, and this organical fitness depends upon the moral state.

This, then, is the reason why, with solemn and reiterated emphasis, we adjure our fellow-men, as in God's majestic presence, to withdraw from every inverted and non-receptive ecclesiastical organization, committed, through creeds, systems and discipline, to philosophies and practices utterly at variance with the New Jerusalem. They will go on, memorizing from the traditions of the fathers, without making any preparation, and so, as we have too much reason for apprehension, will lull the multitudes to their doom. This, too, is the reason why, with ceaseless importunity, we cry to avowed receivers of the truths of the New Church, through the spiritual sense of the Word, that they are in a dangerous position, in fact most dangerous; having as yet rather committed themselves to doctrines than become the subjects of a vast and searching regeneration. Where much is given much is also required. All our labors look on to this majestic issue, *the inbreathing of our God through the lungs of the vast humanity*, till men thrill in body from the Divine fires, and rise to glow with seven-fold ardors of wedded truth and charity, or sink in suffocation. For the Gospel, in this cleansing crisis, will be life unto life, or death unto death. When the Destroying Angel passed over Egypt to smite the first-born, those alone survived who had kept the sacrifice, and taken of the blood, and made the sacred sign upon the very door-posts of their

houses ; but the sign of this passover shall be the inmost application of the Divine Spirit to the heart of hearts, the union of the soul to Deity by the intense affections of the regenerate man. It shall come, this crisis, "as a very thief in the night." It shall come to prelates in convocation, to rulers in senate or parliament, to operatives in factories, to husbandmen a-field, and to sailors on the high seas. It shall end the oration in its delivery, and cause the half-drained wine cup to fall from the dead man's hand. There will be no more obvious sign to precede than such flutterings as the heart makes, and such spasms as the bosom may thrill with, and such strange tinglings as the nerves may feel. Hades will open and swallow her victims, even as Korah and his company were drawn down into the pit.

All Christendom believes, at least by theory, in the second coming of the Lord. But he has left the demonstration and declaration of His advent concealed in the arcana of the Word till now, and it behooveth that He should thus come and fulfill all righteousness.

We seek, then, in the light of the Divine Word unfolded to us, to urge on men the message, with solemn evidence, to the reason, as well as with appeals to the conscience and consolations for the heart. To Gluttony we cry, Cease to gorge at the oft-repeated banquet, relieve the senses and the reason from riotous excess. To Intemperance we cry, Pause from the delirium of the daily debauch or nightly revel ; let the brain gather back the appliances of well-ordered thought. To the Libertine we cry, Seek exorcism, oh, man, from the foul fiends of sensuality. To the Extortioner we cry, Undo the wrong already done ; learn even-handed justice with thy fellows. To the Oppressor we cry, Loose the manacle, and let the bound go free. So, from class to class, with adjurations most tender, yet most profound, we pass and sound the message ; looking through and beyond the ominous disasters that gather round the death-bed of the subversive Civilization, to a new era of truth and righteousness.

THE PARTING YEAR.—AN AMERICAN PICTURE.

Solemnly murmur the pines on the cliffs of the blue Adirondacks,
Heard through the gathering mist like the desolate wail of the
ocean.

Crisped are the lilies with frost on the brink of the silver Au Sa-
ble.

Autumn is stript by the winds of his garment of radiant colors,
Stript as was Joseph of old by the hands of his blustering kins-
men.

Like an implacable warrior, advancing by night on the war-path,
Piercing the hearts of the foe with a cloud of invisible arrows,
Striking his hatchet of steel in the bosoms of maidens beloved,
Robbing the beauteous heads of the slain of their soft flowing
tresses,

Comes the pale foe from the North, from the home of the Rein-
deer and Ermine.

Gurgle the sorrowful streams with a sigh of lament through the
meadows :

Fled are the swift summer days, like the deer from the shafts of
the hunter :

Cold grows the lap of the earth, as the breast of a desolate wo-
man,

Prostrate, an outcast forlorn, at the snow-covered graves of her
household.

Now, like the Prodigal Son, stands the Year, shaking mast from
the beaches,

Feeding the swine, while his tears fall in ice-drops congealed on
his bosom :

Foolish, improvident Year ! he has squandered his manifold treas-
ures :

Dead are the hopes of his youth ; they return but in pale appari-
tions.

Flora the beautiful once crowned him with spice-dripping blossoms :

Laughing Pomona rejoiced as she fed him with fruits in her orchards :

Ceres the bounteous poured at his feet the full horn of her plenty.
Gone are the midsummer eves when the fairies kept time at their revels,

Time with his heart, that was glad in a dream of delight and of beauty.

See him ! he stands with his eyes uplifted, repentant, to Heaven.

Prodigal Year ! he will rise from afar and return to his Father !
Home to the Glorious Land, that he pines for in sadness and exile ;
Welcomed with blessings and smiles at the feast where they eat
and are merry ;

Welcomed with garments of peace, and eternity's ring on his finger.

HYMN FOR AFRICA.

Above the Lybian sands
She lifts her jeweled hands,
Wielding the sceptre where she feared the rod ;
While through her tropic blood
Pulses the mighty flood
Of love, and truth, and energy from God.

Through her imperial eyes
Gleam the effulgent skies :
Celestial Angels guard her teeming plains :
Her blissful sons rejoice
At God Messiah's voice,
While innocence and peace attune their strains.

So Africa shines forth,
In renovated birth,
Intense in joy as in her old despair ;
While thrilled with seven-fold life,
Her breasts, with rapture rife,
Transfigured nations to Messiah bear.

L I F E .

“Life is the loftiest subject of human thought. There is no place where life is not present, and there never was a time when life was not.” The innumerable orbs of the universe are simply the arenas of life.

Wherever we see matter, whether at our feet or in the planet, or in the remotest star, we may be sure that life is there ;—life physical, to enjoy its beauties ; life moral, to worship its Maker ; life intellectual, to proclaim His wisdom and His power. Under the term life is included far more than we commonly intend. We err when we connect it only with ourselves, animals, and plants. Life, rightly regarded, is the name of the sustaining principle by which everything out of the Creator subsists, whether worlds, metals, minerals, trees, animals, mankind, angels, or devils, together with all thought and feeling. Nothing is absolutely lifeless, though many things are relatively so. The principle is uniform and omnipresent ; while its expressions and presentation are manifold and variable.

When we say, then, that one thing is animate, and another inanimate ; that life is present *here*, but absent *there* ; all the truth we express is simply that a particular *manifestation* of life is absent or present.

We contemplate some special phase or impersonation of life, and then pronounce everything to be lifeless which does not conform to this peculiar presentation. Just as we so continually confound religion with the forms of faith and attitudes of worship by which religion is locally manifested and expressed. It is mere assumption to say that life is present only where there are physical growth, feeling, motion, sensation, &c. Life confines itself to no such scanty costume ; and, as if to rebuke the penuriousness of such a doctrine, it often expresses itself so slenderly, and with so attenuated a presentation, that science needs all its eyes to discern it.

The child allows life only to the animals. To him, eating, drinking, and movement from place to place, alone indicate life. The dull witted rustic has advanced a single step beyond the

child ; he will admit, perhaps, that the beautiful tree swaying its branches in the air is alive ; but tell him that the grey, leather-like fungus upon the old paling lives as truly as he himself does, and he will laugh at you. You have quenched all his belief in your sincerity, if not in your sanity. While the scholar and the philosopher have progressed to the perception of a sustaining life even in inorganic things ; for they have found those lively actions and reactions—that incessant change and interchange which we call vital phenomena, not only in animals and plants, but in the *mineral* kingdom likewise, and even in this *great globe itself*, considered as a live planetary world.

The stone seems the very impersonation of the lifeless ; yet there is life in the stone. It is only the force of life which causes these particles to consolidate into a mass, and gives that tenacious and vital cohesion to its parts which differences the stone from mere dust ; and the cessation of that life involves the dissolution of the stone. Nay, there is life even in the dust of the stone—even in the first, simple, impalpable atoms of which the particles of the dust are composed. Let a piece of marble be ground into the finest possible powder, and each infinitesimal speck will still be vital with the life which holds together its lime and carbonic acid ; which, in their turn, are sustained by that life which underlies the fervent amities of the elementary oxygen, carbon, and calcium.

And so the globe, though it has not the *same* life with the mineral, or the plant, or the animal, or the soul of man, has also a real life of its own. Has it not, in the words of Guyot, motion in the water which streams and murmurs on the surface of the continents, and which tosses in the waves of the sea ? Has it not loves and hatreds in those mysterious affinities of matter which chemistry discloses ? Does it not throb with those powerful attractions which govern the motions of the sentinel stars, and keep them in eternal harmony ? Do we not see, and always with secret astonishment, the magnetic needle trembling at the approach of a particle of iron, and leaping under the fire of the northern light ?

Place any material body by the side of another, and do they not, at once, enter into relations of interchange, of attraction, of electricity, of magnetism ? Do not the thousand voices of nature

proclaim incessant and prodigious activity—action, transformation, and change? And thus the life of the globe—the physiology of the planet—though not the life of the tree, the bird, or the soul, is also and most assuredly a life. For wherever, in the spiritual, or the physical, the organic or the inorganic realms, we find *action*, there we find life. But, though science has thus cleared our conception of life, showing that it is life which gives to the universe all its reality, as well as splendor, yet all its innumerable attempts at a *definition* of life have failed, for either they have been mere substitutions of many words for one, adding nothing to our previous knowledge, or they have alluded only to some special phase of life.

Secular philosophy has toiled to translate it, and toiled in vain. Science has spectaclled even its microscopic eyes to detect it when lurking in the living organism. Induction and theory have been strained well nigh to paralysis in the attempt to solve the mighty problem. Hypotheses without end have arisen from the laboratories and learned schools; imagined at different periods to be heat, light, oxygen, electricity, and galvanism, still the enigma has baffled all solution,—the heart of nature's mystery has not been plucked out, even by the wisest of her sons.

And in disappointment must all endeavors terminate, as regards the *essence* of life. Life does not admit of definition; because to comprehend life in its essence, will be to comprehend the Infinite. To man, life can never be anything *but* life.

The nearest *approach* that can be made to an insight into life is to view it as the Divine Wisdom and the Divine Goodness in *operation*.

Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Goodness are the all-comprehending essentials of the Divine; omnipotence, omniscience, justice, mercy, and every other attribute necessarily inhering in these two. Together these two principles constitute the *love* of God—the very nature of which is to be ever playing itself forth as life. All life comes, primarily, of the play of Divine Wisdom and Divine Goodness—the Infinite Duality from which all things proceed; and, proximately, of physical action and reaction.

Life is One and Omnipresent, and whether animate or inanimate, material or spiritual, it depends on the personal support of God; all phenomena are the displays of his Divine life in action:

life, which flowing continually into His creation, never begins or ends, but always *is*.

We must never attempt to think of life, in any of its manifestations, apart from, or independently of God. Life is uncreated, and wherever life is, God is. The same principle which we find in the soul of man, and which we acknowledge to be the influx of the Divine Life, is embodied in every kingdom *below* man—animals, plants, and minerals in turn presenting it in lower degrees, in an humbler manner. What is intelligence in the soul, reappears, as we descend, in the shape of instinct in the animal, vitality in the plant, and attractive force in the mineral. With every step in descent, there is a decline in power; some energy ceases, some faculty disappears; yet the same Divine Life runs the entire length, and is found at the end as perfect as at the beginning.

It is, doubtless, hard to connect together the Life of the mineral and the life of the soul; yet it is the same Divine Life playing through both, according to the laws of each plane. Its manifestations are infinitely various, its origin the same. That Divine Force, which, on the lowest plane of matter, draws together the atoms into fixed geometrical solids, constructing crystals as with the finger of vitality, turning the opaque and grimy charcoal into chaste and lucid diamond; which, on the higher plane, constructs sap and blood, and tissues, and builds them up into organs; that same life reappears on the human, or highest plane, as moral, intellectual, and spiritual force, enabling its possessor to become the mathematician, the poet, the painter, the devout and worshiping child of the Infinite God. All life, whether inorganic, animal, or spiritual, flows from God alike, and is the same in *essence*—the difference being simply one of expression. In metals and minerals we term it chemical affinity, in plants vitality, functions in the body, faculties in the soul. The terms alter as the theatre changes.

The lowest expression of life we call physics, or the life of God in the outer world of matter; the next plane we call physiology, or the life of God in man's body; the highest plane of all psychology, or the life of God in man's soul—three varying expressions of the one Divine omnipresent life—the life of the Living God above, and in, and through all things.

Spiritual life is thus a perfectly distinct thing from the soul

itself. The one is the vessel, the other the sustaining life which flows into the vessel. The soul has no more separate or inherent life in itself than has the body which encloses it. It is simply a substantial spiritual organism, as the body is a substantial material organism; and the inner man drops into spiritual dust as the outer man into physical, unless the parts are held in place by some sustaining life; and that is no other than the life of the Living God. In itself the soul is neither indestructible nor immortal. However common such phrases may be in sermons, the Bible never uses them, and knows nothing of them. It is the doctrine of the New Testament that the soul is one thing, and its life another. The soul the receptacle, its life the Divine inspiration of righteousness and of love. He who freely receives, and passes on to others, this Divine inflowing, has "Eternal life," and he alone; for in the universe of God, *Goodness only is immortal*, while the evil soul lies always under sentence of death.

This recognition of the momentary influx of the Divine life into every object and atom of the creation, is the key to the whole kingdom of religious truth. Genuine philosophy knows of no independent life in the universe, other than with Him who "alone hath life in Himself." Would you have its picture? Look at the flowing streams and rivers, whose shining waters move only as they are fed from eternal springs and fountains welling up where no eye can reach.

Now, this doctrine of life is not, for the most part, an acceptable doctrine. Men do not like to acknowledge themselves as mere receptacles of life. They judge of spiritual truth through the senses, and not through the soul; and the witness of the senses is almost always in favor of *apparent* rather than *genuine* truth. To the senses the sun rises and sets, while the earth stands still. A stick immersed in water appears to be broken; the banks of a river seem to move as we sail past; the coast seems to recede from the departing ship; a burning coal swung quickly round seems a ring of fire. All these are *apparent* truths certainly, yet in direct antagonism to fact.

Similar is the apparent and the genuine truth concerning where life is. It *seems* that man acts and lives from an independent life within himself, while the truth is that he is only a vessel filled

with God's inbreathed and inflowing life. Not that the creature is a mere cup into which life is poured with despotic benevolence. Man has one power—*and but one*—purely in himself. He has the power of *choice*. He elects, by his free will, the things that he will love and seek to possess; but all the vitality which he brings to bear upon his freely chosen aims, all the efforts which he makes towards his desires, have their tide and wave, and momentary well-spring in God. Into every soul, whether it is a pure vessel or a foul, God pours His sustaining life, leaving that soul to deal with it how he will. The quality is preserved or marred according to the purity of the receptacle.

This, however, is not the popular notion of life, which sees an image of it in the reservoir of water, filled in the first place, from the spring, and afterwards cut off from its source, and holding an independent life; while that of a lake, perpetually fed from a fountain, illustrates the true idea.

Few men are willing to regard their lives as a perpetual and momentary influx from God. They will admit, indeed, in a general way, that life is from God and in the hands of God. Each will allow that he derives his life originally from the Almighty, just as a man at eighty will allow that he derived his existence, at first, from his earthly father, though that father may have been eighty years under the sod. He can afford to make such an acknowledgement, for he now feels himself to be so very remote from the paternal source of his being, that his pride no longer feels, as a palpable and unwelcome conviction, his derived and dependent origin. But it is wounding to self-love, and the pride of human nature, to think of ourselves as so wholly and minutely dependent as we are, moment by moment, day and night; and all the while the senses, which, to the mass of mankind, are the universe, and all its truths, teaching the reverse. There is also, with many, a strong aversion against every thing which involves a spiritual element, which takes us out of the region of the senses, and lifts us above the grosser understanding; an aversion so deep that argument is of no avail, and which can only give way under the influence of higher moral feelings. Such a man will complacently call himself a "matter of fact man," or a "man of sense," while he is, in truth, a mere creature of the senses, imprisoning and killing

the better half of his nature, not knowing that there is a *spirit* of fact as well as "matter of fact," and that, apart from the former, the latter is only dead.

Such a man needs *proof* less than he needs *willingness*. He has sight, but no insight. Until he has lifted himself into the requisite *soul*, he cannot be expected to see with similar eyes. Spiritual truth, like the soul which is a dweller in it, must be thought of purely *from* the soul. As we ourselves become more truly *human*, faithful to creation, and faithful to God, we come to see more clearly that nature is momentarily sustained by the Divine, and that whatever is done is but the putting forth of that strength which God has previously given. It seems, at first blush, ineffably strange, that this Divine life, while one in itself, should as really constitute the essential life of a mineral, or of a tree, as that of an angel or a man ; yet we cannot avoid the issue.

It is, doubtless, a great mystery that one and the same vital element should manifest itself under such differing aspects. Yet there are many striking illustrations in material nature, where the same substance is seen putting on extremely differing forms ; as in the case of charcoal and the diamond, which are known to be each of them differing forms of carbon. And we may see this law exemplified by the operation of *water*, which is always the same in substance, yet becomes so changed in *manifestation* that we scarcely recognize it as the same principle.

In the form of steam you see it acting on the machinery of an engine, making a thousand wheels whirl in concert, and driving the boat or the car. Descended a degree lower you find this power in the form of water. Now it may turn the wheel of a mill, or float onward the boat that may be launched upon it, but it can no longer propel the steam engine. On a still lower plane we find the same element lying among the unpeopled and silent hills in the form of snow and ice, and with all its astounding power deadened to inertia. The same principle which you saw on the higher plane as a subtle vapor of immense activity, intensity, and force, on the lower is a cold, sluggish, powerless mass. It is the same element, existing under different manifestations. So with the Divine life in the universe. The material world, with its objects sublimely great, or meanly little, as we judge them ; its atoms of dust, its orbs of fire ; the rock that stands by the sea-

shore, the water that wears it away ; the worm, a birth of yesterday, which we trample under foot ; the streets of constellations that gleam perennial overhead ; the aspiring palm trees fixed to one spot ; and the lions that are sent out free,—these incarnate and manifest all of God's life that their natures are competent to receive and play forth.

There is, in each man, three kinds of life, corresponding to the three great degrees of mineral, plant, and animal life in the world of nature. The lowest life is man in the natural or the sensual, which allies him to the animals, and serves as a basis for the rest ; useful as a servant, it covers the man with brutishness if he yield to it the ascendancy. The next is the rational, to which belong the thoughts and emotions of daily life ; amiable and intelligent, useful and beautiful this life may be, but still only secular and temporal. The third consummate and crowning life in man is the life of religion, which lifts us into the sphere of the heavenly and immortal, and brings us into intimate and blessed relations with God.

Now these lives in man are as separate and distinct as the mineral from the plant, or the plant from the animal life. The man who lives in his sensuous life only, can never become rational, nor he who lives in his intelligence merely, become religious. It is no more possible than to procure flowers by sowing crystals, or birds by planting acorns.

What introduces the soul to heaven is not the power of the intellect, but the *power of God*,—power distinct from us, and coming down into us. This is the "Eternal Life," and the soul opens to receive it when we strive ceaselessly and prayerfully to become all that the Divine Image and Likeness can become ; letting our knowledge of what is right, color and ensoul whatever we do. Then, through our spiritual faculties, we learn to know and love God ; we exercise the life which conducts to heaven, and the idea of death departs from us, because we are living with the "Fountain of life," even the Lord. But, lacking this true high life of conjunction with God, there is no blissful immortality possible for us. The soul slowly suffers the bitterest of deaths. *It is its own dissolution* of which the soul, in its secret chambers, is afraid ; and that sense of dislocation from God, which gives the real sting and agony to the expectation of death here, will constitute

an infinitely deeper wretchedness hereafter. For as in the soul is the highest of all life, in the soul is the deepest—the only absolute death.

May the Divine Life, given with so much love,—the inflowing life of the personal God who has declared Himself to man in Revelation, and in flesh and blood, save us from the eternal death of disunion from Himself, and lead us to the life beyond life, to the home of many mansions, where the Father dwells.

E. M. W.

HEART-EDEN.

A fairer world than Adam trod
Regenerate nature bears to God ;
A purer light, an ampler sky,
And fruits and flowers that never die.

No serpent in the peaceful breast
Invades the sweet, Sabbatic rest ;
Renewed affections make the ground
A holy place, where God is found.

The mind and heart in rapture blend,
For aye at once with Christ the Friend ;
His loving breath their bosom joy,
His holy will their sweet employ.

Messiah God ! Thyself impart ;
Renew the Eden of the Heart ;
And, o'er the selfhood's vanquished hell,
With our transformed affections dwell.

FAIRY KISS.

I wish that every earthly lass
Might have a fairy looking-glass ;
It shines with truth-light for the eyes,
And shows the world within that lies ;
 The world within,
 Where thoughts begin ;
And what the form the feelings win.

The fairies seek the humble cot,
And love to share the lowly lot ;
Around the forehead of Content
A rainbow crown is always bent ;
 And kings they spy,
 Where human eye
Sees but the servant passing by.

In hearts that thrill with love sincere,
The bright Joy-angels oft appear,
And, when the soul to faith inclines,
The fairy star-world o'er it shines.
 Grow bright, grow bright,
 Ye orbs of light,
The fairies in your beams delight.

In Autumn, when the roses fail,
The fairies seek the Southern pale,
But all will bide the winter, when
The heart is oped for fairy men.
 Then, all the year,
 With festive cheer,
The fairy nations will appear.

JOHN CHAMPNEY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NETTLEBY TALES."

We are famous about Nettleby for keeping up the good old customs. At midsummer is the Nettleby feast, and a brave feast it is, with dances, and gifts, and junketings. The dale is all alive with lads and lasses happy in their midsummer and romance of courtship. We celebrate Christmas too, as becomes the day, and keep fresh in our hearts the memory of Him whose glorious and blessed Advent to save our lost world the season commemorates.

But Mr. Champney—it was the first Christmas after his accession to the estate—kept his in a manner so remarkable that it seems to me deserving of being written for the benefit of all Christian men. It fell out in this way. The night was clear and cold, tingling frost was in the air, so keen that it might have made the tulip bulbs quiver under ground, and the roots of the snow-drops ache. The river was frozen over. About one o'clock in the morning—for age makes me but an indifferent sleeper—I heard the gate at the Lodge open, and, rising for a hasty look, had just time to hear the clattering of horse hoofs down the avenue. At breakfast in the morning it was observed that Mr. Champney himself was absent, nor did he return until just before the hour of service. "Matthew," said he afterward, when I was alone with him in the library, "Matthew, I had last night a dream : a Christmas dream.

"First of all there was a sheep. I could see it as plainly as I see you, the poor starveling of an ewe, almost dumb with pain and hunger, lying in a sort of broken hollow about seven miles off on old Helmsford Common, close to the gravel pits. This vision passed before my eyes like the moving scene in a diorama, and was gone. I then heard a voice, crying, 'John Champney has seen his little sheep ;' it was the voice of the Angel of whom I dreamed on the eventful night when Mr. Grudge departed to the world of spirits. Another voice, more soft and feminine answered, 'Let John Champney make haste, or a wolf will take her.' At this I woke.

"I am sure, Matthew, you will be surprised at what follows. I do not think that I ever dreamed of a lass in my life, but there, palpably before me, all rosy as with the first light of morning, stood a slender maiden, clothed in purest white and wearing a mantle as of the most brilliant sunshine; a coronet glistened upon her brow, and, inscribed in it, I saw the word 'purity.' For her countenance I will not attempt to describe it; our eyes met, and the tender penetrative look which she darted on me threw a flood of warm soft sensation to my heart. Then she spoke and said 'Maud Hastings.' A moment after I found myself alone, my whole being filled with the glory and sweetness of the vision; the name being indelibly imprinted in the memory.

"As is my custom when anything spiritual befalls me, I arose, lit the lamp and opened the Word for instruction, when, suddenly, an inner eye seemed to open within the natural, and I saw a form like that of a human being, lying in that desolate spot, where I had, in the vision, beheld the ewe. Almost at the same moment I rather felt than heard a Voice, speaking within the interiors of my breast, and saying, 'seek and find.' At this I instantly determined to set off for the Common, and having a horse saddled as soon as possible, was in a few minutes on the way.

"You recollect the deserted clump of hovels beyond Upper Nettleby, where they once, though unprofitably, worked a mine. As I passed the first of these I heard men in loud conversation, and so earnestly engaged that apparently my passing was unnoticed. This, to be sure, may have been accounted for, as the road being up hill, I was obliged to walk the horse through the soft sand.

"The Common is bare enough of shelter, as you recollect. The wind sweeps over it as if it were made of lancets. Besides the furze, nothing grows. I dismounted when within a hundred yards or so of the gravel pit which I had beheld in the vision, and, in its immediate proximity, saw a something, resembling at first a corpse. This, then, thought I, is the object of my search. I stooped over it and found a young girl, not much more than a child, who seemed to have fainted, perhaps from hunger. Her bonnet which had fallen back disclosed a singularly feminine, unearthly face, on which the moonlight shone making it seem like pellucid and living marble. I spoke, but there was no answer; then, for I began to

think that this was death, and with something of a creeping awe, I gently raised her in my arms. The moment I did so a sudden light proceeding as from internals to externals, seemed to inundate my whole frame. I determined, by a sudden impulse, which seemed to urge me on as with a celestial music and motion in the will, to gallop with her as rapidly as possible to the nearest farm house, and there to make an effort at reviving the child to life. Just as I had arranged her before me two savage looking fellows, running and almost out of breath, accosted me with, 'He has her, blast him!' and then the cry, 'Stay a bit, friend! we have a word with you.' I answered, being by this time in the saddle and they hastily coming up, 'Stand off, and speak where you are.' They paying no heed and flourishing bludgeons, I rode on.

"Look you, Matthew, I had a narrow escape. Hearing a pistol I felt something whiz past me, and came off with a bullet hole in my coat sleeve. Under these circumstances I thought it best to make my way to the village, bearing my burden to Dr. Gray's cottage. There I saw lights, and sparks issuing from a chimney, as if a fire had been just lighted. Mrs. Gray hastily, but neatly attired, met me at the door with, 'Oh! Mr. Champney, is that you? I was roused from sleep with a feeling that some one was coming from the pursuit of robbers, bearing a young lady in his arms. The impulse was so strong, and the perception of a coming use so vivid, that I rose at once; and here you are.' This she said while I was dismounting and laying down the still unconscious form upon a sofa in the room. The Doctor had now arisen, and in about half an hour's time, he announced that our charge might be considered out of danger; though, as he remarked, her nervous system seemed to have received some terrible shock. Detailing to these kind friends the circumstances, they readily undertook her care and protection, until something further should be known. What think you, Matthew, of my Christmas dream?"

I rode over, during the afternoon, to Lower Nettleby, and, calling at the cottage found that I had entered the charmed circle of a New Church festival. In an inner room I saw the young lady whom the angels had called "John Champney's little sheep;" and never before, except in some dimly remembered glimpse of Heaven, vouchsafed in slumber, do I remember to have beheld a creature

of such rare and exquisite loveliness. Yet while a native beauty and dignity seemed to dwell, like viewless angels, breathing their constant influence over her, and while a something winning and fascinating spoke almost audibly in her innocent presence, it was evident that she had been doomed to scanty fare and rude society. I put to myself this question. Is not this young person an inheritress of the spiritual life, the peculiar gifts and attributes of the New Christian Age? As if by some swift telegraph, the mental response was given, you are correct; this is indeed an unfolding blossom of the New Christian Year. Perhaps my white hairs reassured her; perchance there was something fatherly and sympathetic in my voice. At any rate, on my approach, she put out her hand as if unconscious of the act, then hastily withdrawing it, blushed in a pretty and innocent confusion, while Carrie Gray whispered in my ear, "I do think we have here some blessed childish spirit but half veiled with the cumbersome body, and almost consciously living in the Heavens. She is a little Seeress, and even now seems relapsing into perception of her beautiful inner home."

At this moment, one of the guests in the adjoining drawing-room, began to sing a plaintive and tender air to the accompaniment of the piano.

I CANNOT FIND MY WAY.

I cannot find my way, Mother!

I cannot find my way.

The night is long; the winds have blown

A misty cloud and gray.

The storm is drear; in woe and fear

I wander and I pray:

I cannot find my way, Mother!

I cannot find my way.

Thou liest cold, beneath the mold,

For many a bitter day.—

Our pale Winter guest till now had seemed like one who listens with the ear of the Spirit, yet some interruption causing the ballad suddenly to cease, she breathed more deeply, heaved a sigh,

and then, in a strain of song that seemed the very music of the heart, continued

I bid farewell to hopes, that dwell
In fancy's fading ray,
For, shining, oft, in Heaven aloft
Thy airy winglets play,
To guide me on my way, Mother !
To guide me on my way.

Thou art an Angel now, Mother !
In smiling youth and gay.
Thou dost abide, all glorified,
Beyond the World's decay.
With tuneful note, thy whispers float,
Where, in the night I stray,
To guide me on my way, Mother !
To guide me on my way.

Happening to lift my eyes,—without doubt a providence was in it,—I saw a face peering through the shrubbery. I may say two of them, though of the second I caught but a momentary glimpse. I had no doubt, the instant I looked, that these were the ruffians who had sought to take Mr. Champney's life. Without seeming to notice them, or hinting my discovery, I determined that they should not give me the slip. My purposes were however, forestalled for there came, in a few moments a thundering double knock, and a roughly attired man, perhaps about forty years of age, demanded to see Dr. Gray. Some men carry character upon their faces, and this one did in every feature. One might have imagined that once, perhaps he had been outwardly a gentleman ; that loose morals had scattered his fortune and thrown him as a waif upon Society ; that habits of indulgence, craving incessant gratification, had in their disappointment, turned to bitterness upon his heart, that Evil acquiring mastery, had slowly but surely driven out the better tenants of the breast, and become despotic ruler of a mob of fierce, insatiable passions. He seemed reckless, as if disappointment, and the lack of means to carry out inordinate desires, had made him willing to resort to any course.

Now it so happened, that, keeping his brief holiday in our neighborhood, Mr. Lovegood's friend X-30, of whom the reader has before heard, was among the Christmas guests. Perhaps the charms of pretty Susan Lovegood, our parson's charming sister, whose soft eyed and smiling beauty seemed ever to win his reverent and earnest glance, may not have been the least of the attractions, though of this neither here nor there. But not even Susan Lovegood's most bewitching smile could have held the attention of X-30 at the moment when he heard the sharp, yet gruff voice at the outer door, inquiring for Dr. Gray.

I think I never saw so rapid and singular a change come over a man in my life. His ears seemed to rise, and the glance in his eye shot at once from the gentle inquiry of the dove to the swift and piercing intelligence of the eagle. Yet then, as if in the involuntary exercise of the peculiar gifts of his vocation, over this came a veil of seeming utter unconcern.

A moment after he beckoned me to his side and whispered, "For that man there is offered a prize of five hundred pounds. He has been missing for months from London, and all efforts at his discovery have been ineffectual. Excuse my absence to our friends as you best may." Slipping quietly out of the room, X-30 vanished.

The address of the visitant seemed sufficiently straightforward, and his story, on the surface, quite plausible. He was according to his account, a gentleman's servant out of employ, and house-keeping for sometime past at Old Mine Cottage. His purpose was to reclaim his daughter, who, being a wild, strange girl, had wandered at night-fall upon the Common, and who had not been missed until after midnight. On Dr. Gray's refusal to resign her except with the consent of Mr. Champney, the angry claimant retired with threats of an immediate appeal to the law; but the events which followed, deserve a chapter for themselves.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW CHURCH IN GRIFFIN, GA.

The chord of sympathy and interior communion, that binds as in one heart the widely scattered members of the New Church, can but vibrate with a deeper thrill of joy at each fresh manifestation of its life and power. But when in the course of the divine Providence it becomes in order for the Heavenly Jerusalem to descend in conjunction with any terrestrial locality, it may well be an occasion of rejoicing both to the hearts so united in the Lord, and to the great body, visible and invisible, to whom they are conjoined. For if there is joy, great joy, in heaven over one sinner that becometh a recipient of the divine mercy, how much more when many, gathered into one living Church, become in a larger and more perfect degree the receptive and diffusive agencies of those influences that are to make all things new.

The friends of progress and seekers for a higher life in this place have been peculiarly favored. Receptive of the spiritual phenomena from the very beginning, they have been preserved from the grosser and perverted forms of the manifestations. The Rev. T. L. Harris in several courses of his eloquent and powerful lectures thrilled the whole mind of the community, and excited an interest which his published works have kept alive and deepened into an earnest conviction of the essential verity of the doctrines and disclosures made known through him. The writings of Swedenborg also have contributed to the establishment of these doctrines in the rational degree of the mind. For the past year, we have maintained New Church worship, in some form, and a sabbath-school that has brought home these truths to the earnest attention of many inquiring minds. For the success of this branch of christian instruction we are specially indebted to the little "First Book." It has been to us a treasure of treasures, and we can but recommend its general adoption.

On his return from New York, our brother, Geo. W. Christy of New Orleans, made us a visit, and delivered ten public discourses, besides conducting our social meetings and conversing privately with many who feel themselves under renewed obliga-

tions to our Heavenly Father for the good thus effected through this instrumentality. His discourses were drawn entirely from the Word, and seemed to work conviction in many earnest and inquiring minds. The doctrines of the New Church were shown to be the *essential verities* of life, illustrated by all the phenomena of the age, and founded upon a true, rational and spiritual interpretation of the Bible. The advanced state and orderly mediatorial condition of our brother were evidenced by this, that his discourses and private conversations were so perfectly adapted to the varied states of those addressed. Many beautiful tests of spiritual perception were given; and many will long remember the relief afforded by the heavenly influences that descended through our brother and his companion, who is truly one with him in all his uses. Like Mr. Harris, he passes, at times, into deep interior conditions, imparting the wisdom of the higher life; and we believe that his inspirations descend, according to the highest conditions of order in the New Church, through the conjugal sphere.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 8, according to previous announcement, those wishing to form themselves into a visible body of the New Church met at the house of the Rev. A. Buckner. The services, which were conducted throughout according to interior impression, were of the most solemn and beautiful character. The prayer seemed poured from the very depths of a heart moved and responsive to interior influences. After the entrance of the names in the Church Book—thereby signifying our full assent to the simplest of all forms of faith and government, acknowledging the Lord in his Divine Humanity, the holiness of the Word and the obligations of a good life—all, gathered in a group, kneeling, united, were solemnly consecrated as a vessel for the reception of the New Church descending from the heavens—a consciousness of which was not wholly withheld from the quickened perceptions.

After this, baptism was administered and received, not as into the Christian Church, of which indeed we were already members, but as a sign of entrance into the outer courts of the Temple of the New Jerusalem, now descending from God out of heaven. The baptismal formula was slightly varied from that in common

use in the Old Church, and, as it seems to us, enriched by expressing the peculiar faith of the New. It was the following: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; which is the name of our Lord in His Divine Humanity and hereby seal thee with the sign of His cross, in token, etc."—the remaining words were varied in the case of each individual, and were most beautifully and specially applicable to the state of each. All was done with the greatest solemnity, order and fitness; and all who witnessed were impressed that the New Church, though outwardly feeble, is, and is ever more to be, a presence and power in the earth; being the outer manifestation and receptacle of resistless potencies descending from the heavens; that it is from the Lord and leads ever onward and upward to Him; a vine planted by His own right hand, to flourish without end and gladden many hearts.

On the Sunday evening following, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered in the same beautiful and impressive manner; after which followed the ordination of Rev. Alfred Buckner, as a New Church minister, servant and priest of the Lord in this new manifestation of his presence and power. This was done after an order of beauty and fitness, such as we had never before conceived; and was wholly according to the present interior impression of the agent through whom the very life and power of the heavens seemed to descend.

Thus the New Church has been outwardly established in this place; and henceforth, the worship of the Lord in his Divine Humanity will, we trust, be performed according to the order of the New Heavens, with all the appropriate rites and ordinances; the Rev. A. Buckner, a long-tried and faithful friend of the Unfolding, well-versed in the doctrines and knowledges of the New Church, officiating as undershepherd, to the full acceptance of all. Ours is eminently a heart-church; at least such was perceived to be the character of the heavenly society appointed in the order of the Divine Providence to preside over it from the Interior, which was seen to descend in the very form of Messiah God. We feel, therefore, that the Church of the Good Shepherd in New York, the Church of the Messiah in Griffin, and that of the Divine Humanity over which our dear brother Christy presides in New-

Orleans, form a three-fold vessel for the reception and diffusion of the choicest heavenly influences, like the brain, heart and lungs of the human system. And when we all shall have passed away and other years shall come, the men of those times, with nobler endowments and hearts enlarged and glowing with a warmer and wider charity than ours, shall cherish, with grateful remembrance, these infant days of the New Celestial Church in America.

"A New Religion shakes the Earth ;
Christ, unbeknown to outward Sage,
Descends, in forms of Love, to birth,
And leads from Heaven the Golden Age.

"A New Religion—new, yet old,
The Ancient Faith, the Eden theme,
Descends, the weary Earth to fold
In joy transcending Angel's dream.

"The hard moralities of Law
Reveal but Life's exterior shape ;
Could we but *feel* what JESUS saw,
Our souls all outward bonds would break,

"And Life become the grandest fact,
Grander than theories or creeds,
Of stately virtues built compact,
And blossomed o'er with fairest deeds."

S. E. B.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

ARTICLE THIRD.

In this article we purpose to consider the process by means of which the invisible myrmidons of the lower world, represented especially by demons who were while in the body Jesuits, make the Church of England as to its interiors an unconscious agent in debauching the higher and inner conscience of the nation.

Man possesses, first and outwardly, a conscience in the natural mind, and second and inwardly a conscience in the spiritual mind. Until the interior and spiritual conscience is quickened, there may be in the external a certain *quasi conscience*, in a great degree the result of artificial education. So one may pass his days in the observance of whatever customs society declares to be orthodox and right, and even esteem himself a sound christian ; or, for that matter, be invested with the dignities of the most exalted clerical office, and yet remain, as to the interior and real conscience, unquickened, and so dead.

And here copious illustrations may be drawn from among Spanish Jesuits and Monks of the Order of St. Dominic, proverbial in history as among the most relentless and sanguinary of persecutors. The merely natural conscience they possessed, made the subject of thorough culture and educated up to the highest standards of the Romish doctrine. They believed themselves godly, Christian men ; they were so esteemed by millions of cotemporaries of the same persuasion. Yet the most odious and detestable crimes, especially crimes against charity, were committed by them, and esteemed meritorious acts. The rigid Dominican, had he stolen an apple could hardly have forgiven himself, yet he had no scruple in condemning a pious and tender woman to the fires of the Auto-da-fe. Had he, in his morning walk, trodden carelessly upon a worm, he would have esteemed it a sin ; yet the end of that walk might have been to the Inquisition, in whose torture chambers he was to preside, directing the application of the rack,

the boot, the gag, or the thumb-screw to the body of the obstinate heretic, until the blood spurted from the eyelids and the fingernails ; and all this without compunction.

The inner and real conscience may be lulled into a lethargic sleep, while its merely external and natural representative may exhibit sufficient vitality, in seeming, to enable its possessor to live, as the times go and according to the standard of his community, a creditable life. So long as the individual is left undisturbed in the worship of his darling idols, self-love, love of the world and love of rule, he may pass for a very worthy and estimable gentleman, a devout communicant, a rigid observer of fast and festival. Alas ! his righteousness is a seeming, his depravity a hideous fact. In this world he is classed with the Saints of God : in the next too often he gravitates, by the stress of impure affections, to the perdition of a lost spirit.

Now the Church of England, in its higher functions, and by its hierarchal example, is engaged, and has been for centuries, in stupefying the loftier and nobler inner conscience of the English people. Inculcating upon the external conscience a decent moralism, it has been dandled in the lap of government after government, composed, as history proves, in a great degree, of statesmen in whom self-love was the prevailing animus. It has been a creature of the State, and subject to the higher powers, not of heaven but of earth. It has winked at abuses within its bosom, which, in the estimation of all just men, are frauds and crimes. Its practical motto has been, in a sense very different from that intended by the Apostle, "Be not righteous over much ; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?"

So far from having a vigorous life of its own, nourished and maintained as to its external form by the contributions of a grateful people, to whom it imparts the Divine Spirit while it ministers in the Divine Word, it has not scrupled to wring from the poor man his hard-earned pittance ; to maintain itself, in defiance of the moral opposition to the better public sentiment, by the coercion of a legal force. Now a man individually cannot rob the neighbor, even although he does it with the sanction of the law, without impoverishing himself spiritually in the precise ratio in which he misappropriates the goods of another. But the Church

of England has been for centuries pursuing this systematic course, until, with unlawful spoils, gathered into its granaries, and crying to itself, "Soul, soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink, and be merry," the lightning-bolt of the Divine Justice falls, and its Lord cries from Heaven, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee."

It had two warnings. God sent two Witnesses—one with a true philosophy of Christian faith, the other with an heroic and saving demonstration of the Christian spirit. To its clergy, luxuriating in the gathered culture of seventeen centuries, and rich with all the means and implements of learning, came first, illumined from the Lord, Emanuel Swedenborg. He brought the Bible opened in its spiritual sense; brought it but to meet from the Church, as a body, with stupid indifference, and satire, and hatred, and contempt. Let earth esteem the act however slight, in the Chancery of Heaven it stands recorded as a gigantic crime. A ship is sinking; one on board discovers the leak, and by an inspiration grasps the method of stopping it! He rushes with his discovery to the officers of the vessel; they close their ears against him, the ship goes down with all her lives and cargo; but the responsibility rests upon the infatuated men who refused to investigate, refused to apply the saving remedy. So a century since, in the hey-day of the sensual philosophy, when the Christian faith of the cultured and scholastic multitude, like some goodly vessel, was slowly foundering in that sea of falses, the Seer of Stockholm came with an absolute demonstration of the cause, and with as absolute a remedy for the intellectual form of the world's unbelief. Here in England the Lord caused him to remain for years, writing and publishing for a witness to the Church. Ah! had he come with an improved method for the collection of tithes, or even a cargo of wines from Oporto, his reception would have been far different. He stood first as a Witnessing Spirit in the midst of the ecclesiastics of the land; and now, at God's high throne in Heaven, as an Accusing Angel, he is the first witness.

The second Messenger sent to the Church of England was reared within her own communion. From the seclusion of Oxford, where his austere piety won for him the derisive appellation, "Methodist," he emerged, at once devoted to her ritual and steep-

ed in her traditions. But Wesley took orders and commenced his career an unconverted man. It was not at the feet of her teachers, or in the precincts of her sanctuaries, that he learned the force and meaning of the solemn declaration of the Master, "Ye must be born again," nor was it, till led in the Divine Providence, into communion with the affectionate and devout Moravians that he felt consciously delivered from the bondage and the condemnation of sin. Henceforth he was a free man of the Spirit. Let his works bear testimony; they break upon the shores of heaven in hallelujahs from ransomed souls, to this day.

But Wesley, from the moment he became an experimental Christian, was an outcast from the bosom of that great sect which held the spiritual sceptre of the land. Like the Just One of old, he came to his own and his own received him not. He fought the battle of experimental religion in England in the midst of the scorn and ridicule, and opposition of the establishment; for his works, louder than any form of words, bore testimony of it, that, as a social form, it was in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. Had the Church of England been alive when Wesley came, there had been no need of Methodism. Had it given heed to his testimony, it would as a body have become itself a Methodism in spirit. It virtually repudiated both the messenger and the message, and only as Society has been leavened with this new spirit, has it yielded to the pressure from without, so far as to be stormed in some of its strongholds by the evangelizing power. Yet even here, its clergymen, who adopt in part the principles of that great reform, maintain an unnatural compromise between irreconcilable opposites.

Having rejected these solemn warnings, the Lord, in the year 1857, when the Last Judgment was ultimated in the Lower Earth of Spirits, pronounced against it the solemn sentence, and condemned it as an unfruitful tree. The Angels who, until that hour, had sought to infuse into it the New Life of the New Church, took their departure. It was abandoned spiritually, as Judaism and the stately sanctuaries of the Mosaic faith after the presiding dignitaries of Palestine had rejected Christ, and its woes are coming on it thick and fast. As, when the Spirit leaves its earthly tabernacle, the larvæ of the tomb make haste to claim it for their prey,

so, into this gigantic body, divested of its soul, flow in those Demoniactal Spirits who luxuriate in the ruined and inverted form of an extinct godliness. As into the earlier Christian Church at Rome, separated from the Spirit of the Lord, the pagan deities, rallying from below, rushed with hideous force to war against the faith, so into the body of this huge establishment, judicially condemned by Heaven, precipitate themselves the malign Spirits who plan their sorceries against freedom and humanity from the seething vortex where Jesuitism finds its final dwelling-place.

Henceforth England has this thing to encounter, a fixed Jesuitism in her Church. Working by means of possessions and obsessions, and coalescing and conspiring with the despotic and reactionary party on the continent, its central aim will be to debauch the conscience while it destroys the liberties of man. Grown wise in state-craft, an adept in every species of artifice, it will endeavor to dramatize religion for the senses, that it may the more fatally beguile and enervate the soul. To overcome this influence all mere human forces are powerless. The alliance of wealth and power, the service of the beautiful arts, must secure for it the allegiance of that great public which asks to go to Heaven by some mode which shall not conflict with the prosperous vices. A Mechanical Age demands mechanical substitutes for the religion of the self-renouncing heart.

WORD-PICTURES.

I.

A cameo of Prayer,
Carved in pellucid stone,
Floating through silver air
To kneel before the throne.

A LIVING FOR SALE.

Squire Gooseby, perusing the *Times* o'er his ale,
Found there a desirable "Living for Sale,"
"A capital messuage and parsonage house;
Fine shooting close by, both for pheasants and grouse;
The air quite salubrious; scenery grand;
Society good, and a Fox-hunt at hand."
"Look, Cicely!" he cried, and the dutiful wife
Responded, "Our Peter 'twill suit to the life:
Just post down to London—the roads are not bad—
And see if the Rectory cannot be had."

Squire Gooseby at Inns the Solicitor found
The living was rich; the incumbent unsound,
Past eighty, and in a bad way, it was said,
With gout and a conflux of blood to the head.
The living was worth, with the parsonage, clear
Six hundred and fifty odd pounds to the year;
The patron a nobleman, sadly in debt,
His hobby a racer, his weakness a bet;
And for five thousand pounds—the incumbent so old,—
The next presentation obliged to be sold.

The bargain concluded, Squire Gooseby sat down
And penned this epistle to Peter from town:
"Son Jack in the Navy is rising quite fast;
Our interest will make him Post Captain at last.
Dear Bobby, in spite of his passion for cards,
Conducts himself bravely and shines in the Guards.
Your brother Godolphin—he ne'er was a dunce—
At the Treasury office is pensioned at once.
Now, Peter, your turn! 'tis a living of ease,—
And the church being empty, you can't fail to please,—
In the village of Mulford-cum-Ousley, close by
To the Marquis of Botts and Sir Benedict Sly,
Whose unmarried niece has a million or more;—
Who knows, you sad rogue, what the Fates have in store!"

In the night the Squire woke from a terrible dream ;
The sky seemed lit up in the east with a gleam
Like a sword-arm, that carved, at the point of its blade,
On his heart, "Thou hast Jesus, thy Master, betrayed ;"
And solemn and slow, with the waving of wings,
And the toll of a death-bell in darkness that rings,
Came an Angel and whispered, "Thou Spirit, arise !
Thy sin, a swift witness, accusing thee cries :
The curse of the traitor, his Master who sold,
From invisible Hades is fearfully rolled."

"I grind not my tenants," Squire Gooseby replied,
"Like a Christian, for all of my blood I provide ;
I am true to my faith as a hawk to her perch,
And Peter, my son, has just entered the Church :
I have bought him a living. Sir Angel ! you must
Have waked the wrong man." From his body of dust
The Angel, unheeding, the dreamer led forth,
And he stood with the dead who were judged from the earth.

The poor and the halt and the blind and the lame,
The oppressed, the enslaved and the perishing came,
Pale weaklings grown haggard and hungry for bread,
Young children who wailed on the bosom unfed.
"Behold !" cried the Angel, "and you would provide
These destitute creatures their helper, their guide ?
Send Peter your son from his cricket and ball,
Flirtations, and stage plays, and games at the hall,
From long whist, and short whist, and sports about town,
From beauties who blandish, and bailiffs who frown,
To show them the way, from the thunders that peal,
And the bolts that destroy, to the Land of the Leal !"

Squire Gooseby was awed for a moment, but then
Made shift to reply : "All respectable men
In my station of life buy a living or two,
If they need them and can, for a son who won't do
At the Bar or the Treasury ; all of the old
And dignified gentry the practice uphold :

I purchased but one and some hold eight or nine."——
"Aye! aye!" was the answer, "with hunger divine
The Soul of the People, in perishing case,
Has uttered its moan from the temples of grace,
And seen a 'son Peter,' in priestly attire,
Where apostles should preach with the Pentecost Fire ;
And lifted to Heaven inaudible sounds
Of lament while 'son Peter' was after the hounds ;
And perished in darkness, forlorn and supine,
While 'Son Peter' was dozing or tipping his wine.
Learn now that the cup, for three centuries poured,
Overflows :—'tis the cup of the wrath of the Lord."

THE PAST.

FROM THE NEW POEM, REGINA.

Into the Past, into the Past,
Where the Kings of the ancients their gems have cast ;
Where Time, the great fisher, has thrown his nets,
And gathered the spoil that the world forgets ;
Where all that hath been in its glory still
Is a palace of gold on a sapphire hill.

Into the Past, into the Past,
Where the year-drops fall and dissolve at last ;
Where Life, like a rainbow with silver rim,
Is set o'er Eternity's ocean dim ;
Where the prime in the present conceals its charms
As the old moon fails in the young moon's arms ;
Where the dreams return that on earth were fed
By the lips long ago to the Angels wed ;
Where the clouds all shine that have wept to rain ;
Where the trees all bloom that are dust again ;
Where all that hath been is a bridal night
Of whispers and kisses and soft delight,
That, wrapt in the sound of its last low tune,
Floats in the shadow beneath God's throne !

REGINA: A SONG OF MANY DAYS.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

LONDON : William White, Bloomsbury Street.—NEW YORK : New Church Publishing Association, 42 Bleecker Street.

Only "Part First," embracing ninety-six pages of the new poem, has reached us ; we can, therefore, give our readers only what the London publishers have given us—a foretaste of the good things in store. The poem *Regina* begins where the *Morning Land* ends. We are lifted at once by it not only into the region of purest lyric inspiration, but into Fairy Land as well :

"Where the rose-tree buds unbar,
Where the purple pansies are,
Where the crimson wildings play
With the last-blown mountain May,
Fairies all are glad and gay."

"The happy fairies from the fox-glove bells
Waft to mild eve their delicate farewells ;
Ah, me! how sweet yon budding rose-tree smells ;
Not rarer are immortal asphodels."

To us there is no more wonderful sign, in this age of wonders, than the reopening of "Fairy Land." Tell a grave divine, wrapt up in the intricacies of theologic lore, that the world is to be redeemed in part, under the direction of the Lord, by the ministries and influence of these infinitesimal races, and he will probably regard you as the mildest and most harmless of lunatics. Even the intellectual Swedenborgian controversialist smiles as he sways his herculean club over the heads of these tiny creatures. The introduction of the first Christian age was signalized by King Herod's slaughter of the innocents; but happily these infantile beings cannot thus be destroyed. Our hearts may, indeed, be closed against them, and baleful passions brood and nestle in their stead, till—

"As Herod on his throne by God was smitten,
Eaten by worms in his own entrails bred,"

the swarming evils of our nature, as in delirium tremens, present, by inversion, the correspondential opposites of these forms—a picture of loathsomeness and horror, which none wish to see a second time. That the atomic particles of man are in the human form is the perception of the most illuminated minds of the present day, and is clearly deducible from the essential principles of New Church philosophy.* But whatever may be the conclusion of philosophers upon this subject, the human mind is so constituted as to lend, at least, a seeming faith to the beautiful descriptions of Fairy Land ; and Poesy has assumed the privilege of making them the vehicle of her purest effusions. The Muse does not disdain such humble ministrants, and the brightest pages of English literature are adorned with fairy lore.

We have elsewhere expressed our estimate of the utility of poetic studies and culture. Poetry is the noblest and most perfect form of art, because the most unlimited and universal. It not only enables the poet to communicate what would else be incommunicable, but touches with the same potent wand the faculties of the happy recipient ; gently quickening the affections and elevating the perceptions, it sings its way to the heart. Could our words or experience avail, we would say to every youth in the New Church, study the best poets. Without such culture, the best things in the new-unfolding cannot be fully appreciated. As no one without art-culture can appreciate the world's treasures of art, so without poetic culture no one can fully enjoy those developments from the interior which come through the poetic faculties ; and it will be remembered that as the philosopher is the true expounder of the Spiritual, the poet sustains the same relation to the Celestial.

The poem *Regina*, so far as we have read, is to the *Morning Land*, as a celestial matron to a youthful heavenly bride. There is a richness and grace, a mellowness of thought and expression that come only from rarest culture, and to the ripened faculties of manhood. From the pen of Tennyson or of Longfellow this new poem would be the delight of thousands both in England and America ; and time, the true tester of all things ultimated into time and space, must inevitably bear it onward till it find fit audi-

* See "First Book," page 96, seq.

ence. "A thing of beauty *is* a joy forever," it can never die till the love of the beautiful ceases to be part of our sentient nature.

Like the Morning Land, *Regina* has "Preface" and "Introduction," "Prelude" and even an "Overture," all in verse; in which the reader of that poem will recall some of the sweetest and most touching things in literature. That these portions of the new poem are not-inferior, will at once be felt by every appreciative reader.

Our space will permit us to quote only a few passages from these introductory portions of the book :

"In ancient ages, glorious and golden,
The Muse inspired; the Poet saw and sung;
But now, in sensuous thrall the spirit holden,
Forgets the music of its native tongue.

"Yet smiling May replaces chill December :
Again the vocal roses bud and bloom,
While hearts, with inner consciousness, remember
The Lyric Heaven sublime above the tomb.

"Strike the heart's rock, ye thirsting sons and daughters !
Strike it with Faith's unseen, immortal rod :
Anew will flow the sweet Castalian waters,—
The true Nepenthe from the wells of God.

"Great Heaven o'erflows with brilliant inspirations,
Vast as bright morning o'er the hill-tops gray ;
And with us walk the beatific nations
For guardian Angels of our pilgrim way."

Or take these lines from the introduction, where the poet continues speaking in his own person, as a specimen of delicate word-painting of the *quiet* scenes of nature :

"Deep in this verdant hollow let me rest :
Tho evening sky in lovely red is drest,
As if 'twere crimsoned from a young bride's face ;
Twilight trips by with her most quiet pace :

The butterfly and bee have gone to bed,
 And the bold night-moth sips where flowers have shed
 Their last perfection : Placid Wharfe afar
 Breathes her pale mist in love toward the star."

"It is the sweetest night that ever fell ;
 And, as a young bird that forsakes its shell,
 Thrilled by the odors of the mother dove,
 Who bosoms it with unextinguished love,
 A Spirit Poem, Earth's delightful guest,
 Leaps to its life of music through my breast."

The Overture gives the history of the progress of a Poet from the first quickening of the outer perceptions, to the opening of the inner degrees of the mind.

"In a city of the Earth-world, lived a poet in his prime ;
 He had won by ceaseless labors, many praises of the time ;
 Striving ever, in the self-hood, through the wild world's battle
 storm,
 To arouse the trampled nations to the combats of Reform.

* * * * *

Like a dying gladiator, who must battle to the last,
 Words of hope and faith he uttered, though the life was ebbing
 fast,
 Till a mighty Angel shivered, with his strong right hand, the
 glass.

* * * * *

Visions of Messiah's glory passed before him as he lay,
 Till within the awful morning lit the poor down-trodden clay,
 And it felt the breath eternal, while a second life began
 To unfold a shrine within it for the coming Son of Man.
 Then the form rose, slowly moving, all its mind and heart a-glow,
 With the anthem sung by Angels eighteen centuries ago :
 In their mystic tongue he chanted songs, that inly understood,
 Made the demons blanch and tremble, in their war against the
 good,

While the sweet celestial music, as it echoed from afar,
Seemed the birth-note of the day-spring, or the bride song of a
star.

* * * * *

Then the Book of Life was opened, and the poet heard therein
Truths to awe the drunken nations in their carnival of sin ;
And he bore to earth the censer from the temple of the Word,
All whose living coals were burning with the Spirit of the Lord."

We cannot, of course, enter into any analysis of the poem, until
the remaining portions are received. Passing over, therefore, in
general, the "lots" drawn by the planets of our solar system, of
which earth's is a *pall*, we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing
a few lines descriptive of the destiny of unborn infants.

"I was, on Mother Earth, an infant small,
And, mutely as the feathered frost-flakes fall,
Slid from its sorrows ere I left the womb :
Thy little daughterling began to bloom
Beyond the narrow threshold of the tomb :
They call me Oriona where I dwell ;
In a small islet, where the white waves tell
Their endless joy in Music's faintest tongue,
Is my abiding-place ; Time is so young !
He plays with us like Cupid with his doves :
We drink the honey-dew that morning loves,
And in great golden flowers, where merry elves
Delight their babes to nurse, we hide ourselves,
And deck the ringlets of our gleaming hair
With aromatic blossoms floating there,
Born from the South wind's delicate embrace ;
But, when dim night holds you in lower space,
Our Angels bring us viewless to behold
The shapes you cherish in the dusty mould :
Then we are glad that we are not contained
In bodies rudely made and coarsely grained,
But free to rove at will through Heaven Divine :
Like flambeaus in the hand of God we shine,

Blazing with such sweet fragrance, that we cast
 No shadow : when our heavenly youth is past,
 We grow to lordly shape and essence rare :
 Our souls are pearls that Heaven delights to wear,
 Set in her argent splendors : in our eyes,
 That never wept, shine the unfallen skies."

" We are of genius opposite to those
 Who wither on the planet's blighted rose,
 In threescore years of lingering heart distress.
 Our little spirits, winged and pilotless,
 Rise o'er death's dying flame triumphantly :
 For us blind Sorrow gropes in vain, but we
 Laugh in his wrinkled face, and borne aloft
 On dewy clouds of incense warm and soft,
 Are floated to Elysium, o'er the still
 Sweet air that feeds us : like young grapes we thrill
 Amid the vine leaves of our happy lot,
 While on the earth men think that we are not.
 And there are babies of a six-month's size .
 The light of many stars is in their eyes :
 The joys of many Heavens east, west and south,
 Lurk in the kisses of the dimpling mouth :
 Their festive souls are vocal all day long,
 And in their minds, like fruit-trees of rich song,
 Whose leaves are melodies, the ages old
 Their deep translucent music-thoughts remould."

There are many profound suggestions in this portion of the poem, but we prefer at present to present the lighter offerings of the Celestial Muse :

SONG OF THE FESTAL FAY.

Then in my heart a festal fay,
 By angel-gift made inly nigh,
 On pipe and tabor 'gan to play
 " The Golden Age shall never die.

" Let sorrow melt from every soul
And sunshine kindle in the eye,
For Love regains its first control,
The Golden Age shall never die.

" Come praise the Lord with festive mirth,
As Angels praise Him in the sky :
His gladness blooms for all the earth ;
The Golden Age shall never die."

Not less graceful is the HYMN OF THE NEW GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age returns again,
Through troops of inly breathing men,
Who ope, with mild and glad surprise,
The thousand-gated harmonies.

In still delight their pulses chime
To the Æolian harp of Time,
Upon the sands of space they tread,
With God's effulgence inly shed.

They ask no thought from outward lore,
But brim the world with wisdom o'er ;
And find, through Nature's dim disguise,
Celestial voices and replicas.

But we must conclude our extracts with

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the fairies unfold
Tints in the summer time purple and gold :
Daisy and king cup, and hyacinth bold,
Little by little are born from the mould :
Little by little the poem is told.

Little by little earth's delicate things
Shape in the darkness the butterfly's wings :
Little by little the queens and the kings
Weave the great lyric that History sings.

Little by little the elf and the fay
 Gather the cloud from the spirit away ;
 Build in the bosom their bowers of play ;
 Build the mind's palace that sparkles with day ;
 Build the new heart in the old one's decay.

Little by little the honey-bee takes
 Bread from the flower the south-wind awakes :
 Little by little the spirit forsakes
 Time, when the dawn of eternity breaks :
 Little by little eternity shakes
 From the white time-cloud the years that are flakes.
 Little by little the centuries shed
 Snows of forgetfulness over the dead :
 Little by little the volume is read
 Which the All-Father has traced overhead :
 Little by little the soul-wings outspread,
 Till we are borne where the Seraphim tread.

We trust we have quoted sufficient to convince our readers that a rich repast awaits them, and with the new year, we hope both to present them with a further analysis of this beautiful Lyric, and also to announce that the volume is ready for delivery ; for we know that many are thirsting for it, as for new wine of celestial vintage.

We will conclude this hasty notice with a few words from an appreciative mind, in which the reader will recognize the delicate perceptions of an intuitive and quickened spirit.

“And on the marge of Fairy Land
 I feel that all that Poets sing
 Is *briefly* told us here.”

In glancing over the pages of this new work from the interior, given through Mr. Harris, I feel that he brought it indeed, from those sunnier climes, where deathless Love has made its everlasting abiding place in heart homes of whose beauty we may conceive, though our earthly vision perceives them not.

I have no words to give full expression to the delight which

fills my heart on perusing these exquisite inspirations. They must be read by tender conjugal ones, to be truly appreciated. Sweet and glowing are they, having nothing in common with this mundane sphere of ours ; and yet,—although they are laden, as it were, with the very fragrance of “airs from Paradise,”—it seems to me their influence will be to arm many a suffering child of earth, with a power to withstand the potent spell of Hades.

Very dear and precious will these sweet lyrical expressions of the harmonies of the skies be to all receivers of the unfoldings which are now descending from Heaven ; precious to young and tender ones, in the first flush and glory of Love’s summer hours ;—precious to those of maturer years, in whose hearts still linger the memories which blest them in Life’s early day, ere yet the dew was gone from the blossom of the soul, or the glow faded from their sky into the light of common day ;—precious to the aged, who, looking forward to another life, will receive from them a “breath of holy hope,” to cheer them on their painful way ;—dear will they be to those lonely ones, who, having left behind them this world’s unsatisfying pleasures, will find in such thoughts as are scattered through this heavenly poem, a hand pointing them to joys, whose glory fadeth never !—but *dearest* and *most precious* of all, will they be to the Mother’s heart, appealing so directly,—as they do,—to all that is deep, tender, and yearning in the maternal bosom. In the very love-light of the skies, to those sorrowing parents, who, desolate and without hope, for their little ones who are not, Regina comes, bearing balm, and striving to infuse the warmth of Love Celestial, which would fain melt with its ardent glow, even the icy chill of Death !

I find in these poems, jewels, whose brilliancy throws a new and *living* light over old tradition. Childhood’s sweet belief—“half memory, half a dream,”—in the darling “little people” here receives most welcome confirmation.

These supernal gleams from the better land, I commend to all lovers of good, and true, and beautiful things, assuring them they will find in this song of many days

“A beauty so strangely sweet, they cannot know,
But only *feel* the charm that binds them so !”

THE LIVING RUIN.

Pale one, with the baby at thy breast,
Through the murky streets I see thee wander,
Vainly seeking place of Christian rest :
O'er the ruin mournfully I ponder :
Light unblest,
Pale one, with the baby at thy breast !

Every ivied arch and sculptured wall,
Consecrated by antique devotion,
Reverent hands preserve against the fall,
Pious hearts behold with fond emotion :
Ruins all,
Ruins of the ivied branch and wall.

Thou too art a ruin standing there :
Once, Madonna-like, thy vestal spirit
In the body's chancel lifted prayer ;
Saw, perchance, the Heaven that saints inherit.
Now Despair
Sobs her story in the ruins there.

Thousands more, this miserable night,
Lift their desecrated shrines to Heaven,
While, in gay pavilions of delight,
Feast the ruiners with hearts unshriven.
Crazed with blight
Thousands wail this miserable night.

Christ, our God ! and didst Thou come to save ?
Shall the iron wheels grind on forever ?
Mournfully the sighing night-winds rave
With a human wail that ceases never.
Still we crave,
Christ, Beloved ! didst Thou come to save ?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MANCHESTER, England, Oct. 26, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER:—As I sit down, through you to address a circle of so many receivers of the Great Faith, my heart warms to the consciousness of that spiritual unity which links the heart-followers of the Lord into one communion. The ties of that celestial relationship, more real and lasting than any telegraph that traverses the deep chasm of the Atlantic, are electric with constant circulations, wherein kindred souls commune together. My outward days are spent in labors, which, though burdensome, are blessed, amidst these new and unfamiliar scenes; but the affluent sympathies of hundreds of earnest and noble natures in America inflow through preëstablished relations, and I am strong in the unitary force of the body of Christ.

England, so far as concerns her present state, is rapidly and surely coming to an end. Her ecclesiastical bodies feebly imitate and reëcho the voices of revivalism, borne to them from the New World, and that vast movement throbs beneath the superficial crust of Society, which, however, except in Ireland, affords but few indications of the pressure. Society, in its more artificial forms, resembles a sumptuous mahogany coffin, in which, in all the habiliments of wealth and beauty, reclines a corpse. But the death is seeming; the life a reality. Within the superficial and artificial England, lost to inspiration in the worship of "Respectability," exists an unsuspected radiant and youthful form, gigantic and terrible, the Inner Man of the Isles, destined to wake one day.

Thought in America is electric, but runs here like a slow river through the marshes. Climate, association, habit, all tend to strengthen and unfold the corporeal element. Men walk in a half dream, oppressed with the nightmare of dead or dying institutions. The public conscience is deadened or corrupted by the impieties of the State religion. Ecclesiastical stipendiaries, who for three centuries have sat in the place of confessors and Apostles, have biologized the land into the strangest of stupidities. England is now at the ebb of the tide in spiritual things. Her splendid universities represent the dead past, which returns no

more, and produce, by their spiritual sphere, a profound torpor of all the nobler faculties.

It is no less evident that the form of religion most congenial to the dominant public sentiment, is not Christianity, but Judaism, deprived only of its name. Judaism, theoretically, kept the commandments in their letter, but broke them in their spirit; worshiped God, observed the Sabbath and avoided polygamy, but, within the shell of observance, nursed a skeptical incredulity. So here, the Church insists on a superficial commandment-keeping, but the duty of loving the neighbor as another self, the duty of living for ends beyond the self-hood, the possibility of a great true life, such as men wrought out in the old Golden Age—alas! we hear little of these higher views, except perchance in ridicule and denial.

Yet a hundred men, with their internal respiratories opened, inhaling and outbreathing the Divine breath, lost to self-love, and streaming with the radiations of charity, endowed with gifts of influx to preach and publish the New Church in its spirit, ere many years would find the land melting before them. The harvest truly is plenteous. The worldliness of England is a state superimposed upon the people. No nation is so liable to mislead the superficial observer. Theirs is the repose of the deep sea, which shall roll mountains high when God's breath goes over it. Habituated from infancy to repress emotion, to quiet the aspirations, and to mistrust the intuitive faculties, life becomes, in the absence of heroic sentiments, a routine of secular or ecclesiastical functions, often well performed but fruitless of the spirit. Men trust the natural reason and the suggestions of the senses, with little or no conception of the inflowing presence of the Lord. The millions of operatives are lost in a gross carnality, and drunkenness assumes the proportions of a national crime. Comparatively very few believe that Christianity was ever designed to be put in practice, either of the rich or of the poor. I am appalled at the deadness of the land. The sects which typify the more opulent phases of dissent, follow in the wake of the prevalent worldliness, and with a few noble exceptions, are lost in the worship of wealth. A highly artificial and diseased society has communicated its poison to Religion, whose whole head is sick and whose whole heart is faint.

When the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, they found before them an unbroken waste of wilderness, where painted barbarians waged continually a ruthless warfare upon each other. This is England's condition, from the stand-point of the Celestial Church and of the Heavens. She needs to be colonized, conquered, and reduced to order; colonized by the Divine Spirit, unfolding her sons and daughters, who pine for this thrice blessed consummation, to a condition of mental and moral positiveness to the customs and usages of self-worshippers. Self-worship is the idolatry of the land.

The people, in the mass, only require to see Heroism, feel it, and listen to it, and they will gladly believe in it. Where are the Christ-like men, who in the uses of a real priesthood, shall discourse of freedom and deliverance? But patience! they will come.

England requires truth stripped bare—requires God's Word unfolded, not alone in its mere moralism, but in its spiritual sciences and social truths. England requires to be convinced that no legal precedent, though of a thousand years standing, can convert a wrong into a right; that if God makes some men wiser, stronger, and richer than others, it is that they may coöperate with His Providence in protecting, and educating, and aiding the neighbor. Were a new decalogue to be written by inspiration now, it would have more commandments than the old; as for instance, "Though shalt not eat pine-apples at a guinea, while thy brother starves for pence." "Thou shalt not expend a thousand pounds for a lace dress, while thy sister, the needle-woman, sews at a shilling a day." "Thou shalt not keep hounds, when men require bread." I saw a Dives,—not the old one, but the new one—he could have bought and sold a thousand like those who feasted in Jerusalem. I was told that he had thousands of acres in the heart of the land as game preserves. His income could not be less than five or six millions of dollars a year. I saw his dogs boarded, with due respect to nutritious food and comfortable shelter, at so much *per diem*. I was told of his thrift and of his purchases. I passed his park gates. I saw Mrs. Lazarus sitting there,—Lazarus we were informed having died,—her face wore a lean and wolfish aspect, as if she had looked starvation, beggary, and dis-

ease in the face, until her human nature was changed into something akin to the brutes that perish. So Mrs. Lazarus implored alms at the park gate of Dives, and hushed the while a starveling of an infant. Poor Dives! some day he shall, perchance, be startled with the cry, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these the least of my brethren ye did it not unto me." Yet, Dives is punctual at church; as well he may be, for, having authority to give to whole parishes their spiritual guides, it is but seemly that he should see how they interpret the Great Book, wherefrom both quick and dead shall be judged at last.

I love England. Such noble manhood, such beautiful womanhood, as one sees occasionally, may fill the heart with hope. But a people never rises above its Religion, and the pretenses of religion in England are a mill-stone around its neck. Preaching must go before practicing; the Voice, as of one crying in the wilderness, repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, awakes the multitude to receive the Messiah of the Heart. But the preaching is at fault; shallow, pedantic and empirical; it is just what the Pharisees doled out to the perishing classes in Jerusalem, when Judea was in her darkest days.

I need not say that I am trying, with God's help, to discharge the great uses of my mission. Placed, by His appointment, in this great mart of commerce and of manufactures for a season, and, like Paul, preaching in "my own hired house," I find heart and hands, mind and voice employed to the full limit of power. Perhaps three-fourths of my congregations, increasing and now numerous, are readers of New Church truths. They come to the Sunday services, some from the city and near vicinity, but others from various points within a radius of a hundred miles. They are a dear and noble people, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. With preaching twice on the Sabbath, and two lectures besides during the week, I find every moment occupied. Manchester is to me a very sacred field of labor. Within a short distance stands St. Mary's church, in which, perhaps, the tenets of the New Church were first publicly preached in England. No such golden messages now make glad the Angels within its time-stained walls; but not far away is a temple, built before the close of the last century, where many of the first receivers of the New Jerusalem

in doctrine, worship the one God. It was a source of joy to me, coming as a stranger, to find so many, both young and old, waiting for the heart life of the New Church. It is seldom, of late, that a new inquirer into New Church truths presents himself in this scene of its first triumphs. The young, the hopeful, the ardent, and the generous, chilled by the cold splendor of a merely doctrinal faith, were wandering elsewhere in search of the religious life; and,—inevitable precursor of decline and spiritual death,—the superstition that makes of a mere man a binding authority, and that submits to an artificial ministry, not of God's appointment, but of man's ordination, was fastening its grasp upon it. I am glad that I am here to vindicate the New Church, as a religion that satisfies the most ardent and generous nature; that justifies the enthusiasm of youth, no less than triumphs over the lassitude and decay of age.

I have found the preachers of the New Church in England, with whom I have become acquainted, men of hopeful and kindly spirit, and have enjoyed in their society, hours, I trust, of mutual profit and delight. With hardly an exception, they unite in deploring the palsied state of the body; nor are those wanting who declare that it must share the fate of the declining sects around, without the infusion of some more ardent and penetrative life.

But I am admonished that other uses require me,

And remain, yours in the Spirit,

T. L. H.

WORD-PICTURES.

II.

An Angel's blissful night

 Zoned by the laughing hours;—

A Teneriffe of light,

 Set in a sea of flowers.

THE BIRD AND THE ROSE.

A CHILD'S STORY.

Alfred and Ella Paget were more than happy with their Christmas treat. Their father had brought home a friend, who was to preach in the New Church temple on the coming Sunday. Like many other good children they had wished to know if there were not somewhere a real fairy land ; and now Mr. Lovegood assured them that there was, and that he had been there: so he told them a story.

Once upon a time—for this is the way to begin all fairy stories—once upon a time a good little boy fell asleep and had a dream. A golden egg went “pop” in the middle of his breast, and, out of it, flew such a bird! It could talk in twelve languages and sing in more. It perched upon the little boy's finger and began, “I have been! I have been!”

“Where have you been?” said the little boy. Then the bird sang a melodious and wonderful lay, “I have been where the sunshine is made of love. I have been where good thoughts are changed into sky-larks and nightingales. I have been where the Words of Wisdom that one speaks drop from the mouth in pearls and diamonds.”

How much more the good bird might have told it is impossible to say, for the little boy stopped him just herewith, “Seeing is believing.”

“Seeing is believing,” sang the bird, “so it is ; but believing is sometimes the cause of seeing also. I have seen roses, that were white before, redden all at once upon their stalks ; they were fed from the love in the heart of a good little girl. She made a great sacrifice to help a poor servant who was out of employment, then all the white roses, that grew upon the rose bush that sprang from her heart, crimsoned with sudden joy, and became as beautiful as morning. I knew a little boy, too, who might have been about your size ; his eyes were blue like yours, and his hair was glossy brown. Well, as I said, this little boy had in his breast a golden egg. He conquered the bad habit of loving himself, and began

to live and think and plan that others might be happy. I was a heaven-bird before that time, but then came flying down and made that very egg my own house ; and now see me ; here I am. You are the little boy. I know ! I know ! I know ! ”

“ What do you know ? ” said the little boy again. “ I know where the Angels bury the crocus bulbs and the roots of the sweet hyacinths. Listen ! there are flowers, where I have been, so glorious that one might think that the stars bathed themselves every night in their deep corollas. When good little boys are sleeping at night—this is true of little girls also—an Angel comes with a handful of their precious seed, and it is called the seed of good affections. There is a little garden, for all the world like a small paradise, in the middle of the heart. It has an earth of its own, an air of its own, springs and streams and rivers of water of its own, and a sky of its own, with sun, and moon, and stars. First the Angel plants one seed, and then another, and then another, till every *parterre* is full. Did you ever hear of this before, dear little boy ? ”

“ Well, I never ! ” said the little boy, responding to the bird ; “ well I never ! I have often felt as if I had something growing there.”

How exquisite was the strain the bird now warbled ; the notes were altogether too melodious to be like anything of earth. “ I know ! I know ! I know ! ” sang the glorious creature, “ I know of a little man named Wisdom. He has a sunshine horse which obeys his will, and carries him, as he desires, over the earth or the air or the water ; all are alike to him. There is a house full of windows ; the panes of glass in the windows are all made of eyes ; and all the eyes look into one sumptuous library ; and there sits Mr. Wisdom and looks out ; and the eyes are like the eyes of living creatures ; and he sees through them all wherever he desires to. So he becomes wise, and very wise. I know ! I know ! I know ! ”

Now the bird changed into a brown thrush and flew away, but returned in a short time bearing in its bill a rose branch. “ This,” sang the bird, “ grew out of the heart of the little girl I was telling you about. When the blossoms have vanished their sweetness will remain ; but be careful that you do not prick your finger with the thorns.”

"Why should this beautiful rose have thorns?" answered the little boy. "I know! I know!" sang the bird; "but ask the rose and it will tell you."

Still the rose made no answer, but only nodded and courtesied; yet this might have been done by the west wind; but out of the heart of the petals dropt a little tear.

"Ah!" sang the bird, "the rose does not like to tell. The thorns are there because the little girl is willful sometimes. Her words are prickly; she has not learned to conquer temper completely. Were you to see this little girl she might wound you with an unkind word."

"Why," said Ella to her brother, as Mr. Lovegood finished. "I do feel, Alfred, as if my words sometimes had prickles on them. I am sure they have hurt you very much; but I trust that my heart's rose tree will bear only flowers for you in future."

The Contributions and Articles for this month have been specially rich and abundant. We have been obliged, therefore, to defer "Odora," a sermon from Bro. Weller, and some deeply interesting articles from the pen of Bro. Harris, etc., all of which will appear in the January number. In fact, matter now crowds upon us, and our readers may expect to find each issue of the journal increase in value and interest.

The following numbers of the *HERALD OF LIGHT* are wanted:

Nos. 7 and 8 of Vol. 1, No. 1 of Vol. 2, and Nos. 4 and 5 of Vol. 3. Such of our friends as may have these numbers, or any part thereof, to spare, will confer a special favor by sending them to us, for which we will allow them full price.

FAIRY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.

I.

"Snow-white dove, snow-white dove ;"—

Hark! I hear a merry Fairy strain :—

"Snow-white dove,

Fly along the airy Fairy plain."

"Snow-white wings :"—

Hark! I hear. A merry Fairy sings ;

And he brings

Dewy pearls of sympathy divine,

To entwine

Round about the merry fairy brows

Of the spouse

Of the dancing, glancing Fairy King.

Form a ring,

Merry, airy Fairies, on the green

Round your Queen."

II.

"Hasten, merry Fairies,

Hasten, merry Fairies,

From the sky-land prairies ;

Earthly Guest to Fairy land hath come.

He shall see us where the red rose bloweth,

Where the white rose snoweth

Its pale leaves to strew the Fairy home."

III.

"Silver carpets on the green,

Woven of the moonbeams white,—

Strew them for the Fairy Queen.

Hark! 'tis noon of night.

Tinkle, tinkle, airy bells ;

Ev'ry flower its sweet tale tells ;

Tinkle, tinkle, airy bells ;

Shaken by the breezy swells ;

Tinkle, tinkle, airy bells,
 O'er the Fairy knolls and dells ;
 Bells, bells, bells, bells.
 Green-cap Fairies from the grass,
 Meadow grass,
 Each within its dewy glass
 Watch the happy stars that pass.
 Airy, merry, Fairy lass,
 Clothe thyself in moonbeams white :
 Hark ! 'tis noon of night.
 Bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Tolling not with mournful knells,
 Chiming o'er the Fairy dells,
 Every care your sound dispels."

IV.

"Night-moth, in your gray cocoon,
 Drowsy laggard, burst your cell ;
 See the fire-flies hail the moon—
 'Summer's short but winter's long ;'—
 Night-moth, hear the Fairy song,
 Night-moth, burst your shell.
 Cricket, cricket, sipping dew,
 Cricket, cricket, in the weeds,
 Cricket, cricket, what say you ?
 Crickets all are Fairy steeds.
 Fairies ride the humble bees,
 Fairies drive the dragon-fly,
 Fairies in the Summer breeze,
 Viewless, wander by."

V.

"Little thinks the lover true,
 When his loved one meets his view,
 That a Fairy in her ear
 Singeth, 'Love is near, is near'—
 Singeth, 'Love thy Lover, Dear !'"

VI.

When the drowsy parson drones
In the Summer afternoon,
While his flock, with weary bones,
Drowse and sweat and almost swoon,
Little thinks the parson then,
That the merry fairy men
Dance their antics on his head,
Round and round with nimble tread.
But the happy Fairies bow
With the worshiper sincere,
Breathing forth the loving vow :—
Fairies, Heaven must hear.”

VII.

“ Ring out, ring out, ye Fairy chimes !
Peal with a solemn strain,
For glory from seraphic climes,
Shines o’er your happy plain ;
And Angels, glistening from afar,
Gaze from their shining, golden haze ;
Akin to us the Angels are,
They bring us good always.”

VIII.

“ Fairy lovers ! Fairy lovers !
When the happy night uncovers
The bright circle of the skies,
In your merry sports, remember
That a desolate December
On earth’s suffering children lies.
In your glad festivity
Think how earthly mourners pine
For the Spirit’s liberty,
For the angel clime.”

IX.

“ A little Fairy may a gift bestow
As sweet as Summer roses when they blow.

As balmy as the Summer airs that flow,
 As brilliant as the Summer stars that glow,
 And better than a monarch's crown below.
 Who would not, as a Fairy, seek to go
 Where mortals pine, benumbed with weary wo,
 With sorrows drifted on the soul like snow?"

X.

"Dance all night, dance all night,
 On the maiden's pillow when her heart is light.
 Whisper sweet, whisper sweet,
 Till her happy heart shall the fairy song repeat.
 Sing a Fairy tune,
 While the full-orbed moon
 Lights the fairy noon."

XI.

"Dream, dream, wee birdlings in your nest ;
 Soft is your mother's breast,
 Whose downy feathers lovingly are prest
 On you, bird-babies, callow and undrest.
 Fairies, golden, blue and green,
 Hover round you, unbeseen ;
 Teach the mother-bird its airs,
 Cheer it in its mother's cares.
 Whip-poor-will ! whip-poor-will !
 Singing through the twilight when the stars are still.
 And the sunset Fairies are dancing on the hill.

Whip-poor-will !
 Fairies rise to see you from the bubbling Summer rill ;
 Sweeter are their songs than the merry notes you trill ;
 Cease to catch the insects with your sharp and shining bill ;
 Of the merry Fairy song drink, merry bird, your fill ;
 Fairies are your playfellows, O merry whip-poor-will !"

XII.

"Earthly guest ! earthly guest !
 Fairies will your heart invest,
 Fairies dwell within your breast,
 Fairies sing you into rest."

THE SNOW-DROP.

AN APOLOGUE.

"And so I will!" said the snow-drop, "and so I will!"

"I am sure that I would do nothing of the kind," whistled Mr. Boreas, through the branches of the great Elm overhead; "this is no time for bears to be about, let alone such puny, pale creatures as your kind."

"Dear Mr. Snow-drop, let me entreat you. Do not be so fool-hardy. Consider the frost will not like it. King Snow, who walks in a robe of ermine, and maintains an excellent police in his dominions, will set you in the stocks. Wait till July, when he will have retired to his country seat in Spitzbergen, if you will play any antics above ground." So suggested an aged and experienced Pebble, who had accumulated much moss upon himself by staying in one place, minding his own business, and never interfering in public affairs.

"It is a strange thing," soliloquized the Snow-drop, "that no one here talks of growing but me, who am, as one might say, the very smallest and weakest of all. The Hollyhocks and the Pansies, and the great Lilies are sound asleep. The Flag-roots beneath the water do nothing but dream and dream. I do not think the tall bushes yonder have begun to look forward to the time of Lilacs. The Sage and the Pennyroyal are still as still can be. I am a poor, foolish little thing, to think of growing in this inclement season of the year. Heigh ho! if wishes could make a Jacob's ladder into Heaven, I am sure I should climb there soon. What an unreasonable seed I am, to be sure."

"That you are, indeed," growled a dry Hop-vine in the neighborhood. "I remember when things grew; but they will never grow again. All we have to do is to remember what they used to do and say. How the scarlet Runner and the Convolvulus reached to the very eaves of the cottages; how the lawns were starred with daisies that grew amidst the green grass; how the roses filled the garden, and the white water lilies floated upon the stream! The age of miracles is past; it will never come again;

never ! never ! Poor, foolish root, how can you be so presumptuous as to wish to grow ? ”

“ Presumptuous fellow that, indeed,” cried the withered Pea-stick. “ I was set in this very socket in the earth, in the wonderful days you tell of, by the Gardener himself, who told me to stand here until he should come again. Talk of growing indeed ! The best thing to do is to stand still. Besides, if he tried to grow he might come up a weed. ‘ Let well enough alone ’ is the maxim for sensible people. See how nicely the compost has been raked over the garden-beds. Nothing could possibly be arranged better than it was.”

“ I shall grow,” cried the little Snow-drop, “ I shall grow. Let me alone, good people. My heart is throbbing with its love. I am not what I shall be, nor do I know as yet in what form I shall appear ; but my Lord will give to every seed his own body.”

“ Hear ! hear ! ” cried the Pea-stick, ironically, to the withered Hop-vine. “ What does he know, poor, foolish fellow.”

“ But I shall grow,” exclaimed the little seed, “ I must grow.” As he spoke a great agony seized him, and he trembled from his very heart. Oh, such mysterious flutterings ! He seemed to waken within himself, and there, deep in his own buried shell, as in a mirror, saw a radiant vision of the flower that was to be. Oh, true heart, true and faithful, he could not contain the rapture. Up shot the green leaf ; then arose the slender stalk ; then the lovely, pearl-white blossoms, cased in delicate and living green.

“ So you did grow after all,” said the wise old Pebble. “ Well, I told you so ! ” The Hop-vine and the Pea-stick made no comments, finding themselves about that time gathered in a bundle to be burned ; for the Gardener now came, and lovingly stooped to caress the Snow-drop, inhaling with delight its perfume, but crying at the same moment to his servant, “ Remove these remains of the old season, for I perceive that they cumber the ground.”

ERRATA.—Page 49, *HERALD OF LIGHT*, eighth line, for “ separation of civil and selfish seclusion,” read “ *evil* and selfish.”

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THE NEW CHURCH.

THE CRISIS BEFORE IT.—A SOLEMN APPEAL.

By this time it must be apparent to every deep discerning mind, that the attempt to found a distinctive Church, based upon no other foundation than the writings of Swedenborg, as interpreted through the external rational perception, is a failure. It is a failure in America, where, unable to coalesce, the receivers exhibit the sad spectacle of endless family dissensions. In England, although exhibiting more amiable features, the distinctively Swedenborgian movement as a Church-system lingers rather than lives. During the last eleven years but one ordination has occurred to swell the ranks of its clergy, and its pulpits languish from a lack of material in the denomination out of which, in its present state, to evolve live and stirring ministers of the Word. Not without merits, not without uses worthily performed, of which the principal have been to circulate the illumined pages, coextensive with its length and breadth, the feeling is nevertheless active among its members, that, without the infusion of some other element, its best days are in the past. Formalism is, in too many instances, both its bond of union and source of deadness and sterility. The salvation of souls is obscured in the pursuit of correspondences. Though Swedenborg was, in his age, intellectually the most spiritual of writers, for lack of the lyrical and representative element, the style of his various productions exclusively perused, breeds in the mind unfitness to handle doctrinal subjects in a thoroughly practical way. Even Priestleyanism, the materialized Unitarian faith of the last century, though in its essence pedantic and artificial, has not left a deeper blight on the more transcendent intuitive faculties of the soul, than has followed as the result of the labors of some of Swedenborg's doctrinal expounders. The genius-faculty is locked up, as not fit

to be trusted at large ; and the overtaxed and wearied Brain seeks to turn the treadmill of a vast speculation, ignoring its vital ally, the Heart. The cry is, from one end of the movement to the other, "What shall we do?" Yet while many may divine the disease, not all perhaps may be able to appropriate the remedy.

The New Church is, as a divine ideal, taught in the Word and preëxistent in the Heavens, both Evangelical and Liberal. It includes within itself whatever is vitally good in all the extremes, both of the faith of Channing and the system of Arminius. Its mission obviously will be, as it becomes realized on earth, to build its doctrinal cathedral on such vast foundations, that they shall intellectually exhibit, fitly wrought into the structure, every shaft and carving of truth, whether quarried for its use by Rome or Geneva, whether found among Greek remains or Oriental ruins. It will, in fine, exhibit to mankind the universal form of a complete, harmonious Christianity.

Great as were the uses performed through Swedenborg, he represents but one element in the trine of a threefold and unitary faith, and that element the *philosophically spiritual*. Of the vast and active natural province of the Word he was not a Seer or expositor. Of the stupendous use performed in the Church through Paul, of the miracles of redemption effected in all ages by means of the peculiar elements of the Pauline theology, as interpreted successively through Augustine and Tauler, and incorporated into the religious life of the great Protestant Reformation, he had, in this world, hardly a conception. This distance and dimness of view has descended to his peculiar followers, to many of whom the Epistles are distasteful, and by few made the subject of prayerful and intuitive research. It is from the Epistles eminently, that the vast Evangelical body derives those tenets which it calls the "doctrines of grace," the best of all doctrines when rightly understood, for the initial work of the Gospel ministry upon rude and unsanctified hearts.

As a movement, therefore, it knows comparatively little, either of the life or of the power of prayer. In this it resembles the Unitarian scheme, which also is, or was till recently, on this point inert and skeptical. But prayer, and the life and the power of prayer in the Church, are means through which the Holy Spirit

descends, sharply to convict man of sin ; hence convictions of sin are almost unknown under its peculiar form of ministrations. But, as convictions of sin precede those miraculous conversions to holiness of heart and life, which attest the wonder-working power of the Gospel in every age, so the latter are almost, if not quite, unknown, under the influence of a faultlessly accurate exposition of a mere spiritual sense.

The Church that cannot support a prayer-meeting, knows but little of experimental religion. How sadly and terribly meetings for social worship may be inverted, how cold and formal they become as love languishes and piety declines, we all know. Nevertheless it requires but little perception to discover that, from the prayer-meeting, rightly conducted, the Spirit of Holiness goes forth, mailed and panoplied in all the shining armor of the faith, to slay the sins that make war upon the race. But, deeper than this, it is to be feared that the habit of close and daily communion with the Lord, the joys and uses that attend an habitually prayerful frame, are with many sadly overlooked or fearfully neglected. Here we touch close home upon the real disease in this so intellectual a body.

No man was ever a deeply and thoroughly useful preacher of the Word, who was not filled with a tearful and almost overwhelming sense of the danger of souls ; who, as a consequence, did not esteem it the chief end of his ministry to pluck them as brands out of the fire.

England, so grand to the observer of a mere worldly greatness, is alas ! paved as it were with heart-broken, destitute creatures, whose cry haunts one by nightfall along the thoroughfares. They are perishing for lack of Leadership. There is much well-meaning in the State, and a noble spirit struggling in the Councils of the nation ; but, in a true sense of Spiritual Leadership, in England there is little or none. With the cry of the perishing ringing in our ears day and night, it seems to us that if we had a million of lives, it were an act thrice blessed to lay them at the feet of the poor, aimless, downcast multitude.

It is only as a God's priesthood is found, that shall thus fill up the hideous social chasm with its own substance and energy of life, that a highway will be cast up, over which these unfortunates

will ever march into their Golden Age. A man must literally make himself as a servant, burst the strong fetters of his caste, and preach, not the popular but the great unpopular truths of God's Word, the social truths, all dauntless in the midst of the wickedest and cruelest opposition, if he would reach them and raise them from their woe.

We have not found as yet such a Ministry in these Isles. There are pulpits where Respectability dozes in cushioned pews, while fat Preferment or unctious Dissent discourses on sins of which their hearers are not guilty, and blink the great questions of the day. There are intellectual temples, where Culture exhausts the possibilities of a superb rhetoric in daintily written sermons to the critical ear of taste. There are earnest but narrow Evangelical men, of the stricter sort, who lash the trembling sinners and score the harrowed flesh of Conscience till it bleeds again ; vitriol and caustic find large place in the spiritual pharmacopia, while the oil and the wine are sparingly used and with a painful lack of discrimination. Thousands of just-minded priests, each in his cage of creed, like the poor starling in the Sentimental Journey, startle the by-passer with the cry, " I can't get out ! I can't get out ! " and endeavor to reconcile the breast that flutters for its native freedom, to the uneasy bondage of the cage.

The sins of England are high placed and high plumed ; so high indeed, so entrenched about with fortifications of habit, and precedent, and long authority, that he who would be true to the real priestly inspirations of the New Age must find himself a banned and almost isolated protester. He must interpret the dumb and painful cry of inarticulate millions to the mighty and vain-glorious, who alone are able, if regenerate, to grasp them in their hopelessness and raise them to the true level of the man. He must not hope for sympathy from the prosperous classes, for they are bound up in a system which thrives upon the social slavery of the many. To a people in the very meridian of a career of conquest, he must point out the causes which, unless removed, will one day make England a more sorrowful Venice, a more unhappy Tyre. He must be the Reconciler, entering into that molten hell existing within the hearts of the manufacturing classes, like Daniel in the furnace, and oh ! with what travail shall his use bring forth, as

the truths of a long-forgotten manhood slowly make their way through systems that reek with the ancestral sins of tainted generations. There must he plead, till, from those emaciated skeletons of his kind, radiant and rosy and hued with the celestial morn, the New Man, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, the Spirit, roused from its long sleep, comes forth to vindicate its own great origin, to claim by deeds its superhuman destiny. The true gentleman, the genial scholar, the stirring speaker, the calm reasoner, with lips all dripping with the honey dew of prayer, with heart all tongued from Heaven's choicest inspirations, clasping the lordly and the lowly with an equal fellowship, the man of God must stand, in his vast office, unmoved in this confusion of all human tongues, as did the Seer of the New Jerusalem, when, surrounded by a brazen column of angels, he trod the dark, dim world of wretchedness beyond the grave.

Now, in the New Church, even as it unfolds in the spiritual sense of the Word, we have a philosophy which demands and justifies all this holy living, and inspired speaking, and dauntless working, and most Godlike burden-bearing for suffering man. The real New Church is not the sect of a caste, whether despised or dominant, but the Religion of Humanity, and, to all Christian bodies, a pioneer and a herald, leading in the very forlorn hope, and breasting the fierce hatred before which the lesser and the weaker "Isms" are but as running waves, driven by the tempest along the sea.

Its temples of worship should be, of all others in the land, the places where, brought out into forms adapted to every mental state, the rich and the poor alike should hear those vital truths, for lack of the knowledge of which this huge Society is rocking and shivering to its foundations. For, surely as Heaven's throne stands, Hell is abroad, and with no skulking tread, but iron handed, and fiercer than the black Norman leaping on his Saxon prey. Leaving, indeed, intact the surface respectability of the land, it murders the very spirit of its life, by means of which it subsists and has a place of worth amidst its compeers. We repeat, Hell is abroad in England. The gory gashes of Society distill a leprous taint upon the air. With the rapidity of a river, gathering its forces and arching up its waters, where the channel narrows to the

fatal fall, it verges to a crisis, which shall be felt, in fiery throes and sharp and penetrative agonies, from the hovel to the throne. As natural effects but follow, in their configuration, the groupings of actors in the world of Cause, so the invincible, inevitable law must decide, according to the *internal states* of this people, their objective and mundane destiny. As in some fiery and tumultuous Apocalypse, the eye of prescience discerns the breaking in of internal respiration ; where Prelates gather in conclaves ; where dainty Luxury revels in voluptuous seclusion ; where Misery lies down by night in its cold dim garret ; where besotted and ferocious Ignorance reels to the gin palace or grovels beast-like in its den. They will not believe ! When did either the splendidly prosperous, or the hopelessly degraded and abject populace, believe in change or crisis, until change and crisis were both reaping their spoil among them ? Yet on this issue will turn eventually the safety or ruin of the land.

The time is coming when the most fiery and exciting message must be borne to England ; the most awful application of God's Word since the wail of the Lord above the city of the chosen race. It is not the water-flood that is to sweep away the guilty, but the *fire-flood* of which old prophecy most authentically foretells. For the Internal Respiratories are to be opened, and the Lord Christ will breathe directly from His Heavens into the Spiritual and inner lungs of man, and part the filmy division-veil which acts at present as a closure. Then man shall breathe, as was the normal order of creation, from internals to externals, and this fiery breath, which the vitally principled in good can alone endure, will suffocate the wicked. Aye ! it is coming. Internal Respiration has begun. To those who possess it the consciousness is given that God's judgments are about to visit the cup of trembling upon the World. England and America, ripest in civilization, most copiously enriched with blessings and advanced in freedom, as is meet, must first drink of this cup ; and this is that great second advent when " the Lord shall be revealed from Heaven in flaming fire."

Now we have one utterance, as in the Word and of the Spirit, to the members and teachers of the visible form representing the New Church. It is this. Here we stand among you, a body of people to whom the Lord has given the knowledge of internal

Respiration, as an integral element in the truths of faith. We breathe, from the Lord, through the celestial respiratories into the natural, as your philosophy and religion teaches was the especial prerogative of the men of the Most Ancient Church, in the old Golden Age. Oh! brethren, if not for your own sakes, for the sakes of those whom your resistance must harden and lay desolate, hearken to us. As surely as that God is in His Word, so surely He will not hold you guiltless in the rejection of this Message. When Internal Respiration comes as a thief in the night, not the Delivering but the Destroying Angel will knock at your heart-doors if these cogent and demonstrable truths are sneered at, or scoffed at, or from timidity, or worldliness placed aside as trivial, puerile and without foundation. For the Messenger, let him pass through the world, bearing the weight of this great concern, a willing, unresisting, uncomplaining sufferer. But, for the Message, he who slights it, in the light of the New Church, does it to the jeopardizing of the soul.

"Come now and let us reason together." Would the Lord restore internal respiration, as in this case, but for an end? Would He work out so great a thing without an end gigantic and momentous and fraught with use? If through internal respiration all that you have of New Church Theology was given, can you consistently refuse to listen to one, through the opening of whose respiratories a stream of utterance descends so pregnant with God's Word, so kindling and pulsing with His Spirit? Listen yet again. Can a man open the internal respiratories of himself? You answer "no." Would not the Hells inflow and destroy him if this were possible? You answer "yes." Since, then, these respiratories are opened, and the subject lives, must it not be of God? and if of God, is it not time to ask the meaning and the burden of so orderly an intromission? "But," one answers, "would one sent of God not come among us, and minister after our pattern of church order, and conform to our rules and our especial and distinctive peculiarities?" No! He would come to that greater New Church, which includes all the good of every communion; not in the limitations of an earthly form, into which the New Church had flowed, but in the Spirit, which overflows all forms and seeks to infill all with the large charity of Heaven.

The servant must be content to do as his Lord bids him, to go where his Lord sends him, irrespective of the traditions or the commandments of man. -

"But would he come denouncing?" Ah! brethren, we do not denounce. Far from it, as hundreds of your devout and noble men and women in both Continents bear us witness. But shall we flatter? Let the tongue rot before it finds so base an office! The burden is upon us to speak, not as ease desires, and not as self-satisfaction craves, and not as narrowness insists, but as the Spirit and the Word do testify. And that burden, Internal Respiration and its consequences! the stones might cry out if these held their peace.

The New Church, as a visible body, should humble itself in prayer before the Lord, to know, by the sure testimony of the Spirit in the heart, what these things mean. It should repent, on its knees, of every evil which it feelingly experiences, most touchingly laments. It should fast from all its pride, from all its vanities; it should seek to become purged of every drawback and hindrance to a most self-abnegating and humane career; and, from prayer, it will rise to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

CONCEALMENT.

Concealment is the Enemy of Truth,
 The bane of Progress and the Friend of Shame;
 In Golden Ages of man's gentle youth
 Thought shone through matter's vail, and then the frame
 Of man was like a statue of white flame,
 Impulsing thought's divine beatitude
 Of Love and Wisdom: his ideas became
 Visions sublime, felt, known, and understood,
 And shone with God-like forms of perfect Truth and Good.

—*Lyric of the Golden Age.*

DUCAL STABLES.

("Here are stables built by a former Duke of Devonshire, at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds."—*Tourist's Guide*.)

Half a million lavished on a stable,
And the dying multitudes unfed !
Surely it is but a frightful fable,
Or a tale of pagan ages dead,

Told of Caligula or of Nero,
In the dark and evil years of Rome,
When the horse was housed like any hero,
And the exiles torn from hearth and home.

Yet, with fixed and melancholy finger,
Seen through memory's dim dissolving haze,
Time evolves, while lost in thought I linger,
Life-drawn pictures of their palmy days.

Knights and nobles mixed with courtly sharpers,
Oath on lip and betting book in hand ;
Wandering minstrels ; harpers and bag pipers ;
Flaunting jockeys ; judges on the stand ;

Coach and phaeton gay with laughing graces ;
Desperate men, with rigid ashy lips,
Life and fortune staked upon the races
In the speed of Childers or Eclipse ;—

Clink of guineas and the dicer's rattle ;
Veiled and watchful women of the town ;
Soldiers fresh from continental battle,
And the gay expectant of the crown.

These I see, and lo ! with pallid features,
 Once again the multitude pass by :
 Troops of dim and visionary creatures
 Like Mazeppa on his charger fly ;

Sunk below the measureless ecliptic,
 Joyless shades, with love-extinguished breath,
 While, on the white horse apocalyptic,
 Towers above the host the monarch, Death !

Lo ! they pause, the flying apparitions,
 Locks dishevelled, brows for aye uncrowned.
 Oaths, that die away in mute petitions,
 Like the sobbing of the seas resound.

"Ah ! " they murmur, in despairing chorus,
 " Death, the victor, Death, the phantom corse,
 Rides, in swift career, triumphant o'er us,
 Tramples us beneath the spectral horse."

Melt away, thou pale and tearful vision !
 Close, dread volume, but a sentence read !
 Earth is dark, yet seems a land elysian,
 Felt by contrast with your state, ye dead.

WORD-PICTURES.

III.

A chamber in a Poet's brain,
 With fairy artists painting there
 Pure thoughts, that, in some lyric strain,
 Shall gleam like saints from upper air.

HANS SPRECHTER:

A WONDER TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

I do not think that little Hans Sprechter ever had so much as a florin or a guilder given him in all his life. He could run on errands and drive home the great Flemish cows. He could even say "Our Father" and the Apostles' Creed, and sing more than one sweet verse from the Gospels; though he went barefoot and often almost cried with hunger and with cold. The old gardener, with whom he lived, cross and crabbed as he was, had never caught Hans taking any of his fine fruit, nor telling stories.

The worst thing that ever he had been known to do, was to forget once his task in amazement and wonder at a little girl who came to visit the garden. She wore satin shoes and a broad hat trimmed with lace and sky-blue ribbons; her dress was white as the fleecy evening clouds; her lips were of the color of ripe cherries, and her eyes a heavenly blue. She came in a coach with some grand people. Poor Hans heard her voice; it made a strange tremble upon his ear, as if it were a dream-voice of angel children high in the clouds. He looked up and the little girl was gazing at a flower in the parterre, and singing to herself a low and childish song. This was the first time that Hans ever neglected his task, and the only time. He watched through the wooden palings, following the coach that carried her away, with his eyes, and all in a tremor wherein he knew not which abounded most, sorrow or delight.

One day, it was in the Summer, little Hans fell asleep. His head was shaded by a currant bush, and his body rested on the green grass. The gardener and his wife were gone to church. Softly over the poor tired child fell snow drops that changed to pearls, and roses that became rubies. Then he woke in a beautiful garden. Every object in it seemed to live and whisper with an audible delight. The pansies were talking to the myrtles. The morning glories and the carnations were singing a duet together, in praise of the blessed Sun. The sward beneath his feet was soft as the finest down.

The little boy looked at himself and said, "Is this I, Hans Sprechter? No! how can it be Hans Sprechter? The chil-

blains have left my toes, and the ugly scratches vanished from my hands. My frieze coat with its patches is gone ; my hands are soft as silk and white as milk ; something in my heart goes singing as if it were a crimson bird that told a story of paradise. Surely I cannot be Hans Sprechter. I wear a little robe of white silk, and a nosegay upon my breast ; my shoes are crimson velvet, and there comes a SHINING MAN."

Then a soft music began to warble in the pondering child's very breast ; and he commenced singing in a voice that grew more and more heavenly, until his heart, and his mind, and his lips all seemed responding together, "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

The Shining Man approached, and laid His hand upon the head of the enraptured and wondering boy. That touch melted him with love. It seemed as if his little heart shot up like a fountain of tenderness and mercy. Then he thought he had a living fountain within himself ; and every one of the water-drops held within its crystal sphere a little fairy sister and fairy brother ; and they formed themselves into a glorious and beaming Star ; and the star rose in the atmosphere. There were millions upon millions of them, they enclosed the delighted visitant on every side, and, all as one, began singing "Welcome to the sky ! Welcome to the sky !"

Little Hans woke beneath the currant bush, the church was over and the gardener and his wife were coming home ; but in his breast he still felt the echo of the music and knew that what had occurred to him in slumber was all real, though it seemed only to have been a dream.

One day Hans found a brown morocco pocket-book in the garden walk. It was tied around with red tape, and very heavy. "What shall I do with it?" thought Hans ; "I must find its owner." At this moment he observed a gentleman, with golden epaulets upon his shoulders, and leaning upon a staff, as if still suffering from wounds or injuries. Hans approached him and said, as became a well-instructed child, "High and well-born sir ! will you listen to me?" At first the gentleman supposed that Hans was begging, but Hans cried as he was going by, "I am no beggar,"

and his voice was so importunate that the stranger stopped to listen.

"What are you," said he, "if not a beggar!" "A finder," responded Hans. "Ah!" replied the gentleman, "that alters the case; but beggars are noisy, and finders hold their tongues."

Now little Hans, though a small boy, ever since he had dreamed beneath the currant bush, knew many things beyond his years. For instance he knew about the Shining Man, and that there are other roads to the land He lives in besides that of sleep. It had seemed, indeed, since the dream, to little Hans, as if the Shining Man lived in that very garden; which was, I doubt not, quite near the truth, though He lives in other gardens as well. Hans knew too, that it is the Shining Man that makes the fruits ripen upon the trees, and the flowers to put forth their sweet smelling and lovely blossoms; and that the same Shining Man teaches the birds how to sing and takes care of them. Perhaps, had Hans been interrogated, he might have been found to have known other things besides, and especially this, that the Shining Man drops seeds of good affections into human hearts, which grow and blossom there. Perhaps one of these seeds, called honesty, had become a very thrifty plant in the heart of Hans himself. So he answered the gentleman, "Honest finders are talkers, sir. A good boy should not do like the magpie, who finds a silver spoon and hides it in a hole, that the servant-maid may be accused of theft. If he finds anything valuable, he applies to a high-born gentleman, who will not allow him to be prevented from restoring the object to its owner."

Hans was quite out of breath with his speech, the first he had ever made, and the gentleman leaning on his cane, gravely questioned him, with, "Little boy, what is your prize; I will not allow it to be taken from you." Then Hans brought him the huge pocket-book of brown morocco, tied with the red tape.

"Come, come," said the gentleman, "you are indeed, a finder." But his countenance grew very sedate as he opened. Then striking three times with his cane upon the garden walk, two soldiers, or uniformed men-in-waiting, appeared, and he cried, "Order the coach and drive to the minister of police." Soon Hans found himself riding in a coach for the first time in his life; but what befell him at the end of his ride, must be kept for another time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHURCH LIFE IN ENGLAND.

The present state of the various ecclesiastical bodies, which represent the form of Christianity in England, bespeaks a sunset era. They present the appearance of the grim and battered hulks of war-ships, swinging hither and thither at their moorings, with the turn of the tide, and slowly perishing together. Statistical returns show that no sect is on the increase; and, obviously, the prestige and the power are fast vanishing away. In all of the sects as well, devout men and earnest men are looking about them and asking, with strange forebodings of heart, of what shall be the next great outbirth and visitation of Providence. The power of the clergy as a class steadily is on the wane, and, with it, the interest of the multitude in spiritual ministrations of any sort.

The ecclesiastical body which represents the New Church theology can hardly be said to form an exemption to the general desolateness. Would, indeed, that it were as conspicuous for the earnestness of its practical faith, as it is for its researches into the faintly outlined realm of spiritual correspondences. Would, indeed, that the Lord were the centre of its constant perception and aspiration! Its statistics show, as we believe, about three thousand members in connection with its societies, while perhaps the total of attendants upon its Sabbath ministrations in England, might about equal the combined congregations of Mr. Beecher and Dr. Tyng. Nominally held in cohesion by the reception of the doctrinal truths propounded through the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, a wide latitude of opinion, nevertheless, prevails, both as to the spirit and the system of New Church theology.

It will surprise some of our American readers, to be informed that here are nominal New Churchmen who deny entirely the use and the necessity of prayer; while many others look upon the Revival Spirit as a sheer infatuation, and hold the professions of repentance and conversion, and the turnings of souls to God, through the fervent missionary efforts of Wesleyanism or Moravianism, as all without foundation in reality. We have conversed with both preachers and laymen, of many years standing, and of broad experience, whose prevalent opinion is, that unless some

more vital element is infused into the body, its visible days are numbered. Much of the professed belief in the Swedenborgian system is accompanied with profound ignorance alike of its grounds and principles. In fine it cannot be doubted that, as a movement, it has little if any hold upon the popular heart.

When, however, we turn to the English intellect, we discover a perceptible leavening both of culture and theology with New Church ideas. They impart a more noble and genial essence to poetry, as witness Mr. Coventry Patmore's recent volume, "*The Angel in the House*," which bespeaks a reception upon the part of its author of the doctrine of Conjugal Love. Already the Sun of a New Faith is kindling with a premonitory glow, on the highest hill-tops of Unitarian literature. One of the mightiest thinkers of the great body of Independents, the author of *Mammon* and other popular works of wide circulation, was almost a New Churchman, at least by heart. We have spoken, heretofore, of the large class of thinkers in the Church of England whose minds are broadcasted with the same emancipating knowledges. In fact, while the religious party, called the Swedenborgian, is but a sluice of scant gauge where one may easily determine the quantity of the stream that flows; the New Church itself, as represented in living thoughts and biblical inspirations, is a deep river, whose volume is hidden from the common eye. The name of Swedenborgianism is almost hopelessly unpopular, because identified in the common thought with narrowness and coldness; with lofty claims not demonstrated by burden-bearing in the cause of suffering and down-trodden man. So, too, the mighty and illumined Swedenborg has the reputation of a visionary almost branded in upon his memory, because his followers exhibit the speculative rather than the practical in their measures of life.

Side by side, within the communion itself, are two most opposite classes of receivers. The one lovers of rigid formula, luxuriating in doctrines that may be stated with all the coldness and precision of mathematics, patient students, accurate memorizers, in whom the books of Swedenborg have taken up an intellectual abode, not as the overflowings of the Infinite Genius, through a mortal form, but as exact formulas, which, when received, exalt their possessor immensely above believers in any other system.

It is no doubt true that even with their infallible authority to guide them, they seriously differ in their interpretation of important truths. We cannot think that this class is on the increase. The public mind of England is too seething and volcanic, at present, to afford a sufficient number of conscripts to fill the ranks that death is decimating. These are the "Swedenborgians proper," and they are rapidly passing away.

The hopeful element in the visible body we are considering is numerous and influential ; and, were it brought to open issue with its antagonist power, would win the day. So far as we have yet learned, a growing discontent is prevalent in the Churches, and a restlessness which indicates the effort of a nobler life to embody itself in active forms, alike of truth and charity.

The feeling is quite common that Swedenborg, after all, represents but one, though that one a vital and important element, in a true Theology; that the Divine Spirit, affluent of gifts and powers, has thrown out salient lines of truth through every heroic and faithful disciple, in all the epochs of Christendom. That the true minister should be not merely the student of Swedenborg and of the Divine outpourings through him, but of the regenerate Humanity of all times and the Divine forthcomings and acts and words through that. It is keenly felt, too, especially by the young, that however valid may have been the ordinations by the excellent Mr. Hindmarsh, who drew by lot the ticket which represented power to confer a priestly designation on his associates and successors, still, " thoughts that breathe and words that burn," rousing up consciences from their sealed depths, and opening Heaven to penitent and contrite eyes and hearts, are after all a better presumptive evidence of the Lord's commission. So the cry goes up, " Give us earnest preaching ! Give us practical preaching ! Give us words that shall electrify the soul ! Teach us, oh, guides and helpers, how to make life rich and worthy ; and oh ! evince to us besides, the practical heroism of fortitude, and zeal, and resolute trust in the issues of Providence." The feeling, too, is widely prevalent that the theory of preaching in the Church is a mistaken one ; that it is scholastic, but not Apostolic.

In England the reins of ecclesiastical authority are not drawn as tightly as in America ; and clergymen with more power nomi-

nally, wield less practically. It is not so easy to silence or to expel recusants. The party of authority and restriction here have, therefore, never pushed matters to the length they have abroad. Of late the disposition to make Swedenborg an authority, whose least statement it is impious to question, and to establish a close and select clerical power, is silently preparing itself to suppress the liberties and to sway the forces of the sect. Let it be said, however, to the credit of our English brethren, that this movement was imported from America, and is one of the bitter fruits of the papal system sought to be enforced as well as established there. The scheme against which Brothers Barrett and Weller have so nobly protested, with most Jesuitical artifice and cunning, is seeking to insinuate its poison here. We believe, notwithstanding, that the heart of the body is for freedom; but time will show.

England abounds with a diffused spiritual element, not operative in the Churches, nor capable of being united on any doctrinal platform which embodies or represents the narrowness of any sect. Earnest, illumined, and self-denying preachers of the Word will never fail to find attentive and receptive listeners. A great truth is working its way into the body of English thought, namely, that the Gospel should be preached not by mere expounders of the technology of faith, but by men who have Christianity *in them* as a Divine power. England respects force, and great practical worth embodied in consistent and heroic deeds. It would have its Teachers of Religion exponents of the Christ-spirit. The question most discussed in circles of Religious Thinkers is that of inspiration. Electric, tingling sentences, that leap from heart to heart, and set the soul on fire, are worth far more, as revolutionary agents, than all the correspondential animals who lived in Noah's ark, or pastured in the paradisaal world before the flood. If a man would win these souls to Christ, he must woo them, as the fond lover courts the fair one of his affections. This is true most fully of the young people in the New Church, who dread lest ecclesiastical old age should creep upon them, and chill up the love-fountains in their souls; and who are hungering and thirsting for a great-hearted and sympathetic faith. The majority, as we think, so far as observation warrants us, may be considered,

however aged in person, as youthful and fresh in spirit ; the river of New Church life runs deep with many ; they nurse a secret hope and cherish ardent longings for a visible outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

When we penetrate the veiled interiors of the English New Church movement, it grows more beautiful in form, more fragrant in essence. It is like a bud unblown, and only waits the genial sunshine of the Divine Love to blossom out, redolent of the charm and sweetness of its Heavenly origin.

CELESTIAL JOURNEYS.

Celestial journeys are by change of state :
The happy spirit may be tranced away,
And consciously float o'er the body's bars,
Into the liberty of earth and sky,
Regaining its primeval heritage,
Sight, that through all the spheral universe
Traces the mazy circuit of the star.
And, kindling in the heart of things, makes known
That secret beauty which their forms declare.
Or swift, or slow, or through the dim obscure
Of dream-life, or the conscious waking thought,
And sight which is thoughts' minister, we glide,
Far as the Morning travels, when she moves,
A virgin Grace bent on her sweet employ,
Unfolding universes from the buds
Of world-germs by the Lord Messiah sown.

—*Regina: A song of many days.*

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.
•
**A MELODY OF CONJUGIAL WISDOM FOR THE LORD'S CHURCH ON
EARTH.**

(Continued from page 40.)

All truth begins and ends in Him
Whose liquid thoughts in glory swim
And are the spheres of seraphim.

God, in Divine Humanity!
Thou dost, in one bright circle, see
The past, the present and to be.

All nature is a shining tent
Beneath thy heavenly firmament,
And for the use of Angels meant.

He who would find his own true maid,
In bridal beauty unafraid,
Should be himself in truth arrayed.

She dwelleth somewhere, like a rose
That seeks its blossom to unclothe
But waits in shadow and repose.

Go to the Lord, if thou wouldst find
The fit companion of thy mind,
And love her, though in dust enshrined.

She may have fallen, sore oppressed
With evil, in a world unblest:
But take her, clasp her to thy breast.

She may have bled for others' sin,
Till her sad face is worn and thin;
But to thy bosom fold her in.

She may have learned the world to see
Through spectral eyes of misery;
But heaven shall visit her through thee.

She may have famished with the poor,
Or begged her bread from door to door ;
But take her, love her, evermore.

Be thou to her a gentle voice,
Her spirit's light as well as choice,
Singing for aye, Rejoice ! rejoice !

Be thou to her a teacher wise :
She best can view celestial skies
Through radiance of thy tender eyes.

She will thy labors well repay ;
Thy heart shall blossom into May,
Thy mind go forth from night to day.

Thus Singing Sweetness sang and my spirit was moved to respond :—

He who would pluck Love's bridal rose,
Must find it where the lily blows,
In Heaven's conjugal repose.

Lust is Love's Antichrist : its sting,
Though like a Syren it may sing,
Doth to the soul perdition bring.

They are the pure, and they alone,
Who chaste conjugal joys have known,
Or waited, like a rose unblown.

The man who seeks a harlot makes
His bed in Hell, and Heaven forsakes
To herd with swine and coil with snakes.

The man who sees no difference,
Between the satyr's drunken sense,
And Angel's nuptial innocence,—

Who looks upon the marriage tie
As but the State's necessity,
And, in its innermost, a lie,—

Who finds no opposite between
The harlot, decked in gaudy sheen,
And the pure wife, the fire-side queen,

Alas, for him ! despite the boast
Of wealth or intellect, the lost,
Grim spectres of the Stygian coast

Have set their death-mark on his face,
And bound him in their foul embrace,
And wait him in their burial place.

“ Come,” said my friend, “ your heart responds to mine as star
answers to its kindred star. Let us seek the home of the Red
Lily.” And then I heard again the mystical refrain of

SUNSET LAND.

Come to the Sunset Land,
The mist is on the hill,
The water-lilies stand
Like Naiads in the rill,
Like golden swans in matron pride
With silver cygnets on the main,
Celestial Heavens above us glide
With blissful Edens in their train.
On beds of mosses, deep and cool,
The water-sprites at eve repose,
And, through the crystal of the pool,
A violet ray the sunset throws.
The mated doves upon the boughs
Have sung their hearts to sleep away ;
And every flower has found his spouse
And woos her in the setting day.
Hail to the land beneath the wave !
Hail to the land that Christna gave !

As we pursued our journey, Singing Sweetness, his countenance

brightened with an auroral dawn of love, gave utterance to his internal affections in this

POEM OF THE RED LILY.

Red Lily ! Red Lily ! thy mild eyes awaken
When Morn from the sleep-trees their blossom has shaken.
Red Lily ! Red Lily ! thy gentle caressing
Awakes me to gaze on my beauty and blessing.
Red Lily ! Red Lily !

Red Lily ! Red Lily ! since first our hearts plighted
The vows of their love we are inly united.
My heart feels thy smile, like an Angel's caressing,
And wakens to gaze on its beauty and blessing.
Red Lily ! Red Lily !

Red Lily ! Red Lily ! the fairies are dancing
Wherever thy smiles in their sunbeams are glancing.
Their life they have drawn from thy tender caressing,
Thou Queen of the Fairies, thou beauty and blessing.
Red Lily ! Red Lily !

Thy heart is a garden where fairies find roses ;
A fairy in each of thy love-thoughts reposes ;
They glide to my heart from thy nuptial caressing,
And wreath it with roses, my beauty, my blessing.
Red Lily ! Red Lily !

"Yes," said a young man, emerging from a group of citron trees where also the magnolia was lifting its chalice blossoms as we pursued our pleasant way, "you are always singing of Odora, and I respond with Melodia."

THE POEM OF MELODIA.

Bring me a silver lute again,
Bring me a silver lute.
Among the deathless Angel-men
My voice shall not be mute.

My poet-heart has found its wings,
My poet-soul is blest
Where Love, the seraph, smiles and sings
In pure Melodia's breast.
Melodia ! Melodia !

Dance in the morning, all ye stars,
To grand Apollo's lyre.
Oh, daughter of the shining Mars,
Lead on their tuneful choir.
But I in Sunset Land will stray,
Amid the crimson flame,
And wake my heart's most tender lay
To sweet Melodia's name.
Melodia ! Melodia !

She is as pure as morning light,
Her eyes are wells of fire ;
She sits upon the eastern height
Whereto the stars aspire.
I wander in the golden beams
Of Sunset Land above,
And feed my thoughts beside the streams
Of young Melodia's love.
Melodia ! Melodia !

I now saw two sweet maidens emerging from a vine-covered bower and they affectionately greeted us. The taller of the two with dark hair and eyes was called Melodia and the other was Red Lily the bride of my poet friend. Such was their innocence that they might well have been called Chastities, and fitly styled Graces, because of their supereminent beauty. They said "we heard you singing and knew that you were coming to us, but we have friends within." I then perceived that the Angelic Youth who had sung the praises of the sweet Melodia was John Keats.

We found in the bower, to which we were now conducted, the festive company. Here hilarity reigned without disorder. I was made acquainted with the names of a number of the guests. They were visible to me in their angelic forms, and not according to

the appearances which had invested them upon the natural earth. Conspicuous among the number was the pleasant face of Joseph Addison, and, with him, one of the most beautiful young men I ever beheld. Upon enquiring concerning his former name I was told that he was the good Bishop Berkeley. Here also I beheld the mild countenance of William Cowper. Radiant in youthful beauty, I perceived a group of Sister Angels in whom I recognized their conjugal associates. They all ate as at the table of the Lord, and drank from golden goblets crowned with roses.

At last there was brought an ivory lyre with living strings containing music within themselves. It was given to Joseph Addison and after preluding upon it he sang this

HYMN OF CREATION.

God's thoughts of love are golden strings ;
Creation is the song He sings ;
And through the quivering lyre is poured
The three-fold music of the Word.

O'er all terrestrial spaces move
The stars of truth, the suns of love.
Through nature pour the burning seas
Of Heaven's creative melodies.

One God is throned o'er every star :
The glory gates He flings ajar,
And peoples Heaven with souls, arrayed
In truth, and in its spirit made.

The rushing stream of human souls
From space and time forever rolls.
Great God ! thou dost its bounds control,
Thou art the life of every soul.

Give us Thy gracious name to praise,
Through Sabbaths of eternal days ;
In Thee to live, with Thee to blend
In pure affection without end.

I heard him sing with a mingled emotion. I was unable to re-

tain more than the shell or outmost of his melody. His thought was cosmically vast and only to be measured by an intellect of great capacity.

Singing Sweetness now turned to me and remarked, "it was our desire to afford you an agreeable surprise ; you are invited to a celestial wedding." A blithe young matron with yellow hair decked with pansies then arose and sang this

MARRIAGE JOY-SONG.

Merrily, merrily dance the flowers,
When they hear the bride-bells ring,
And the myrtles bloom in the sunset bowers
When the blossoms begin to sing.

Merrily, merrily dance the fays
When they hear the bride-bells ring,
For the bride's young heart is a garden maze,
Where the fays delight to sing.

Honey grows in the butter cups
Where the elfland streamlets flow,
And the golden fairies drink it up
And it makes their babies grow.

Honey grows in the maiden's eyes,
And the young bride's heart above,
And the fairies haste from all their skies
To the nuptial feast of love.

Merrily, merrily haste and twine
A wreath for the bridal brows,
A wreath of love flowers all divine
When she goes to meet her spouse.

At this there was a simultaneous murmur of *Odora ! Odora !* from many happy voices blended in one. The song which follows was her response.

WHY COOS THE DOVE ?

Why coos the dove, when the red rose is springing ;
When the wild bee to the cowslip is clinging ;

When the red strawberries gleam in the meadow ;
When the white blossoms the orchard boughs shadow ;
 Why coos the dove ? why coos the dove ?

Why does the nightingale sing from the roses,
When the sweet Night her bright starflower uncloses ?
Why do the robin, the wren and the plover
Call from the thicket, the wheat and the clover ;
 Why coos the dove ? why coos the dove ?

Why is the young man afraid of the maiden,
Fair as the peach tree with young blossoms laden ?
Why does she blush, when the young man she meeteth ;
What says the heart in her breast while it beateth ;
 Why coos the dove ? why coos the dove ?

The repast was now concluded and we were conducted by our smiling host to a new change of scene that awaited us. It was a natural temple, if I may use the word, and here I saw a wonder concerning the architecture of the Heavens. Creations take place in that Heaven with an endless new variety and of such unspeakable magnificence that thought fails to compass them. These creations are a representative world, emblazoning the attributes and typifying the perfections of the One Eternal mind. The saying, attributed to Madame De Stael, that architecture is frozen music, here finds its coronation, for here the very thought of Deity is heard and seen, with awful and yet entrancing music, as it fashions itself into the temples of the angels and the paradisaal cities beautiful with all manner of precious stones, embowered in trees of living foliage which adorn their world. Here spring edifices from the fruitful soil as plants blossom on the fields of lower nature.

We now beheld a temple, which was builded entirely of the crystalized forms of emblematical flowers which all symbolized the marriage of good and truth in the internals of the human spirit. As we entered therein, the flowers all simultaneously sparkled with golden fire, and, in the midst of each of the blossoms, we saw forms of dazzling brilliancy, holding censers of purple flame. The floor of the temple was one emerald, but the roof an hollow diamond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEASURES OF TRUTH:

EXTENT AND VARIETY OF NEW CHURCH INSPIRATIONS.

Catholic and earnest minded persons, throughout both hemispheres, men of the New Age, who look for the absorption of the whole world into Christianity, even as decaying vegetable mold is revived in the beauty and perfection of the flower, have survived and outgrown that mental state which makes the creed a necessary adjunct to the faith. It is only minds of an inferior type, and hearts of a less genial virtue, that look upon Christianity as in danger of perishing with the decline of doctrinal systems. As there is in the universe a system of mathematics, to which, if he would succeed in any practical undertaking, the man of science must apply his mind; and as, under the constant operation of this higher power, though all extant works in exposition of its principles were to perish, mathematicians would constantly reappear and mathematics live; so the disappearance of any peculiar religious organization is not a thing to be looked upon with unhappiness or dread. For Christianity will always, when it has absorbed into itself the individual genius, and reconstructed the intellect, and sublimed the heart, make the man, who is the subject of this all-beauteous miracle, the type and symbol of religious faith and action to his times.

It is interesting to observe through what rude processes the loftiest elements of power are erected into that noblest of all temples, the ideally and the constructively religious man. John Bunyan is a vivid illustration of the rough material employed by the Divine Artist for His immortal works. If in Shakspeare we contemplate a profound original soul, extracting from Nature and the pantomime of life the materials for a subtle philosophy, and so fusing society in his own fervent intellect and reproducing it in the drama, which literally holds the "Mirror up to Nature," we must accredit to Bunyan, if not a vaster scope, at least a higher potency.

The Pilgrim's Progress, when its deep underlying base of truth is considered, is nearer akin to Shakspeare's plays than to any other composition. Swift, Bunyan, and Shakspeare were the

great realists; all, under the disguise of fiction, dealing with solid facts and lasting principles. But Bunyan, except in one immortal instance, wore the trammels of the theologian. It was while in Bedford jail, under dreary penance for non-conformity, that the one aloe-plant and century-flower, which we call the Pilgrim's Progress, shot up a supernal stalk and blossomed to undying excellence. "Christian" is as essentially a dramatic character as any in Shakspeare; he is, in fact, a representation of the dreamer's own spirit. Bunyan and Christian are identical and inseparable.

In treating of the spiritual seership of Bunyan, we verge toward a vast province yet little understood. Could he have shaken aside the narrow prejudices of his party; could, in fine, the spiritual degree of his intellect have descended into and through his natural mind, thoroughly permeating and impregnating it, the gorgeous visions of a new Apocalypse would have been evolved, to take their place in dramatic compositions without precedent or parallel in Christian literature. The Pilgrim's Progress is itself but the torso, the mutilated trunk, of the glorious image of constancy, and magnanimity, and tender love, and world-wide benevolence, which the Christian Faith and Life assumed in Bunyan's inner mind.

The artist, however, lifted by inspiration above his age, is necessarily fettered by its limitations and requirements, while seeking to embody or ultimate his thought. Plato is seen through the dim haze of Greek speculation. Dante must be observed wrapt in the dense obscuration of papal Rome. Even Swedenborg is narrowed, to the superficial observer, by that pedantic eighteenth century, in the midst of whose affectations he lived and wrote. So with Bunyan; his vast conceptions are poorly clad with Calvinistic figments; his merit is to be great in spite of them.

The character of Christian is a splendid psychological study, and altogether above the perception of the formalist of any class. Christian is a genuine New Churchman, who battles with shams and falsities to the very death; who finds, at every step of his regenerative career, obstacles which require, for their removal, Herculean faith and dauntless constancy, who converts these impediments into triumphs, and grows to spiritual vision through

the entire subordination of the human self-hood to divinest ends. We think we never knew a New Churchman, in the actual sphere, so real, so thorough, and so earnest as this dream-brother of ours, who, born in the old prison of Bedford, has since become an immortal guest, rehearsing his deeds by thousands of lowly firesides, and narrating his marvels to the rapt ear of childhood, as well as for the deep experience of age.

When we are asked to account for the fact that New Church preachments, so called, have exerted an influence comparatively so feeble, we must trace it, in part, to the study of speculative theology rather than of vital and real human nature. No man, be his position what it may, who is not a close observing reader of his kind, can ever take deep hold on the public sentiment. It will hold good to all time that "the proper study of mankind is man." The eloquent and fervent author of "Foregleams of Immortality" draws an exquisite illustration for his use from the revelations of the telescope, where, seen through instruments of enormous power, Sirius was observed "to come on like the dawn of morning." But the New Church theology is that more grand and perfect organ, which, when directed to the human stars of time, reveals in each the wondrous movement of a spiritual world. We have polished and repolished the instruments, and built the observatories, but have not yet directed our telescopes toward the stars. To drop the figure, many have seemed unwilling to attribute seership, or vision, or spiritual use, or the ability to grasp heaven-derived conceptions, to any other worker in Time's seed-field, through respect to the huge monopoly of Swedenborg.

We were once accused of plagiarism, upon the part of the good wife of a certain well-known clairvoyant and medium, the ground of the charge being our having "made use of the word psychology, *which her husband had invented*, without giving him due credit." To match this there are quarters, which we might mention, where it is gravely supposed that any man who enunciates New Church Truth on any subject is necessarily a reader of Swedenborg, and that the seer is robbed of the peculiar glory which attaches to his name, unless due credit is given for the sole discovery. But "other men labored," and Swedenborg, like Bunyan, "entered into their labors." In the whispering gallery of the past he sat

and listened to the musical echoes of all the ages, yet neither of these worthies were originators; they echoed that vast sound, like the harps and voices of an innumerable company, or like the noise of many waters. With both, the spirit far outstripped the tardy letter; and it is as prejudicial to the interests of Truth, to found a creed, to build a sect upon the works of the seer of the Northland, as it would be to erect a doctrinal platform upon the sayings of the fine visionist of Bedford jail.

Truth outstrips her tardy followers, and perpetually greets her children with a more transcendent and beautiful discovery of her charms. "Custom cannot stale," nor age wither "her infinite variety." The merely retrospective intellect, while it may, perhaps, behold more accurately the discoveries which Truth vouchsafed to past generations, loses the charmed freshness, the electric inspiration of her present touch and voice. We cannot afford to be narrow. The mere islanders of Christianity, her hermits and her villagers, lose the broad mainlands. We require the hospitable entertainment of all her countries, the invigorating products of all her zones.

It may be said, by some, that we should only read New Church books, keep New Church company, and nourish ourselves with New Church ministrations. We take a broader view, and, while accepting the statement, would give to it an unbounded latitude of interpretation. In Flavel and Baxter there are New Church truths, though cased in a rind of Calvinism. "Alleyn's Alarm," "Law's Serious Call," the "Imitation of Christ," the "Saint's Rest," are like veins of gold-bearing quartz, with here and there a nugget rich and massive as those of Ballerat. What fine treasure exists, to one who can use the implements of analogy and correspondence, in the Greek and Sanscrit literature. How copious in spiritual life are some of the earnest catholic writers prior to the Reformation. The modern German classics, to one who can use the needful discrimination, flow with copious streams of refreshment and illumination. The recent literature of France is rich and valuable to one who can sift the diamonds from the pebbles. The New Churchman is the true cosmopolite, drawing tribute from every province beneath the canopy of heaven.

It is not so much *what we read as how we read* that determines

the question of use and propriety. The waspish mind will sharpen his sting and replenish his venom from the literature that might make glad a Church of Angels. The catholic and noble spirit will find a value, and absorb rich elements of love and mercy, from writings however valueless. For consider, we say, "valueless," but no book is valueless. The driest metaphysical treatise, if read with the eye of the spirit, becomes more than a volume. The mental state and image of the man is pictured in it; a silent statue of thought, clothed in language, he reveals the authentic likeness of the state, alike of men and spirits in similar postures of inclination from the light of Heaven. As the pound of iron, which costs but a penny, is worth many thousand times its original value wrought into watch-springs, or as the electricity, that utters no voice when contained within a glass of water, yet flashes messages of cheer and words of enlightenment, flying in viewless circuit on the telegraphic wire, so the latent and diffused truth, in any human production, acquires a priceless value when wrought through experience into a better statement; and if, in the one case, it conveys no intelligible greeting, in the other it kindles the Spirit as with a flash of revelation. New Church truths are as diffused in literature as electricity in the air; it requires only the spiritual eye to discern them, and the spiritual touch to make them speak.

So with preaching. Human spirits advanced in regeneration, always, in some degree, are feeling after the same high truths. The spiritual man will dip his beaker in the hidden Pactolus whose waters run with gold. If he can do no better he will wring moisture from the driest theological fleece. The fine Arabian steed, that child and courier of the desert, will discover water to slake his thirst, where even the eye of the rider sees nothing but the sand waves, rolled and curved by the motion of the sirocco. Even thus the generous, humane, celestial-minded enquirer, entrusted with the charge of discoursing to poor and suffering spirits, intent on the great end, the discovery of truth for ends of charity, will find somewhere a buried well, a "diamond in the desert." For, given the highest nobleness in soul, and that veracity and integrity will absorb to itself a corresponding truth. So the great congregational preacher at Hartford finds "God

in Christ," and preaches "Sermons for the New Life" that feed all deeply experienced men and women of every denomination. Does he plagiarize from Swedenborg? Nay, from the standpoint of Catholic liberality and freedom, he interprets Nature and History and the Word of God. These remarks might be extended to great length. We close upon an unexhausted subject with the remark, that, to the narrow intellect, the conception of New Church literature and preaching will narrow down till all that is left is a mere shell and skeleton of nominally Swedenborgian tenets; while, to the broad and loving nature, the same standard will grow until it includes the all in all of the Divine Truth and Charity in mankind's experience. We shall find ourselves, adopting the latter spirit, no sect, but heartily at one with truth and goodness, in every people and in all the world.

THE FAIRY.

The universè is made of tiny men :
In holy infancy their endless lives
Round ever to an orb of perfect light :
And matter, in its varying forms and hues
And subtle harmonies of airy flame,
Is their pavilion, where, in choral dance,
They weave the flying tapestry of space.
These are the fays of Nature, brethren small
To Angels and the radiant human kind ;
And love of good and truth, for their own sakes,
And the creative blessedness they bring,
And love of God, who is the Good and True,
Is the religion of the Fairy world ;
Nor can they ever fall away from this
But bloom and ripen with an infant's joy.

—*Regina : A song of many days.*

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

"And when He was demanded of the Pharisees when the kingdom of God should come, He answered them and said: The kingdom of God cometh not with observation (or outward show); neither shall they say, lo! here, or lo! there, for behold the kingdom of God is within you."—LUKE xvii. 20, 21.

Our Lord gave little attention to the externals of life. He did not seek to change any relation that existed; he only sought to breathe into the innermost conditions of existence, that Divine Breath which He knew would transform and clothe everything in proper habiliments. "He came not to destroy, but to fulfill the law." Truth, righteousness, and love, were dearer to Him than all the gilded ceremonial of a corrupt and inverted ecclesiasticism. His kingdom was within. There He reigned, enthroned in the affections of the will, and in the thoughts of the understanding.

Swedenborg says, that "with every angel, and likewise with every man, there is an inmost or supreme degree, or an inmost or supreme something, into which the Divine of the Lord first or proximately flows, and which it disposes the other interior things which succeed, according to the degrees of order with the angel or man. This inmost or supreme may be called the entrance of the Lord to angel and to man, and his veriest dwelling-place with them. By this inmost or supreme, man is man, and is distinguished from brute animals; for these have it not. Hence it is that man, otherwise than animals, can, as to all the interiors which are of his mind, be elevated by the Lord to Himself—can believe in Him, be affected with love to Him, and thus see Him; and that he can receive intelligence and wisdom, and speak from reason, and hence it is that He lives to eternity. But what is disposed and provided by the Lord in that inmost, does not flow in manifestly into the perception of any angel, because it is above his thought, and exceeds his wisdom."—H. & H. 39.

This is the inmost of that soul-germ which never dies, and into which the Divine influx makes its direct inflowing into the human soul. There God dwells. Here is His kingdom, and as He

moves from this inmost centre to outmost circumference, we have the coming of the Lord "without observation." The breaking away of the hindrances—the clearing out of the obstacles which forestall the descent of the Lord into us, often produces sad havoc with the selfishness, the evil-loves of our natures ; but the coming of the Lord is noiseless, and without observation. His kingdom is within the regenerate will and understanding of His children.

The material and skeptical mind is constantly asking, when will the kingdom of God come ? Instead of looking for God in the human soul, we are looking outside of ourselves, into the externals of things, for His appearance. We are expecting to see His kingdom established, like the Jews of old, with power—with signs and wonders—by great demonstrations of the Spirit. Our Lord declares that His kingdom comes not with show and observation. All those terrible throes which break up human society—which deluge the world with blood—which stir the moral ocean to its very depths, are but signs which precede the coming of that peaceful reign, which brings to the heart of man the true joy—the true happiness. And do we not, who here enjoy the heaven descents of God's love into our hearts, often make the mistake of supposing that God is in the whirlwind and storm which sweep the earth in devastation and death ; that He is in those terrific upheavals of the religious thought of the world, which shake for the time, the moral centre of Satan's power ; that He is enthroned in the midst of those dread carnivals of sin, where war, pestilence, and famine, hold the sceptre of hell ? God is there, but He is there proximately. He is in all things, and is overruling all things for His glory. These are the projections into time of those horrible conditions in the invisible which we see manifested in the wars of the earth ; in the great religious revivals which awaken men to their first moral consciousness, and show them their utter sinfulness. When we see these things, we should flee to the mountains, and know that our salvation draweth nigh. We should rest under the tranquilizing influences of God's love, and wait His bidding—wait until we have been indued with power from on high. The sphere of the New Church is the sphere which cometh into the hearts of men without observation. Here God dwells, and without are the liars, and mur-

derers, and whore-mongers who have infested and killed the good of all ages.

But, says one, is not the New Church coming to all men, whether in the New Church or in the Old? Certainly. The Lord is descending into all men, but not into the organic structures which hold together all men in the old forms of thought. And for this simple reason: all truth in the Old Church has become inverted, and has ceased, under this inversion, to respond to the deep heart-wants of the children of God. Hence, as the New Jerusalem descends from God, out of heaven, it will kill and crush out the organic life which the old order of things has erected. The kingdom of God moves from centre to circumference, and whatever hinders its descent, must fall before the presence of the inflowing God.

Our work, then, is not in connection with any movement which has for its object the establishment and propagation of any of the forms of error which unregenerate men and spirits seek to inaugurate. For we must always remember, that whatever connection we hold with bodies of men, the particular form of that body draws from the great societary movements of the spiritual world, corresponding affinities, and of course there descends from those societies corresponding influxes. For instance, those whose love and life are in the enthusiastic demonstrations of what are called the "manifestations of the spirit," find, in unison with them, spirits from the spiritual world, who will minister to the caprices and excitements of this phase of religious life. So, also, of all the forms of religious peculiarity which have their cause, and birth, and sustenance from the spiritual world.

In the establishment of the first Christian Church, the Lord heeded not the hoary and time-honored traditions of Judaism. He brought a new spirit into the world, which fashioned a new order of things—not a new order of truth;—truth is eternal. We are to reject no truth, no true experience which has been developed under the various systems of the world, from the beginning of time to the present, but we are to reject the broken vessels which bring truth to us, for the reason that hell now inhabits where heaven once tried to rest. It is the glory of the New Church, that it holds communion with the good and true, and

with the developments of God, of all ages, whether found under the first gray tints of the rising sun in the Orient, or under its declining shade in the Occident. Truth is truth, wherever lived, spoken, or written.

Whilst we should be thus catholic in our charity, we should at the same time bear in mind that we have duties and responsibilities to perform. Let the dead bury their dead, follow thou me, is the Divine command. We know what trouble the Apostles had in propagating the Christian religion at the beginning of the first dispensation. Bigoted and narrow-minded Jews were constantly endeavoring to crush the rising flame of light and love by bringing into the new faith the perverted forms and traditions of their condemned Church and ritualism. The first trouble of any serious moment in the Church at Jerusalem was from this cause. Even Peter succumbed before it for a time, but the indomitable Paul denounced it, and showed that the Kingdom of Christ was more than meat and drink; more than circumcision and the keeping of new moons, holy days, fasts, and the formalism of the Mosaic dispensation. He showed that it was a kingdom of Righteousness, Truth and Holiness; a kingdom of joy and gladness in the Holy Ghost. And we must do the same now. Whilst we ought to feel grateful to the Lord, that He is adapting His government to all the conditions of human life—is descending into the very bodies of all human beings—meeting with consummate wisdom the transitional phases of all experience, we should always remember that our use is not in these conditions, but in the perfecting of our characters, so that God's Spirit may dwell within us, and outflow from us in undulating waves of harmony to those who are living in the discords and distractions of human life. *Let us draw others to us, as God appoints, and not as we elect.*

If we wish to lead those who desire truth, let us teach them the dangers which environ them from the spiritual world, in the deep and damning subtleties of the inner life; the dangers of disorderly spiritual intercourse; teach them how that other life is organized, mapped and charted under the eye of God; its hell, its heaven, and its world of spirits, and of our connection to it; teach them of the holiness of the Word, in themselves, in Nature, and in the Bible; of the internal senses which exist in each; teach them that

love and charity is the very essence and life of the New Church ; that regeneration is to be accomplished through *use*, and *faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only God, of heaven and of earth ; teach them of His relations to the human soul, and that He is the Universal Father, ministering to the wants of His children ; and above all, teach them, by a true life, that our faith is not a mere form of words, but is a living, breathing existence, warmed by the Divine Love into noble deeds of sympathy and charity. Thus we can show forth the reality of that New Jerusalem which is now descending out of heaven, and cometh without observation ; for the Lord God dwells within it, and He is the light thereof.

The most important theme for the true New Churchman is, to warn his brethren of the old Church of the dangers which surround them, in the opening of the internal respiratories. That destruction of the world by fire, which has been prophesied of by all the prophets, is upon us. That separation of the spiritual lungs from the natural, which many of us have felt, prior to the descent of the divine auras of the heavens into the ultimate planes of our bodies. That breathing of God's breath, which is burning fire to the unregenerate, and life, and inspiration, and love, to the true follower of Christ, has commenced. Men may scoff at it as much as they please, the stern reality is before us, as we verily know. Here is something to warn men to prepare for. It is not God's wrath, but His love, which is descending thus, and it will come as a thief in the night—without observation.

The New Church has assumed no organic shape as yet. It is still within us, seeking to ultimate itself in all the conditions, relations, and customs of human life. So corrupt are men; so moss-grown have the institutions of human society become; so deranged are our relations, that as yet the New Jerusalem has found no lodgment in the ultimate plane. All that falsehood and evil which exists in the invisible, and which is nurtured by accretions from the Natural must be destroyed before the New Jerusalem, which exists in heaven, can be fully established.

The kingdom of God is within us. And it will take time to prepare the material for the reception of the Mighty Structure which is to take the One Humanity into its ample pale. The New Church, as an element, is permeating all the conditions of human existence. *It is God working through the inmosts to the out-*

mosts of man's being. As an inspiring breath it is unfolding forms of thought for the indwelling life, and in God's own time will take on such coloring as He shall wish bodied forth into the sublime creations of Art, Government, Religion, and Social Life. For this we must be content to wait and work. We need not think that because we do not see more of the fruits of our labors, that the world sleeps in unconscious ease, and ponders not the weighty truths which come flaming to us from the Eternity of God. Men everywhere are being inspired with the same Life, and as that Life flows into the One Vessel, Humanity, it imparts the same Truth to all. There are men in all parts of the country, who are recognizing the great truths which we are receiving. The New Church as a Spirit, is finding its way into all the conditions of human life. Look at such men as Beecher, Chapin, Bushnell, Kingsly, and the other men of the New Age, whose influence is being exerted to arouse and bring before the people the primary truths of the New Jerusalem. They are unconsciously used for this. In their own struggles after more light, they scatter shattered beams to others. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and if they cannot bear light in its full splendor, it beams in milder radiance to their vision. Thus the world is emerging from darkness into the serener atmosphere of a heavenly state, where it can come into the antechamber of the Church of the New Age.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

Many of our friends have expressed a desire that some of the articles, appearing from time to time in our journal, should be printed in a form more adapted to general circulation, and realizing ourselves that the time has come when such should be done, we purpose issuing a series of "Tracts for the Times," consisting of such articles from our magazine best calculated to meet the wants of inquiring minds; especially of those who recognize the providence and spirit of the Lord in the late Revival, and who are looking for the descent of the "New Jerusalem."

Our first issue will be on the 1st of February, and will comprise three Tracts from 4 to 8 pages each, entitled

1. "THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN REVIVALISM."
2. "THE FOUNTAIN OPENED."
3. "JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH."

These may be had at our office at one dollar per 100; postage 25 cents.

LAST HOURS : A REAL PORTRAIT.

[In this poem we have, from Interior Sources, a delineation of the spiritual state of an unregenerate old man, fast declining to natural death and the fixed condition of the spirit in demoniacal and infernal loves.]

Dark old man with the silver chains,
Brooding forlorn o'er these battle plains,
With thy heart sunk down, as the rivers go
Through sunless caverns of night that flow,
And the light in thine eye like the setting moon
When she dips from sight in a dying swoon.
Whither away o'er these blasted plains,
Dark old man with the silver chains ?

Bound thou art, who once wert free ;
Riderless thy steed should be ;
Death hath stricken the royal tent ;
The bow is broken, the arrow spent ;
Thy silver chains keep time as they go,
Yet the brave music ends in woe.
Thy shadow, beside thee moving on,
Is barred and ribbed like a skeleton :
Bound thou art, who once wert free ;
Riderless thy steed must be.

Thou wert lord of threescore years ;
Dost seek them on these battle biers ?
Some died in a passion-dream supine ;
Others their life pearl lost in wine ;
One, perchance the most forlorn,
Wept that he ever had been born ;
Anger smote one with a brazen fist ;
Another to death by a snake was kissed ;
One in a crucible for gold
Was melted, and proved naught but mold.

Do their shivering ghosts, by night astir,
Feel after thee from the sepulchre?
Thou wert Lord of threescore years :
Do they seek thee from the battle biers ?

Who is she that moves beside ?
Can a woman-serpent be a bride ?
Her fiery locks are pillowed
Deep in thy bosom, and her head,—
Ah ! 'tis a death's head, crowned with white
Memories of extinct delight.
She winds her slimy hands around
Thy heart, her joy's drear burial mound,
And sings, alas ! forlornly sings,
" Fire floweth from the nectar springs,
Fire of remorse for evil deeds,
Whereof we two must reap the seeds,
In shame, and woe, and misery,
Through cycles of eternity."
Who is she ? dost know ? dost know ?
Thy youth's lost paramour will go,
With an illusive spectral tread,
Cling beside thee to the dead.
Who is she so still beside ?
Can a woman-serpent be a bride ?

Dark old man with the silver chains,
Death in thy bosom riots and reigns.
" Ha ! ha ! " he shouts to his Memories,
" Let us drink the wine cup, to the lees ; "
But the fiery lees forever brim
With vintage of despair to him,
And the madness floweth in thy veins,
Dark old man with the silver chains !

NEW CHURCH PULPIT, NO. 5.

INCREASE OF FAITH ESSENTIAL TO THE INCREASE OF CHARITY.

BY REV. H. WELLER.

"And the Apostles said unto the Lord, 'Increase our faith.'"—LUKE xvii. 5.

The increase of faith is the great need of the present age. Every age has its prevailing tendencies, and those tendencies are determined by the condition of the Church. And because the present is an age of transition—a universal transition—a passing over from the old to the new in every department of human life, therefore, all things are shaking and tottering to their very foundation. Conservatism is at a discount—branded with the nickname of old fogysm—but without its wholesome restraining influences, we should doubtless become stranded on the reefs and shoals of a universal skepticism.

Faith is taking a quiet departure. Time was when a hurricane of unbelief passed over the most intellectual portion of Europe, and French infidelity became the rage of the day, but this, like the stampede of kings in 1848, and the recent flash in the pan of a European war, was only a bubble thrown up upon the surface of events, prophetic of the deep movements below. What, then, staggered the world with its ominous revelations of the faithlessness of the human heart, brought to light by the upturning of the lower strata of human life individually and socially, has since been marching on in subdued measure and manner, but yet surely undermining all the established institutions of the Church and of society generally. We are losing faith in all things, except the money-god of the world and the self-god of the heart. Self-reliance first, and next reliance upon the pocket, is now the dominant feeling of this gilded, painted, white-washed generation.

It is well, under such circumstances, to recur to first principles, and the simple intuitions of the beginning of church-life. The Apostles, selected and sent forth, were the most intimate companions of the Lord, representing a class of minds in the Church who come nearest to Him, and sit constantly at His feet. They had

been taught the laws of charity. "Take heed to yourselves ; if thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him ; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent ; thou shalt forgive him." What is written, throughout the Word, in relation to forgiveness, although appearing to treat of passing by injuries so as not to retaliate, is, in reality, the precept of untiring uses towards our brother man. To forgive our brother his trespasses against us, in the obvious literal sense, is to forego the infliction of any penalty upon him ; in a more interior sense, it is to banish all thought and feeling of revenge, unkindness, coldness, or neglect towards him ; and because, as we thus shun the evils of hating our brother from any cause, and in any degree, the influent Divine Life, flowing into vessels thus chastened and prepared, rouses up all remains of good affections, infills them with a new love, and directs them to new ends, therefore, the internal spiritual sense involves active life, and relates to the persevering performance of uses, however coldly and ungratefully they may be received. Still, there is a reservation, and this is signified by "if he turn again to thee, saying, I repent ;" for while our brother turns his back upon us, and utterly refuses our good offices, it is no part of wisdom to force them upon him.

The precept is written in the literal sense, throughout, in accommodation to the perceptions of the natural man, who indeed need to be taught the forgiveness of injuries at every turn. We are continually, in social life, subject to receive injury from the contact of others, it may be unintentional, or from mere accident, or from carelessness. But the man whose life lies preëminently in the things of this world, is ready to fire up in anger and revenge at every damage caused upon his earthly goods. To him it is enough that he has been damaged, and all palliatory considerations are to him cold excuses. He demands reparation, and exacts the penalty to the uttermost. And he calls this justice when enforced upon others, and yet, will always seek to evade its being enforced upon himself. And this is because the natural man cannot have any genuine charity—his maxim being self first served, and his neighbor only as it serves himself, or he will give away what he does not want, expecting something as good in return.

To all such, the precept to forgive comes with an appeal to their selfishness even—they hope by passing over trespasses, to merit a place in heaven. But far different is the case with the spiritual man. He is not indeed devoid of a self-hood, but it is no longer the great end of his being. The monition “Take heed to yourselves,” implies that all these precepts of life have an intimate bearing upon our own spirits. Sin leaves an ugly stain upon the spiritual body—malice lurking in the heart, writhes and distorts the frame and features; and dark purposes of revenge cloud over the countenance, until man becomes himself a dark form of evil. So, then, we need take good heed to ourselves, for what goes out, comes back to us, a curse or a blessing.

But the spiritual man, while he thus looks to himself, acts from the primary promptings of the Holy Spirit. He shuns all evils, that he may present a spotless body, a temple holy and undefiled to the Lord. He divests himself of all evils in the power of the Lord, not only because they cast up so many obstructions on the way to heaven, but because his arm is fettered and his energies paralyzed in the great work of doing good. Thus, although all good works benefit the doer, and bring to him satisfaction and blessedness of life; yet, it is not for these ends that he labors—his great aim is to do right, and serve his day and generation—the consequences and results he leaves in the hands of the Supreme Disposer of events.

Thus, the spiritual man, acting from unselfish ends, regards all injuries in the light, not of his own so much as his neighbor's welfare. For himself, he realizes the absolute truth involved in the question, “Who can harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?” Trusting in the Divine Providence, he feels, at all times, that nothing can befall him—no man can inflict harm upon him, but by the Divine permission, through which some good use may be performed. True doctrine teaches that nothing—not even the hells, would be suffered to exist, but for some use, and thence he looks to the use of all things, and instead of seeking revenge or recompense, he seeks the removal of those evils in himself or others, which have served to perpetrate the trespass.

Thus the understanding of the Holy Word, as the spirit rises from natural thought, drops the rough husk, and comes into the

form of divine truth as contained in the spiritual sense. In this sense the forgiveness of trespasses, or the remission of debts, is really the fulfillment of our obligations towards others, and forms the great law of use that makes man spiritual. But a higher sense still—the celestial—unveils the great law of love; and now, every trespass unseals the fountains of mercy, and putting aside all other considerations, we mourn over a brother's trespass, and smitten on the one cheek, turn to him the other also—not to invite a repetition of the offense, but to disarm his hostility by meek forbearance and readiness to receive insult and injury, when the Lord permits them to be offered to us. And our dear Lord Himself, thus wept over the city of Jerusalem, soon to become the theatre of the great tragedy of the world, regardless of His own prospective sufferings, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Thus, as man ripens towards heaven, the Holy Word comes to him in its inner sense—dropping first the husk of the literal, and then the shell of the spiritual, until the kernel, tender and full of the oil of celestial love feeds his glowing soul. Now, the great law of love absorbs all else as Aaron's rod swallowed up the rest. But this great end can be reached only by successive stages. Hence, the Apostle's petition comes in, showing the means by which, to human consciousness, the laws of charity are to be brought into play. "Lord, increase our faith." Faith is the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven—the everlasting rock beneath, and the strong arm above, that uplifts the human spirit.

Throughout the Word, there is a constant marriage of the good and the true, of charity and faith, of love and wisdom. We, in our present condition, are so much of a widowed Church, that we have no realizing sense of this marriage. Everything has a tendency to go with us by halves—we are one-sided and ever going into extremes. And this danger presses heavily upon all new and incipient movements. Coming out from a faith-alone system of religion, we swing to the other side, and regard faith as of but little importance, and the cry comes up, *not faith, but life carries us to heaven*. True, but a man may as well try to reach the top of a

house by throwing down the stairway or ladder, as to reach a state of love by decrying faith. The truth is, we are in danger of losing our hold upon heaven, the moment we relinquish either faith or charity, for they are so intimately related, that the one cannot exist and subsist without the other.

From a decaying Church we inherit low and false ideas upon all subjects. It is a condition of decay to dragevery thing down to its own level. Hence, faith assumes rather a dogmatic than an affectional character. We regard a man's faith as simply the doctrines he professes to believe. His creed is his faith—which may be a mere matter of the head without touching the heart. And because, notwithstanding all the creeds of christendom, iniquity abounds, we wax cold towards faith as if it were utterly useless. Alas, for such a faith! Is this the faith that can remove mountains,—a faith which begins and ends with *I believe*? Is this the faith by which the ancient people of God were moved? In the epistle to the Hebrews, the grand old worthies of the primitive and Jewish Churches are enumerated, concluding with this summary of the exploits of faith: "And what shall I more say? for the time will fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Sampson, and of Jephtha; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong. * * * Others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented—of whom the world was not worthy." Such was ancient faith—the faith of stern, earnest, life-seeking souls. Faith with them had a life-meaning—it did not signify *I think*, but it led on *to do*. It was the faith of childhood—strong in the Father's promise—strong in His strength—taking hold of a Father's hand—a Father's power, and fearing nothing that man can do. This is the faith that our age needs—it is the great want of the Church, and it must be relumed from the fires of a new heaven-derived altar, ere the Church can be raised from sackcloth, and dirt, and ashes, and, arrayed in her beautiful garments, become the bride and wife of the Lamb—the queen-mother of the nations!

We may not be called upon to give such evidences of faith as stand out boldly on the canvas of the world's pilgrimage ; but that same faith which saved the Hebrew children from the fiery furnace, and Daniel in the lion's den, may become, yea, must become a working element in the affairs of every-day life. The exceptional heroes and heroisms of the past are to become the common stock of the race, as genius and letters are fast becoming the common heritage of the masses. The separated, distant lights of the olden times, with here and there a star blazing through the dark night, are being fast agglomerating into the galaxy of the heavens—spanning the entire circle with a radiance absorbing myriads of suns into one common glory. And such is the grand distinction between the past and the present. Religion is to descend into every house—the Church into every heart. It was a grand announcement of Swedenborg's, that every true man is a Church in himself ; and the individualizing process is going on, by means of which the materials will be ultimately prepared for building the everlasting temple of the Lord ; that Kingdom which shall break in pieces all other kingdoms, and endure forever.

The martyrs of the Church will live again—not in *auto-de-fés*, on scaffolds, or in dungeons, but they will live again in the far more heroic, every-day life of self-denial. Private life will yet become the theatre of the sublimest sacrifices, and the most unwearied patience. The faith and patience of the saints will be found in the calm walk and daily conversation of all classes—for man will learn that each one has his peculiar work, and he will have faith to do that work, knowing the Lord will prosper him. We look forward to the brotherhood of the race ; but faith in God—unwavering trust in Him as our Father is the only way to fraternize his children.

It is because faith and charity are thus intimately linked together in a marriage union, that when the Apostles heard that precept, wondrous in that age—to forgive even seven times in a day, which is, according to the internal interpretation, to fulfill all our obligations from a holy principle—looking to the Lord in all things—that they uttered the petition, "Increase our faith." No increase of charity can take place without an increase of faith, any more than a tree can grow without a corresponding growth

of the root. True faith is genuine piety—absolute trust and reliance on the Lord rising from a holy fear, as the beginning of wisdom, until this all-absorbing Love takes full possession of all our faculties. The true apostles of the Lord ever feel that no charity can be genuine without faith, and as they are called upon, in the precepts of life, to forgive without end, so must their vessels be filled with unceasing, unflagging faith, for when the one fails the other will fail also.

“Lord, increase our faith,” must then be the prayer of all who seek to lead a life of charity: charity is preëminently the end—it is first in end—but to human consciousness faith comes first—it is first in time; and to be practical men we must speak of faith in relation to human effort.

We have said, that the great need of the age is increase of faith—but the mischief is, that this need is not felt—the want is not realized. It has become one of the starveling maxims of the world, that the fewer a man’s wants the richer he becomes—a maxim false in theory, and destructive in practice. If it were true, then would the Indian, content with his wigwam, be the richest of men, unless we go down to the naked savage, who would surely bear away the palm. On the contrary, we say it is want that gathers riches; as wants multiply so do riches. Railroads, and steamships, and telegraph wires are the product of wants. And so is it preëminently in the spiritual nature of man. “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” Spiritual wants are the demand that brings the supply. “Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.” Want opens the mouth, expands the receptive vessels, and turns them towards the Lord, as flower cups turn and open upwards for the dews and the sunshine of heaven.

But the crying evil of the times is that men don’t want faith; or, at least, only just so much as suits their convenience. It is too troublesome a commodity to deal in largely. They think they can get to heaven in an easier manner, and it is no matter what a man believes, so that his life is right. As if there could be a true life without true faith! Just as well might we dispense with all knowledges, and say no matter what a man knows so that he does right, or as if a man could do right without knowing how. Knowl-

edge, doctrine, faith, are the guides without which no true life can be lived. What! live a true life afar off from God—wanting nothing of Him—seeking no nearer communion! Oh, if we increase not in faith, we must decrease—if we seek not constantly to draw nearer and nearer to God, we shall inevitably get away farther and farther from Him. It is the invariable, inexorable law of human progress to go up or down, forwards or backwards.

Do we not then see that the Apostles' demand, "increase our faith," should be the demand of every Christian heart. And it is a growing demand. As one want is satisfied to-day—to-day again comes with its corresponding wants, and thus, day by day, we crave our daily bread, varied and increasing as the growth of our spirits require. Oh, if men were daily leading the life of heaven, there would be no soul-starving in the world; but full, and rich, and varied, would be the conditions of the spirit—full of the fatness and marrow of all good, and resplendent with the gorgeous hues of all truth.

For myself, I frankly confess, that I have no sympathy with the lean souls, the moral and spiritual starvationists of the Church. I would have a craving appetite always for something better—something higher. Contentment does not mean to quench our aspirations; it simply means to rest quiescent with what the Lord gives, demanding only what His open hand bestows—yet ever open for all that can be given. And His bounty is not stinted, but heaped up, and pressed down, and running over, does He give into every human bosom, that throbs responsive to His love.

And now, in the dawn of a new dispensation, when men are crying for "light, more light," let our cry be for *faith, more faith*—faith increasing, as fold after fold of the human spirit opens, until its amplitude shall reach to the measure of a man—that is of an angel. And as the angel knows no boundary short of the Infinite, so angel-men of the Church will erect no barrier to the advancing footsteps of the age. There is no point given in true human progress, when the soul cries *enough*—there is no satiety in the Divine outpourings, when received in order. The Lord's mercies are new every morning—all we want is the heart to acknowledge Him in all the myriad blessings of daily life. We want a faith like a grain of mustard seed, which nestles in the earth, secure of ger-

mination and growth, because the Lord tends it. So in humble confidence we must have a living faith, that shall enter into the smallest of human affairs—a faith founded upon true doctrine—a faith that shall strengthen the heart by constant waiting upon the Lord—a faith that shall expand all the receptive vessels of the spirit, and point them upwards towards the sun of heaven.

And this faith is coming. The Lord in His Divine-Human holds the destinies of the race in His hand. We receive the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem first in the understanding, and it is indeed well that we become fully grounded in all the science of doctrine—but to stop here is not only folly—it is madness and death. The moment we halt and cry *enough*, the infernals scent an opening through which they may enter, and temptations dire and difficult will throng up our path. There is only one safe path—the hand once put to the plough must go straight forward, looking neither to the right hand, nor the left. Thus be always ready for every appearing of the Son of Man, for he only is a good and faithful servant, who constantly waits for his Lord's coming. Oh, may we be ready to receive every new and true outpouring of His holy Spirit—may our minds never be closed towards heaven; but in waiting and watching, catch every warm gleam of sunshine that breaks through the opening rifts of the darkened skies.

LORD, INCREASE OUR FAITH.

REGINA.

The new poem "Regina" will be issued in a few days, and may be had at our office, 42 Bleeker Street. Price \$1.00. Postage 12 cents.

WORD-PICTURES.

IV.

An Angel, from a dreaming bride
 Who turns, with golden lamp in hand ;
 While her still Spirit floats beside,
 Led by the Star of Morning Land.

FAIRY COMFORT.

"My griefs I cannot smother ;
 Within my heart they swell.
I'm leaving thee, my brother,
 In silence where I dwell,
The night is dark and dreary ;
 The grave must be my bed.
Thou wilt no more be cheery
 When I am with the dead."

The maiden whispered soft and low ;
"A voice within me says 'Not so.'
With golden roses in her hand,
A fairy comes from Sunrise land.

 More sweet, more low,
 'Not so ! not so !'

The fairies say the good ascend
To golden joys without an end.

 'Not so ! not so !'

 With voice more low,

The good, they say, in Heaven abide :
The bridegroom finds a tender bride,

 'Not so ! not so !'

 In voice more low ;"

"Till through her bosom ran a thrill
Of joy the mortal pain to kill :

 And then she said,

 "The East is red,

My heart to endless life is wed.

 Farewell ! farewell !

 The numbers swell ;

I'm rising where the angels dwell."

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

ARTICLE IV.

The Anglican Church, as a public form, is guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. The apostle, speaking of those who shall partake unworthily of the visible sacrament of the Supper, declares, of them, that "they eat and drink condemnation ; not discerning the Lord's body." Doubtless, many persons, of tender conscience, through fear of sinning against the Spirit, have lost the benefits, which they might have otherwise received, through participation in the rite. The proud imperial Ecclesiasticism to which we refer, has no such scruples. It has made the Lord's Supper a shameless formalism, administering it, on state occasions, to men in the open practice of drunkenness and adultery, corrupters of youth, and stained with almost every possible human crime—nay, allowed notoriously unregenerate officials to administer to others. This grows, inevitably, out of its *morally unlawful* relations to the State.

In thus, with stately pomp and high solemnity, administering the consecrated elements by and to notorious and unrepentant criminals, it has made the sacrament itself a jest and by-word among lost spirits. The prostitution of the highest and holiest service of religion, by its highest functionaries, stamps upon the legal body, as a unitary form, the seal of condemnation. Dead, indeed, must be the moral sense, or fearfully obscured, when a crime, at which the Angels shudder, can excite no sensations of dread, no misgivings of remorse. Well, indeed, might Charles II., in his closing hours, turn from the loose and easy practices of the theocracy of which he was the head, feeling that a system which basked in the sunshine and fattened at the board of the court, of which he was alike the Supreme Vice and the Sovereign Ruler, could serve but as a most blind and treacherous guide through the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. Every clergyman of the establishment may, at any moment, be called upon, and, under pain of ecclesiastical penalty, obliged, to stand by the grave of the most depraved of men ; and, provided they were baptized in infancy into the faith, to declare of them that they have "died in the Lord," and to inter them in the "sure hope of a joyful resurrection." No casuistry, however it may

prevail on earth, can justify these deeds at the bar of the All-seeing and the All-pure. These instances of practical compliances with evil, and sins against the Spirit, which good men have forced upon them by the iniquitous workings of the system, exhibited in the clear light of heaven, are but a beginning of the revelations. Alas! for the Custom, that so hoodwinks even well-intentioned eyes, that men justify deeds among themselves, of which, were the heathen guilty, they would find in them an argument for the entire perdition of their souls. To the man of an intuitive mind, quickened by the Spirit, no alternative is presented in England but that of Dissent. Were the Queen to become open, spiritually, to the Heavens, and to the ineffable sacredness of the Divine truths which exist therein; were she to behold the Lord through the opening of spiritual perceptions, owning Him the very King of kings and Lord of lords,—as His servant, the stress would be laid upon her of washing her hands, before the nation, of this huge Iniquity. Upon all the obligation will fall, when illumined, alike, whether in princely place, or in most lowly: for “what fellowship hath Christ with Belial?”

Viewed from the standard of the Heavens, and seen in the light of the innermost sense of the Word, which is the light of ineffable holiness, it is no Church, but an illusion. It is but a stage-player, who personates; a great Secularism wrapt about with sacerdotal garments; a burlesque on the faith. Its destruction is sure, with the incoming of the Divine fires, which shall test the character of all institutions, while they reöpen the respiratories of men.

Between the New Church and the Anglican establishment, are found points of dissimilarity, such as might be supposed to exist between organic structures,—the one seeking, through mechanism apparently similar, to undo the works of the other.

First, the Anglican Church enlists an army of sacerdotal men, classed in series and degrees, epitomizing an apparent order, and treating all out of that order as shorn of the peculiar powers of the priestly function. Its forces are arrayed, with the precision of regiments, into battalions, and all into an army. They are drawn up on the field of battle, at least in theory, in such a manner as, from a common centre, to be moved against a common foe. It is essential to the existence of the system, that the priest, who is pivotal to the congregation, should himself be amenable to the

bishop, who is pivotal to the diocese ; while the unity of the vast structure centres finally in the Chief of the State, who is the head of the Church as the ancient Roman ruler was—at once Imperator and Pontifex Maximus, and in the College of Augurs, and in the Senate, equally supreme.

But the New Jerusalem, as it exists in the Heaven of Spirits—as it exists in the Heaven which is made up of Angels from the British Isles, is itself a composite system, whose members are grouped in series according to use. There are angels who correspond to priests, ministering to beautiful and balanced ecclesiastical families ; in some instances so many as ten thousand worship together, the ministrations being conducted by a brother whose sympathies include them all.

As fixed stars, each of which is pivotal to a planetary system, are gathered up in nuclei around an orb of nobler use, through which influences more potently vivifying continually radiate, so these priestly men, through fitness ministering in the centres of religious families, are themselves grouped in series, around angelic intelligences, who perform for them the higher functions of mediation, and this by an eternal law. So, from the most intense, effulgent foci of angelic life, through intermediate grades and divisions of intelligence and love, the One Spirit, the Lord, gives forth His influence. There is no schism ; no dissent.

It is this ideal of a preëxtant order which the devout Episcopalian desires to see realized below ; and, in the splendid pageant and procession of the Anglican establishment, imagines its mundane form.

But the distinction is obvious. In the Heavenly hierarchy positions are determined by the degree of openness to the Lord, and by the quality of the spiritual faculties of the triune man. The priest, even in the most infantile use—even when he presides in the midst of a family of ten, must love each member of his society with the intensity and self-abnegating fullness bestowed by a parent on a child. The Lord makes use of him as a perpetual medium, through whom to distribute the very essences and energies of a potent heavenly life. Through his hands continual benefactions are conferred. The teaching friend, instructing solely in the Word, as an elder brother received, and solely giving

as the Lord imparts, he serves as the ideal of a perpetually advancing state.

The member of the Church of England might say, "This is our ideal of a priesthood." To such this must be the answer. The Angelic priest is set in his function solely by the Lord. It is as the gifts are manifested through him, that those in the same use perceive his quality; the gifts precede the recognition of the function. He cannot take it up, were the thing possible, at the instance of another, at the command of another. He cannot be bound in its performance by the perceptions of another. All interference from without would be, were it possible, unlawful.

It is thus a priesthood of the Lord, and not of man, wherein the Divine Head inducts, empowers, sustains, and solely rules.

But this order, as it descends to be realized on earth, is fatal to the ecclesiastical system ruling in the Isles. When a good man finds himself called upon, by perception, by gift, to teach and minister, the Lord is the sole ordainer, trying the thoughts and the intents of the heart. He must stand or fall, first, by the accuracy of his perceptions; if he mistake the promptings of self-love for the whispers of the Spirit, sufferings and mortifications inevitably ensue. If faithful to a genuine call, the Spirit of Freedom will rest upon him, and, with it, an utter abhorrence of every ecclesiastical usurpation. He will internally comprehend that priestly authority, conferred by man, is a religious falsehood, abominable in the eyes of God. The door through which he enters into the performance of his use, is therefore the door opened by Messiah. Once in the discharge of his use, it is only by constant looking to the Lord, that the Spirit, under which he labors, and through which his works are blessed, is operant and directively present. He ministers of the ability which the Lord giveth. And here we find the second point in which the systems are at variance. In the Anglican establishment livings are conferred, and incumbents presented to them, sometimes by great nobles, and sometimes by the Crown. One man buys a parish of a broker, as he would purchase the good-will of a tobacco shop, and ministries to souls are transferred and bargained for, as if God were a nonentity.

Diametrically the reverse, in the Jerusalem above, the Angel, whom the Lord places in a priestly function, goes, in the Spirit, to

the family wherein he is to serve. His use is there to give himself away in endless benefactions, breathing a perfume from the Master, serving as a distributive reservoir of light and life.

I saw, through the opening of the perceptions, into a Certain Society in the Natural Hell, a demon, portly in size, and reverent and grave in aspect; his garb was that of a bishop. Before him knelt a human serpent, receiving at his hands priestly consecration. At the close of it, the latter rose, and, involving the serpentine form within himself, assumed a clerical aspect, after which he began to harangue a congregation. Such scenes are frequent in that gloomy abode. Shortly after, I heard the same character chanting a bacchanalian song. He had been a Church of England divine while in the body; and, the plane being formed, sought in his phrensies, to reenact the pageants of terrestrial life.

Soon after, the demon, who had personified a bishop, approached, with an air of extreme sanctimony, and addressed me in these words: "I will undertake to prove three separate theses: first, that ordination, to be valid, must be through the successors of the apostles; second, that the Church of England is a true Church, with an unbroken chain of bishops from the beginning; third, that, on whomsoever we bishops lay our hands, they are legally made priests." He was in his fantasy, and shortly after began to discourse.

"See," said a Voice, which spoke from above through the Heavens, "a bishop, who ordained many to the priesthood while on earth; but his works followed him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWERS.

Flowers are the visible and terrestrial images of sweet and lovely affections, that unfold, and blossom, and bear delicious fruitage, as spiritual organic forms, in the recesses of the regenerate moral consciousness. Their ultimate aroinal forms are distributed throughout the organs of respiration; and when, from a full breast of charity, the kind and generous outbreathe merciful words or heavenly aspirations, the little souls of all most beautiful and fragrant blossoms, each in itself a tiny sweetness and loveliness, are wafted out upon the air. This is a celestial truth, which may, after a period, be perceived as well as known.

THE STORMY PETREL.

(WRITTEN DURING A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.)

BY ALEXANDER McARTHUR.

Bird of the fitful, ceaseless wing,
Bird of the stormy sea,
Thou tiny, heedless, restless thing,
A wonder art to me.

Some say thou art a sailor's sprite,
Arisen from the main,
Haunting our track by day and night
To board the ship again.

By higher Wisdom we are taught
That fowl, of every kind,
Are outbirths of the World of Thought
Existing in the mind.

Thy faithless wing, that leaves the sky
O'er angry waves to float,
Thy wandering mode, thy plaintive cry,
No happy thoughts denote.

Doom'd to the ocean's stormy breast,
Companion of the gale,
Like phantom dream of sad unrest,
Or sigh in sorrow's tale,

Or like to those who seek to find
The Heavens by sensuous sight,
To endless wastes of sea consigned
And everlasting flight ;

And most at home when most abroad,
By winds and billows toss'd,
Away from Jesus Christ their God
'Mid shoreless fables lost.

The lark that mounts to meet the day,
In ether bathes his wings,
And bears from angel choirs away
The lyric which he sings.

But thou hast inspiration none,
No sunny resting-spot ;
Those heavenly joys love's lark has won
Alas ! thou knowest not.

Thou hast no home, no dwelling-place,
No shady peaceful bower,
Where, after weary flight through space,
To nestle for an hour,

Like lark from his exalted state,
Returned to earth again,
Who rests enamoured with his mate
On flower-starred, grassy plain.

We never see thee on the shore
Of humble charity,
But ever, ever, flitting o'er
The restless, faithless sea.

Nor canst thou cleave the crystal heaven
To gather joys from thence ;
As fits thy life to thee is given
The ocean's drear extense.

Let not the heart, that rests on naught,
Lord ! ever be my doom,
And never, never let my thought
The Petrel's form assume ;

But, lark-like, let it often rise
To shining paths above,
And when below, as in the skies
Be arked in heavenly love.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN REVIVALISM.

The tide-wave of American spiritual Manifestations was first visible about the year 1850 ; it rose to its height in 1855, but, with an unabated power, remained at the flood till 1857. It is not uncharitable to say, that, while a comparatively small number of earnest minds and devout hearts were trained and educated through it to a clearer perception of Biblical truth, and a more affluent manifestation of the Christian life, the great bulk of its votaries, subject to its predominant influence, relapsed into a modified and intellectual idolatry. If the word idolatry be considered by some unjust in its application, we might substitute for it a Deism, which rejects all that is essential to the Christian scheme ; which degrades the Saviour into a natural person, and for regeneration, through the overcoming of an evil self-hood in the might of the Divine love, substitutes a natural progression.

The year 1857 is memorable as having been marked by the rise of a counter-wave of spiritual influence, marked, like the former, in many instances, by physical phenomena of a mysterious nature ; but unlike it, as having for its central field of operation not the senses but the soul. The effect of the first was, with the exceptions heretofore stated, to level existing Church institutions, and to substitute mediumistic utterances from the spirits for the preaching of the Word. The effect of the latter has been to conquer back to Christianity a large portion of the human territory submerged in the former case.

It is noteworthy to observe the opposite effect of these successive streams of power. The first led men from Christ to the spirits ; the second leads men from self and the spirits, to Christ. The first produced levity and irreverence ; the second induces a deep seriousness and a solemn awe. The first inculcated a selfish and savage Necessity ; the second, with equal force, asserts the freedom of the moral will. The first laid men open to spirits, and instituted agencies by which to make the human organization passive to invisible human intelligences, without respect to character ; the second nerves men up to spiritual resistance, and empowers them with strength to hold at bay the myriad of wandering demons who are perpetually endeavoring to enslave the soul. The first brought a message from the Spiritual World that all is

well—that men in the next life gradually outgrow the seeming evils of the earth—that rankest hearts ripen there to celestial fruitage—that the most corrupt and abandoned rapidly arise to transcendent altitudes. The second comes with a message diametrically opposite, and points men to the judgment-seat of Christ; it affirms the retributions of eternity; it declares that the wicked go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal; it startles the self-loving criminals of the world with appalling pictures of the second death. The first came with a soothing opiate to the natural man; it sought to disarm the grave of its terrors and death of its sting, by denying the reality of moral evil, by tracing all iniquities to an innocent origin in the rudimental condition of the human faculties. The second reinvests life with infinite solemnities, reasserts the eternal distinctions between good and evil, and startles the impenitent with the message, “ye must be born again.” The first came, in the beginning, with an almost delirious joy; men’s hearts heaved as if mountains had been rolled from them, with the seeming discovery that the dread futurity was governed by so easy and so lax a law, that, steeped in every human lust, the spirit might still find there congenial associations, and alluring pleasures. But madness lingered in the dregs of this charmed cup—the final effect of which was to produce melancholy and disgust of life, accompanied with a certain ominous dread of a future world where moral honesty and veracity found little place. The effect of the second is not at first joyful, but rather grievous: it afflicts the Spirit with startling revelations of bosom-sin, yet afterward, cleansing the soul of its iniquities, it works the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby; it unveils a path, that grows brighter to the day of Heaven and the unveiled presence of the Lord.

It is thus that action and reaction characterize all human history. It is thus that men are maintained in equilibrium amidst the ebb and flow of the celestial and infernal powers. Disorderly Spiritualism was marked by great and noble exceptions; the evil was often overruled for good; some came up through it out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. It was made the means for the purification of the will. A fiery but necessary trial, it brought latent insanities of the character to the surface, and purged them

off. It ended, in many hearts, the reign of compromises, and established a kingdom of inflexible virtue. It developed, through resistance, herculean power ; it made the weak strong, the effeminate manly, and the timid heroic. Through experience in dealing with the Spiritual world, men learned to try the spirits, whether they were of God. One of its overruled effects will be a robust and stalwart growth of Christianity, before which the demons shall tremble and are put to flight.

We are now in the era of the counter spiritual tide, which beats from Heaven ; but, as the former was not productive of unmixed falsity and evil, so this will not be of unmixed good and truth. As, in the wildest disorderly era of Spiritual Manifestations, hearts were being, in the very whirl of its vortices, born anew to Christ ; so, no matter how sweet and tender, how copious and powerful, be the Reviving, its effect upon a certain class will be to establish them in the service of the fiend. It will result in confirmed states, both of good and evil.

The advent voice of the spiritualistic wave was, "be developed," and the current hypothesis arose that Spiritual influences were to unfold the august flower of supernal intelligence, as by a miracle, from even the most dwarfed, decrepit mind. Men, in their first eagerness, hoped to become, by an infusion of a spiritual element into the brain, the equals of the highest prophets, poets, and philosophers. It was discovered soon that all this was but a fantasy. Even in cases where spirits had the most complete power over human organs, it led to the suppression and not to the evolution of the personal intellect. It was not by *yielding* to spirits, but by overcoming them, that souls rose to power.

It will be discovered, in Revivalism, that, when the first flush and expectancy is passed, many will sink for a time into sombre disappointment. The man who to-day has the bosom filled with the Holy Ghost—who thrills in every nerve with celestial ecstasy—to whom every prayer is a rapture, and whose being is surcharged with mercy and good-will, he will discover soon, that the blossoms of his state have fallen, and the seemingly supernatural vividness of thought and feeling disappeared.

But the fruits of inter-communication with spirits opposed to Christ are only delayed among mediums, they are not destroyed. That which spirits have sown in the souls and bodies of their

naturalistic subjects is not dead ; it only sleeps ; it is sown in weakness, but it will be raised in power. The germs of thought, deposited in the understanding, will mature. So the plague of locusts passes over the land, until the frost comes and withers up their powers, but their larvæ have been deposited in the soil, whence, after a cycle of years, they emerge, full-fledged, to devour every green thing. So, on the other hand, the seed of Christ, sown in the human breasts among the subjects of this great revival, will be buried deep. The Divine Influences which now cover the ground of human nature will go down into it. You will wonder in sadness, in temptation, in pinings and yearnings of heart, that they ever were so mysteriously blest. But the rain of the Spirit has only gone down to nourish the roots of the good affections in the understanding and the will. It is being absorbed silently and unconsciously into the moral powers. And who shall tell what final harvests of piety and philanthropy shall mark its resurrection ? One thing is certain, that it will unfold both intellect and heart to a more exalted state.

A FRAGMENT.

The Child of Genius, breathing out his joy,
In God creates what fiends would fain destroy.
Not his to plan the vast aerial piles,
Where Truth presides and Love the seraph smiles :
His work, to weave, in words, the lasting line,
While God, the Maker, gives the pure design.
Not as the wild impetuous numbers flow
Where wails and weeps the language of Rousseau ;
Or where sad Byron sighs, forlornly, o'er
The buried hearth-stone of the blighted shore :
Not his to sit, with Shakspeare, and behold
Life's broken song in tragic dreams unfold ;
But higher, nobler, with a truer art,
Caught in his rapture to the Maker's heart,
With magic clue of song to lead mankind
To Heaven revealed, the Heaven in Love enshrined.

OPEN YOUR HEARTS.

Open your hearts to the poor who are weeping—

Open your purses and open your doors—

Rise from the pillows of down where you're sleeping.

Hark to the pitiless rain how it pours!

Think of the *old* when the wind bloweth keenly,

See how they, tottering, shrink from the cold!

Give them warm garments, and do it not meanly;

Weary their lives! Then forget not the old.

Pray the Almighty to help the poor creatures

Hourly and daily to love what is true:

God hath not fitted us all to be teachers,

Still we may always find something to do.

Think of the *young* in a wearisome city,

No one to teach them, surrounded by snares;

Offer them counsel and show them your pity,

Never forgetting to give them your *prayers*.

Near to your mansion way down in a cellar,

Weepeth a woman with children unfed;

Bring her to daylight, and hasten to tell her

God's balmy sunshine *is still* overhead.

Stand not aloof, for her heart beateth purely;

Help her!—a lily half crushed to the earth—

Scorn not to offer thy pity, for surely

God doth not value thy wealth or thy birth!

Open your hearts to the poor who are weeping—

Open your purses and open your doors;

Rise from the pillows of down where you're sleeping,

Hark to the pitiless rain how it pours!

Under your windows (perhaps you don't know it!)

A woman doth crouch from the storm in its ire;

If you have any compassion now show it,

Give her a place near your own by the fire.

Watch now the tears from her eye brimming over,

See how despair from her face peereth wild!

Mark well how vainly she seeketh to cover

That bundle of rags—which containeth *a child*!

Yours is asleep, with the color of roses

Tinging his cheek in his soft little bed;

Still the child of the beggar reposes;

Paler his cheeks, for his spirit hath fled!

—*Musical World.*

JOHN CHAMPNEY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NETTLEBY TALES."

(CONCLUDED.)

The graves in Nettleby church-yard shone with supernatural lustre, spread by the dainty fingers of the snow with a white veil of Heaven's own design. The storm was over. The fleecy clouds, warring and dispersing, had left but here and there a Gideon's fleece all dripping with dewy light. In the church-yard, secluded as it was by its high and buttressed wall, and fearfully crouching in a shadowy corner, acute eyes could have beheld outlines that might have been men. What constitutes a man? is it bone and body, flesh and muscle? then both might have been entitled to the name. Is it God's image, in a heart and mind overflowing with truth and charity, as a summer day with sunshine or the blue night with moon and stars? then, of a verity, these were not men, but rather human tigers. What was their object there?

At one o'clock the Ditchford coach passes. It is a good eighteen miles before it arrives at its journey's end. Both of the skulking shadows were awaiting that. I overheard one of them, being on the alert—though neither suspected a watcher or a listener—say to the other, "I am sure that I saw the London detective in the parlor, and, though he spoke low, I recognized his voice. I have reconnoitered—hush! what sound was that?" Faintly in the distance the coach wheels were heard, crisping, and crackling and churning over the frozen ground. "You take the coach: there is no reward offered for me."

I inferred that these were the criminals of whom X-30 was in pursuit. They were indeed. My place of retreat was a little crypt in the wall, which none would have noticed, where the sexton kept his spades. The other rejoined, "The girl's a nugget. It will never do to let her slip out of our hands. I'll tell you what. You are right; I must be off." The coach now came thundering down Long Nettleby hill, and no more time was afforded for conversation. Up it drove, four smoking horses all in a foam.

At this moment I thought I heard a peculiar sound, a low bird-call. I knew by it that X-30 was with the horses. Guilt has sharp ears also. The coach was now but a few hundred yards

off. The one who was to stay raised himself by the ivy, and seeing no one stirring in the highway, whispered in a suppressed voice, "Up, man! now or never. I will hail the coach for you as she makes the turn." Both then dropt down lightly over the wall.

At this moment the coach drove by. The driver stopped at the loud "hallo," while the absconding criminal blessed his stars to think that for the present the danger of pursuit was over. Before my old frame could arrive on the scene of action, so quickly did all this pass, both confederate and principal were taken. X-30 was inside accompanied by Mr. Champney. The coach itself, an extra hired for the occasion, and a quarter of an hour before the mail, both guard and driver being stout-handed members of the local constabulary force. It required but a short tussle, and both sat inside, passengers indeed, but decorated with shining hand-cuffs. Bitterly they cursed their fates at finding themselves in custody.

I may as well mention here how it was that I came to be, for a time, in such neighborhood to their harboring place. After X-30 had disappeared from the social gathering at Dr. Gray's, my heart was ill at ease. At last, retiring into a state of quiet as is my custom, I seemed to see two desperate criminals winding by circuitous by-paths from the old mine works on the moor, scheming to hail the night coach for Ditchford, and escape by it from pursuit. I could see them palpably by inner sight, wrapt in their great coats, and hidden away at last in the darkest corner of Nettleby church-yard close to the highway. Then also I perceived internally, that, could our friends procure a coach and horses, these men would hail it, and that their capture might be accomplished without loss of blood.

Hastily dispatching a messenger to Mr. Champney, who was in the neighborhood, himself and X-30 took the necessary means of testing the accuracy of the perception. So, Crime, though it moves invisibly as the night wind, and lightly as the falling snow, is watched from Heaven, till at last, through its own chosen road, it steps into the very grasp which consigns it to the hand of retribution. I think that I shall be obliged to reserve the story of Maud Hastings, of which this is the introduction, to another time. Suffice it to say that thus John Champney found his "little sheep."

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
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To those who receive the New Testament Scriptures, including gospels and epistles, in a literal sense, numerous passages are continually pressed home, in which God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit are spoken of as distinct, the one from the other, yet as conspiring and coöperative in the great work of man's redemption. The mind at once reverts to texts like these "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son." "If any man sin he has an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us." How are we to reconcile them with the opposite class of texts, which involve the doctrine of the Divine Humanity? The question is often put, "If these do not teach that Father, Son, and Spirit are distinct, coöperative persons, in one Godhead, what do they teach? What are we to do with them?"

In order to invalidate the force of the argument which they seem to present, some counsel the partial abandonment of the Pauline Epistles. This, however, would not meet the case. If the objector looks closely into the subject, he will discover, that not only the writings of Paul, but the entire New Testament will require copious and frequent expurgations. They form a stumbling block to the receiver of several of the doctrinal tenets included in the theology of the New Jerusalem. They serve as the centres of a vast Evangelical system, with which, although the party of Liberal Christianity has little sympathy, the masses are most deeply influenced.

Persons of a serious religious nature cannot shut out the fact, that those teachers of Religion through whom the potencies of the Spirit have been put forth most effectually, have taught the utter depravity of man by nature; the condemnation of the whole

world under sin ; the incarnation of the Lord Christ, His life, passion, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorification, as all links in one chain of Divine causation, for the restitution of man to moral order. They have also set forth the work of the Holy Spirit, as the means of gathering the inhabitants of a lost world into the Divine harmonies of Heaven.

This was the preaching of the Apostles ; this the ancient faith of the infant churches formed under their influence. When we attempt to eliminate the so-called Evangelical theology from the history of Christendom, it is like taking the heart out of a man. Abandoned by the Socinians and Arians, they waned into theoretical and formal sects. The stream of Christian life has flowed through schools in which these opinions were held to be vital and essential. It remains for us to ask, seriously, Are they, or are they not in consonance with those tenets which we consider the unfoldings of the Spiritual sense of the Word—the Arcana of the New Jerusalem.

The question, with even terrific force, is pressed upon us, owing to the peculiar exigencies of the times in which we live. In a nominal New Church, prayer meetings unknown ; souls seldom, if ever, convicted of sin ; instantaneous conversions ridiculed ; a dull phlegmatic moralism with little vitality the highest state with few exceptions ; a supercilious contempt for the love-labors of bodies of Christians working under another theology ; a preaching of little unction ; a people in many instances exclusive, formal and out of sympathy with the higher heart-beats and pulsations of the Religious World.

Like Gideon's fleece, the Church of God absorbs the dew of the Spirit at His will. It lives in the midst of the breath and the visitation of the Holy One. It is fragrant with piety. It is unceasing in prayer. It works and worships with an equal enthusiasm. It yearns over broken-hearts and blighted lives, as a mother over the wayward prodigal child. Judged by this text, where stands the nominal New Church in England, for which now we write. At least a portion of it stands in a rigidly constrained attitude, braced and nerved to keep out of itself an evangelical religion. This division will not have piety—it abhors life-preaching. It repudiates social prayer. In fact the attempt to intro-

duce social prayer, as a prominent element in religious worship so far as we can learn, could find comparatively but a handful of earnest and devout seekers for the blessing of a Pentecost. It is carnal and not spiritual. It sits at the footstool of the letter, not of the natural sense, but of the spiritual sense, while the Spirit of either is a thing unknown.

The fault is, in our judgment, to be found, first of all, in a withdrawal from the Evangelical side of Christianity ; and a rejection of the objective forms of Christian doctrine, in the attempt at a perception of their subjective and interior basis. The Swedish Seer is sadly misunderstood, but, whether misunderstood or not, the Bible is sadly misunderstood. It is narrowed to a rectilinear view of truth. The marrow and body of Divinity is by some lost, while the mind beholds a spiritual shade. What is needed, is a philosophy which will reconcile the faith of tradition and of experience, that called evangelical, with the faith of reason and of the philosophical consciousness. We believe that the two are needful to their mutual sustenance ; that there is a sense in which the Father, Son and Spirit, are the absolute Infinite, the One ; that there is a sense in which God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost are three, and yet agree in one. That, while it is true, that in Jesus Christ our Lord dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and that He is the Infinite I Am ; yet that there is also a sense in which the Son "ever liveth to make intercession for us ;" a sense in which the "Holy Spirit maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered."

The substantive objectivism of Evangelical Theology teaches that Christ, being God, is yet our advocate with the Father ; that the Holy Spirit, being God, yet pleads for us, and makes intercession at the throne. It points the sinner to the literal statements in the Word ; tells him that Christ died, once for all, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God ; that if any man sin he has an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. It distinctly announces the distinct work of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration of the soul. Its conception of the Holy Spirit is of a mysterious Divine Personage, whose especial work it is to move, in silence and in secrecy, upon the very fountains of existence in the moral will. It is this theology which serves as the peculiar mech-

anism, by means of which the inert and sluggish human mass hitherto has been agitated and purified. Its grand ennobling speciality is an uncompromising denunciation of the very springs and elements of sin.

It is a Theology difficult to be resisted, even by minds compelled to an intellectual rejection of its claims. A Divine, who represents in his person the highest type of modern Unitarian development, Rev. James Martineau, is himself a witness to this. He says :

“I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or production of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavorably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books, and the authors in chief favor with them. In Biblical interpretation, I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Croll and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought, I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley, or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold. I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity ; and I believe the preference is founded in reason and nature, and is already widely spread amongst us. A man’s ‘ Church ’ must be the home of whatever he most deeply loves, trusts, admires, and reveres—of whatever most divinely expresses the essential meaning of the Christian faith and life ; and to be torn away from the great company I have named, and transferred to the ranks which command a far fainter allegiance, is an unnatural, and for me an inadmissible fate.”

It is impossible for the enlarged and comprehensive thinker, above all for the unsectarian heart, seeking to pulse with all the life-streams which Christianity has poured into the human race,

not to sympathise most intensely with the view presented here. Painful indeed, must it be to the Unitarian, to live, as to his intellect, in a doctrine too cold and narrow for the Divine Spirit that invades the heart. With "New Churchmen," so styled, the same thing fairly presented, must lead to a painful contest between moral emotions and doctrinal convictions ; unless, indeed, we can bridge over the broad gulf between Swedenborg and Paul ; unless we can show that both are fixed stars in that bright host of luminaria who shine forever in the constellation of the cross.

If two ships are at sea, exposed to the same tempests overhead, the same waves and currents below, and the one makes headway while the other falls off, it will not do for those in the vessel astern to prove, that, according to the rules of ship building and ship sailing they ought to be ahead. The fact that they are astern should lead to painful misgivings as to their interpretations of those rules. So when the professed New Church falls off into the trough of the sea, and labors there with the distanced and battered hulks of rejected systems, abandoned as derelict by mariners, it is time to enquire if the bark that we have constructed was built and rigged on the right model, manned and sailed according to nautical law.

We are apt to congratulate ourselves on the well known fact, that converts are made from Evangelical to New Church Theology. It is also true, though of that we say but little, that converts are made from New Church to Evangelical Theology. The young people in the oldest of the New Jerusalem Societies of some of the English cities, can with difficulty be interested in the doctrinal tenets of the New Church, however scientifically and elaborately brought out. They are embarked for the voyage. What wonder that some grow impatient, as the craft in which they travel, not a thing of life moving in the waters, but rather like a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," remains a loiterer upon the deep. Unless the two Theologies are reconciled, the Evangelical movement, absorbing to itself the very spirit of our Churches, may leave us as Quakerism is left, to dwindle out of the land.

On a careful examination, however, of the two theologies, namely, that of Swedenborg and that of Evangelical Dissenters in England and the great Evangelical party throughout the world,

we are satisfied of their vital concurrence, as concerns the Trinity in the Divine Nature, and the work of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the salvation of man. We say *their vital concurrence*, and in it mean their synthesis and union in one celestial and Biblical view. Always, so long as man is man with his present self-hood, the Evangelical Theology will be found in its technology the very best; first, because it is the technology of the New Testament. It is only when man is deeply touched by the Divine Spirit, and led to those Pisgah heights of vision, where the former things have passed away and all things have become new; only, in fine, as he approximates to the opening of the spiritual degree in his own consciousness, that he is prepared to relish and appreciate the subjective side of his heretofore objective faith. When he reaches this, he will discover in that very objectivity, not an unreality appealing to the senses, but see in it the genuine modus of the Divine manifestation to the world.

We ask now, of every candid New Church reader, Were it doctrinally possible, would it not be desirable, in the highest degree, to take our place as a religious house, in the midst of the worshipping temples of a quickened and spiritually growing Christendom; to work side by side with every whole-hearted Christian teacher, who, under the old formulas, is gathering instrumentality, the harvest of spirits for the Lord. Oh! it would be well.

Again. Could we thus act, without the abandonment of principle, would it not be most desirable to coöperate in meetings for social worship, where the Spirit of God seems to delight to manifest His Presence, where souls are girded with angelic powers for this mortal race? In fine, would it not be well to come out of exclusivism into coöperation; to share in the revival which Christendom feels; to aid in the ingathering in which all Heavens rejoice? Are there not vital points on which we are ignorant, which nevertheless are God's most effectual agents in aiding on the restoration of the race?

First.—How do we know that the Holy Spirit is not a divine person, coming out from the Infinite recesses of Deity, descending through that now glorified image called in the Word the Son, and possessing a discreted infinite consciousness in its own degree? We have yet to learn the Comforter. It may be,—we put it thus

problematically as a starting point,—that the Holy Spirit is a Proceeding Person, from the Father through the Son. It may be that, so to speak, when God ceased to affect men directly through the once corporeal but now glorified person called the Word, made flesh, that He evolved through that person another with a spiritually sensational form, affinitively in *rapport* with every remain or dormant germ or moving embryo of holy thought and feeling in the human will and reason. It may be, that there resides in this most Holy Comforter, a state or condition of Divine Intelligence, so acute and yet so tender, wrought out in fact to serve as God's dynamic presence with man, that, through all-powerful, all-loving, all-healing contact, it convinces the human spirit first of sin. It is in fact a bodying forth of the Divine Operation to a spiritual and sensational manhood, and so, using the man objectively, a pleading interceding Presence with the human race ; a pleading interceding Presence with the Infinite "I Am." As the God Jehovah of the Old Testament unfolded and discreted the Messiah of the New Testament, so the Jehovah-Jesus, the Father, glorifying in Himself the Son, subsequently discreted a spiritually sensational person, the Comforter, for the immanent presence and outworking force of His own Divine Operation, God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, thus serving as the three representative appearances of the one Infinite. We are, therefore, baptised into the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Second.—And who shall say that, in His glorification in the Father, the Word made flesh is not, by virtue of the whole of the series of the forms of derivative life which He assumed, and in which He was glorified,—who shall say that, objectively considered, He is not still the Son, through whom the form of the Holy Spirit is eternally derivative ? If we admit these propositions, we have not rejected any iota of New Church Theology. We behold God in a trine of manifestation, in which there are three appearances to objective view, in which, if we may dare to use the phrase, there are three substrata of Infinity, each definitely and by itself projected to our spiritual thought. We thus retain the philosophical power of New Church tenets, coördinate with the evangelising and redemptive, the searching, awakening, quickening, sanctifying power of the Evangelical faith. Having known the

Holy Ghost theoretically, as an abstract quality, we have had for Him no love. The Comforter has therefore been to us as a mere myth in Divine Revelation. We know that we are treading on awful ground. But what if there be a living, literal, objective, spiritually substantial, all-penetrative and Divinely-Human God the Holy Ghost? Who is another hypostasis, or discrete degree of the Infinite, bodied forth, internally, to us? What if it is this Comforter, who convinces men of sin and righteousness and judgment? What if it is this Comforter who searches even the thoughts and intents of the heart, and pleads and strives and wrestles with us to be reconciled to God? What if, to use a term of New Church Theology, "what if the Divine Procedure, descending through the glorified Divine Human, has assumed its form as the Divine Existence was, objectively in our visible Saviour revealed before?" These questions are pregnant with meaning. They touch us in the most vital seats and centres. It behooves us to ask,

1. As the Jews, in attributing the work of grace, wrought through God in His Divine Humanity, to demoniacal powers, repulsed the Divine from their midst, so, is there not danger lest we, lest all, who attribute the action of the same God now manifest in His Holy Spirit, to human frenzy or to beguiling devils, may not be, literally, beseeching Him to depart out of our coasts?

2. Should not we attach as much importance to the literal statements of the Scriptures concerning the personality and distinct agency of the Holy Spirit, as we do to those which speak of the manifestation and the distinct action of the Son. If we reject the one class of texts, how can we consistently receive the other?

3. If we admit our Lord, as to manifestation, to be the Divine Truth, who necessarily bodying forth His subjective being, was revealed to us in a *personal form*, does not the same argument force upon us the conclusion, that the Divine Procedure, must also, descending through the Divine Human, and operative as the Holy Ghost, from corresponding depths of infinity, evolve itself to a personal image.

4. If, as we admit, the Holy Ghost is thus evolved to person, does not the person of the Holy Ghost serve as the Medium, through which *only* we can approach the more subjective Saviour?

Do we not approach, through the consciousness in the Holy Ghost, to the distinctive consciousness of the Saviour?

5. It only remains, summing up the view, to conclude, as the Father, having life in Himself, gave it unto the Son to have life in Himself, so the Father, through the Son, giveth to the Holy Ghost, in a degree of manifestation perpetually in conjunction with regenerate humanity, to have life in Himself. We are, therefore, to receive God as the Father in His first infinity, as the Son in His second infinity, and as the Holy Ghost in His third infinity, using the word "infinity" as expressive of a separate hypostasis in the infinite. Here then are the points of reconciliation between Swedenborg and Paul.

What then? Shall we reconcile ourselves to church memberships in the existing sects. We answer No! Why? Upon theological grounds: *First*.—Because we represent, not alone the Nicene theology, not alone the primitive interpretations of the Bible, but something more, namely, the Divine Theology, which, while it infills the letter of the Word, and outflows into the Pauline, Petrine, and Johannian formulas of doctrine, contains, within and above them, the universal Divine Ideas, out of which they had their birth.

Our use to the Evangelical bodies will be, therefore, that of Biblical expounders and illustrators, agreeing with them in whatever concerns the conversion of the sinner to God, reconciling their technology with the interior truths of Heaven, leading them up from narrow and limited to interior and celestial conceptions; and through their form, as a matrix, pouring forth the universal truths which underlie all human religious phenomena.

Second.—In a rational and attested psychology, to classify and reduce to order the universal spiritual experiences, out of which the sects have grown to form; to take up the Christian history, from the beginning, as a spiritual movement of God in man; to interpret rightly the spiritual states, which outgrew into the many tinted speculative philosophies, changing from age to age the aspect and the color of the visible Church; to assign to each spiritual integer its proper place and value, and, in so doing, to evolve the latent hidden life, as yet undeveloped from the history of each representative party, no less than from the character of each representative man.

Christianity, as a supernal system, will thus be vindicated out of that very life-growth through the centuries which, to the casual sight, presents so many strange discrepancies. We look on Swedenborg as having begun this work. An host of illumined minds will be required, carrying it on from generation to generation. From the earliest eras we shall behold, through loving insight into the various life-movements of which we speak, the evolution of vast elements of Divine thought and feeling, in widely variant channels of expression. At last, Christianity itself will present the appearance of a human tree, which, springing from the Divine germ of the Incarnation, and unfolding first a feeble shoot above the compact soil of ancient Polytheism, and growing at last to gigantic stature, and overshadowing the continents, and feeding age after age with healing leaves of doctrine, reserves itself to bear fruit of all divine arts, sciences, governments, and societies in the Eden future of the race.

THE REAL CATHOLICISM.

Upon the ground of a trinity of faith, in the Lord, in the Word, and in Regeneration through the uses of a self-denying life, will rise the Church of the future. It will stand, in organic bodies, grouped around pivotal men, representing in their persons the militant heroism against all evil, the general enthusiasm for all good, which characterizes the angel in his war against the fiend. Against the myrmidons of despotism, whether in the state or in society, no less than in ecclesiastical affairs, it will invoke the powers of the Heavens. It will represent, not alone the theological aspects of Truth and Providence, but also their social forms and practical outworkings. It will have no sympathy with oppression in any shape. It will be sternly uncompromising in defense of human liberties. In the pulpit, or out of the pulpit, the life of the true New Churchman will be an eloquent protest against all species of misrule. He will be, in his own person, a revelation, an expression, and an embodiment of true order, a living epistle from the Spirit to mankind.

THE BLIND SEER.

Thy helping arm, thou faithful friend! thy guiding hand once
more.

Thanks! here I rest upon the cliff, above the wave-worn shore;
I hear the merry bathers shout upon the waters free,
And thrill within my heart to feel the motion of the sea.
Now read me, from the holy page, for I, alas! am blind,
Of Him who came the massive gates of darkness to unbind;
Of Him who came, with words of might, to wake the buried will;
Why did He pass away and leave the blind to mourn Him still?

Hush! read no more. What verse is this—"according to thy
faith

Shall be the gift that Heaven bestows;" these are the words He
saith.

Oh! for the spiritual might to ask and to receive.—

Help Thou my unbelief Oh Lord!—Thou dost.—I do believe.

The merry billows dance and play upon the ocean's brim;
The passing rainbows flush the wave or melt in vapors dim;
Upon the pleasant shore the sheep browse o'er the grassy downs;
The forest glades in sunshine laugh, in sunshine laugh the towns;
With altar candles all alit, like beadsmen to a shrine,
In long procession march the stars to make the night divine,
And seven they say together move in beauteous grace with them,
Like Spirits of the seven who sought the Babe of Bethlehem.

I know not what a star is like, or what a flower may be,
The loveliness of maid or child, alas! is not for me.
I never saw the blessed light that brightens with the morn;
In lonely midnight have I dwelt, since sightless I was born.

Yet not for gift of outward sight I ask the touch of grace,
Oh could I see, a moment see, my Master's loving face;

For sure am I that all the rest my eyes would scarce employ,
When Jesus shone to flood my soul with morning beams of joy.
But no ! for eighteen hundred years that radiant Friend has fled,
And pining hearts, that ask for Him, in gloom and shadow tread.

Friend ! friend ! art gone ?—Was it thy hand that touched my
eyes but now ?—

All earth recedes ! what world is this ? What gifts my soul en-
dow ?—

This is not earth, for where I heard, but now, the solemn sea,
Roll rising uplands beautiful as Heaven itself might be.

I sat upon a rugged cliff ; but here a temple stands

Paved with the ruby and the pearl in place of ocean sands :

And who are these ? the blossoms bend beneath them as they glide,

And, where their garments touch the air, the air is glorified :

And I am rising.—Oh ! my heart ! what swift, what sweet desire
Draws me to ONE who shines above clothed in celestial fire.

'Tis He who touched my eyes, 'tis He who wakes my soul to sing.
I kneel and worship and adore my Saviour and my king.

Oh ! miracle of Love Divine ! a moment since I heard

On outer earth, through outer sense, the letter of the Word :

Now all the Angels chant as one, with voices of delight,

The Word's internal sense, as when the thunders wake their
might :—

And it is thunder, and it swells and booms and breaks afar,

As if it were a sea, whose drops were each a vocal star.

I must go back to earth and be—this is the message given—

Blind for a time to outward things, yet lit with sight for Heaven,

That so I may the more declare, that inner eyes and true

Are folded in the outward sense invisible to view,—

That inner eyes may even now, when Jesus with his hand

Removes their darkness, far and wide, behold the Blessed Land.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICHTE.

BY AN ENGLISH CONTRIBUTOR.

Each individual nation of the European family has its own peculiar character, and fills its own place. To Italy we yield the precedence in the higher walks of art, to Spain in a passionate love of the romantic, to France in fertility of decorative invention, and in organizing genius, and to England in practical capacity in the application of scientific knowledge. And we must give to the Germany of modern times the foremost place in mental philosophy. But we often find that, by the operation of the very law which gives to some one nation its peculiar faculty, that nation is prevented availing itself of its own productions until they have been transmitted to some other clime to be wrought out and perfected. Frequently great thoughts are like those raw materials which must be expatriated to be manufactured ;—the land of production not possessing facilities for their adaptation to human wants. Thus, Germany, though intellectually the very cradle of freedom—the land where liberty of philosophizing is almost unrestrained—is far behind some other nations in liberty of a more external kind. Its free thoughts migrate to other lands, where the thought is ultimated in the thing ;—where the outward obstruction is bearded, and falls before the power of truth. From the land of its exile the spirit of freedom returns to its birth-place, embodied in laws and institutions, awakening new desires, assuming new aspects, and making there its latest conquests.

Since the middle of the last century, a new energy has been everywhere more fully developing national as well as individual characters. Before a resistless flood of new thoughts the institutions and formula of a thousand years have been swept away, and by the same tide new deposits have been made, new continents are here and there rising above the surges, and in other places the foundations are slowly, but surely, accumulating beneath the surface. From the disturbed sleep-walking of the dark ages, the world is awakening to a fuller consciousness and a more natural

vision, with the dawning of a new day. And the exaltation and intensifying of mental power is evidently owing to the action of deep internal causes. Not only in a few places have great ideas attracted worshipers, but from a thousand voices have come forth utterances felt to be from the deep heart of humanity. Thus each nation has more thoroughly indicated its true character than ever before, working out from the deep of its own genius that prophecy of the future with which it was charged.

The deeply contemplative life of Germany, its multitudinous theories, speculations, and philosophies, all bearing upon religion either confirmatively or skeptically, indicate the interior nature of the national tendencies, as compared with the other European nations. The thinkers live in an inner dream-land. Here they delightedly revel in abstractions of the intellect or fancies of the imagination, which they are neither able nor desirous to realize in the outer world. It is no stretch of imagination to say that their interior position in the continent represents their mental relation to the other nations. Their influence, socially and politically, is not externally very manifest; but spiritually, it flows in, deeply hidden but potent, from the whole stream of their literature.

We fully admit that some of the influences of Germany are of an injurious tendency in relation to existing institutions and established dogmas in religion and politics; and that her skepticism tends to the loosening and breaking down of many things which have heretofore been considered as established principles. Men look hither and thither in the confusion and darkness for solid footing, but in vain. The ground slides from beneath their feet, and the heavenly luminaries they have hitherto looked up to with undoubting reverence, are falling to the earth, or remain shorn of their splendor. But this proves simply that the things they mistook for solid earth and heavenly orbs were moving quicksands and terrestrial lamps. No human magic can remove the earth or expunge the stars. For a time an *ignis fatuus* may deceive us, but the sooner we discover it to be an *ignis fatuus*, the sooner we shall find the true Star of the East. In the solemn and eloquent words of the Apostle Paul "this shaking of the heavens and the earth signifieth the removing of those things which are shaken, as of *things that are made*, that those things which can-

not be shaken may remain." Truth is eternal, and to fear scrutiny is to have a perception that our cherished dogma is not one of the *eternal things* "which cannot be shaken," but one of the "*things which are made*" by human device. However, the defenders of these things may declaim against German Rationalism, they cannot prevent its progress until all that is false in their dogmas is exploded. The war between reason and religion arises only when one or both have departed from the standard of truth, and can cease only when the standard is regained. All Galileo-persecutions indicate a greater love of sect or self than of truth. And though we may lament the bewildering mazes in which philosophic mysticism, as well as materializing rationalism have led many wanderers during the present century in Germany, we believe that there is no wanderer in these mazes who will have any permanent influence on human thought, but whose speculations and reasonings will ultimately tend to the building up of the great temple of truth. There is an unseen guide little recognized by the wanderers themselves.

Before speaking of Fichte, let us briefly review the systems of philosophy which prevailed during the last century. The philosophy of the middle ages seems to us to have been little else than playing with words. Religious principles were dictated by the Church,—intellectual and secular principles by Aristotle. These principles,—none having the hardihood to question,—served as boundaries within which the disputant engaged in logical combat on perfectly safe ground ;—displaying much ingenuity, but with little benefit, save the conservation of the use of terms, and of the faculty of reasoning, so misapplied, for future better times. But at length came men of a bolder tone ; Copernicus, Galileo, Luther, and a host beside, dared to think different from the Church. In mental philosophy freedom was asserted by Spinoza, Bacon, Cudworth, Leibnitz, Locke, Descartes, and many others. It began to be generally seen that the ancients did not possess the whole truth in any department of knowledge,—and to be felt that by the unshackled reason the attempt to impose science by authority, could not be endured.

In this state of mental science, Locke proposed to himself to begin again from the foundation ;—to look, as though he were the

first observer, with clearness, candor, and diligence ;—unprejudiced by the old doctrines, at the phenomena presented by the human mind. Naturally enough, he commenced with the most external phenomena. It was scarcely to be expected that so acute an observer of external phenomena should be equally acute in investigating the more subtle qualities and nature of the essence of the mind itself. He seems rather to have treated the soul as a known fact ;—in short, as the man himself, distinct from his mental operations. He sets himself merely to note down the mode of operation. He observed, to begin,—that we could form no ideas without first having corresponding sensations received from outward phenomena or objects ; that a man born deaf and dumb could have no idea of a sound, and so forth. From this he deduced that we have no innate ideas. This he states absolutely and without modification. Here then, he made his first and grand mistake. It is true there are no ideas innate in the external consciousness,—but the truth is that an idea, though not existing prior to sensation, is yet a spiritual or mental object. Locke supposes the mind to be like a sheet of blank paper, ready to receive any writing,—if he had lived in our day, he would have found the best simile in the glass or paper prepared to receive a photographic impression. The idea he supposed to exist afterwards as a mere picture in the mind. He supposes it to have come through the organs of sensation, and to be received by the mind passively. In reality, the idea is a living outbirth of the mind itself,—of spiritual substance, developed or born by the instrumentality of the outward world acting through the organs of sensation. Every man's thoughts are filled with his own life. Indeed it is only in them that he does live. In states of excitement, the intense activity and power of these ideas is such as to astonish ourselves. Our ruling passion manifests itself first in our thoughts, and then we are impelled to seek the external realization of them. Thus our ideas become, mediately from our will, the governing powers of our life.

Different men, from the contemplation of the same outward object, form widely different ideas, because the ruling principle of their life differs. An artist, on beholding a beautiful tree, forms an idea very different from that of the wood-cutter or the dealer

in timber, on looking at the same tree. The impression received on the retina of each is the same perhaps, but the affection of the one fills the image with a soul of beauty, and connects it with a world of beauty. It is thenceforth existent in his mind as a typical form, an embodiment of loveliness, an unfading treasure. But the other perhaps fills up that image in his sensorium with a sordid affection of selfish origin, and would make it perhaps an instrument and means only of sensual delight. It does not necessarily follow that the better and the worse feelings shall take these respective forms, but this is our illustration.

In the philosophy of the French school of the last century, the principles of Locke were carried to an ultimatum which would have startled their originator. The French philosophies rationally and consistently enough, deduced from this starting point a well fortified system of materialism, with its concomitant atheism. For in those days all that the metaphysico-theological writers contended for as necessary to prove the existence of the spiritual world, was the power of thinking. Thought was the one faculty of spirit. Locke says that ideas or thoughts are simply pictures or images from without, derived through the medium of sensation. What then, oh! ye theologians, becomes of your spiritual existences? The philosopher laughs them to scorn. And what becomes of the great idea, fundamental to all religion,—of *God*? You say he is the *Great* spirit, from whom all others are derived. The philosopher says that all life and intelligence are merely the results of organization.

But when one side of a truth only is seen by one man or sect, another starts up who sees the other side only. Each has firm hold of his half of the truth, but abhors the other half. The one truth is split into two falsehoods. In the present instance, the material tendency of Locke's philosophy was combated by the advocates of a system of pure idealism. Berkeley is the most prominent English teacher of this ideal philosophy. He begins his inquiry into the human mind from within, as Locke did from without. Berkeley examines into the nature of the consciousness itself, and the evidence it gives of the existence of the outward world, while Locke, first taking the existence of the outward world for granted, draws the conclusion that the ideal world is

dependent on and derivative from the material. The first by his logic, annihilates all evidence that the external world exists,—the other leads to skepticism as to the existence of the spiritual world. It cannot be denied that the process of Berkeley is the more strictly scientific and logical, however his conclusions may conflict with our daily experience. The starting-point of Locke is this,—“I am receptive of certain influences from without,—let me see how these influences effect me?” But Berkeley says “Stop! you have already gone too far,—first see what it is that you call ‘I.’ It is this ‘I’ which has to do with mental phenomena.” In examining into this, he shows that, as all our perceptions and ideas exist in and for the consciousness only, we have absolutely no proof that these perceptions or ideas are derived from without at all. The world within is all we are conscience of, and consciousness is our only witness of any existence;—therefore, the existence of any object out of the mental world cannot be demonstrated. This spiritual or ideal world we are cognizant of, and *know* to exist, and this is the only absolute certainty. There are certain facts of consciousness which we call sensations or perceptions, but we have no demonstrative proof that these originate in external objects. In dreaming we have precisely similar sensations or perceptions, which yet in our waking state we believe to be entirely independent of any outward realities in the natural world. There is, therefore, no proof that a material world exists at all.

In Germany the philosophy of Kant was similar in principle. Its foundation was *the consciousness*. Fichte was a disciple of Kant, and in some respects he is to be considered as the indicator of that want of a religious philosophy which has been felt so deeply in his own and the present age. He had strong religious tendencies from his youth, and strove long and vainly to reconcile the popular religious doctrines with his own rational perceptions. This was the more necessary, as he had intentions of becoming a religious teacher. But as he grew older, he found this reconciliation impossible, and finally gave up the attempt;—at the same time abandoning altogether the study of dogmatic theology. At this juncture it was that Kant’s works attracted his attention, and he soon became enthusiastically attached to his philosophy. At

first he attempted to unite with theology this new ideal philosophy, but later in life he carried out its principles into new regions, and became himself an originator of new doctrines, based on those of Kant.

One of his works best known is entitled "On the Nature of the Scholar." The grand idea in this book is that there is in every thing a divine idea, lying deeper than all appearances of the thing itself. It is not merely that there is a divine intention and end in every thing, but that the idea of each thing is a projection or spiritual creation of the Divine Mind itself, and that on this spiritual essence the thing is founded, and from it built up. "Examine well," says a recent writer, "the individual phenomena of the world, and you will find that each one exists only as a part of some whole; you will find that *the whole is as necessary to the parts as the parts to the whole*; and it is this unity that brings us to the great truth, that a Divine Idea lies at the origin of all things."* By the *Scholar* Fichte means one who has attained more or less completely to a perception of what the Divine Idea is;—by the cultivation of a naturally clear and powerful intellect, his mind is elevated to such a condition that the Divine Idea becomes revealed to him. Such men are the great teachers and leaders of mankind. They are not confused and led astray by the universal error and contradiction, but looking into the heart of things, they draw forth the secret of the world, and declare it to all men. The Divine Idea, thus discovered, is that which the world has been striving vainly to find, and which is necessary for its progress. And all things must be mischievous in their influences, until the Divine Idea of them has been seized, and the things used in accordance therewith.

Doubtless there is here a great truth. A proper value is placed on the ideal world. It is seen to be of higher importance than the material world; in fact, to be the world of causes. But there is one grave fault which mars the book. There stands forth in every chapter, almost offensively, that notion of Academic dignity and all-sufficiency which so exposes the literary man to ridicule with the practical portion of mankind. He considers learned

* "Thorndale, or Conflict of Opinions," by Wm. Smith.

culture all-important. He speaks of the mass as "*hodmen*," and looks upon them with coolness bordering on contempt. He thinks it is by learned culture only that we can obtain any perception of "*the Idea*." This view is pedantic and bigoted. The working man of every condition, has his own opportunities of insight. He sees, if he is attentive to his own work, the Idea of his own region of Nature or of Art. He may not have language to express it as the scholar might, but he can express it in his own way. If Fichte had substituted for "the Scholar,"—"the Inspired man,"—we might have agreed with him. A Cromwell, a Napoleon, a Franklin, a Watt, an Arkwright, or a Fulton, each in his own way, reads the Idea, and expresses it in acts and things. But this pride was the failing of Fichte. He was stern, uncompromising in his integrity; strong and enthusiastic;—but severe and imperious. He was capable of high and noble actions, but he never spared an antagonist, and never flinched from the most unpopular statement of what he deemed the truth.

Another book well known to English readers is "*The Destination of Man*." The style of this book is popular, and it is one of the most remarkable metaphysical books which the age produced. It begins with an examination into the extent of man's knowledge of himself and the universe around him. First of all, setting out from Locke's basis,—the observation of external things, it gradually brings us to the conclusion that man, like a tree, or one of the lower animals, is simply a form in which life is manifested in this world of matter. An acorn sown in the ground, becomes an oak;—if in good soil and under favorable circumstances, a flourishing one,—but if otherwise the oak will be stunted, weakly, and unhealthy. The same is true of all animals, as regards the operation of circumstances. In man however, we find a new faculty,—thought. But on looking further, we find the laws of thought to be precisely those of all other kinds of life;—that is, the thinking faculty is developed in accordance with the original force existing in the germ, modified by the favorable or unfavorable conditions which surround it. So then, the man of intellect is governed by the same law in the development of his thought, as is the oak in the development of its vegetative power. The ultimatum, therefore, at which we arrive is *Necessity*;—*Materialism*.

But now begins another strain of questioning. How have we arrived at this conclusion? We have all along been taking for granted that the outward world is a reality. How do we know that it is so? That which has the power of knowing is the consciousness. Are we then conscious of these things? We cannot be conscious of anything more than our perceptions. We have a belief that certain external things exist which give rise to these perceptions, but it is only belief, or faith that we are not deceived. It is not knowledge. For the truth of our perceptions we have only their own evidence. Here, then, are two classes of things;—the first we are directly conscious of;—the second we believe on the evidence of our perceptions. But we must limit our statement of *absolute knowledge* to those things of which we are directly conscious. We are not thus directly conscious of the outer world, and consequently its existence is less certain.

But we need not attempt to deny the existence of external things. It is only necessary that we should see that internal or spiritual things are *not less certain*, but *more certain*. The facts of consciousness are to us the highest and first realities,—they lie nearest to us. Now, in examining into the origin of our belief in human freedom, we find that it is a fact of consciousness. Every man has, deep in his inmost being, the feeling that he has the power of choice. It is one of the inmost elements of every impulse and thought. Without it there could be no activity whatever. Belief in freedom, therefore, belongs to that class of things of which our knowledge is absolute. If we endeavor to overthrow that belief by an argument from external circumstances, we are reversing the proper order of things,—endeavoring to invert the relations of cause and effect. Both laws are true in their separate spheres,—the law of the physical, and the law of the spiritual world. In the physical world, each man has his limitations; is hemmed in on every hand. But in his motives and thoughts he is free. These belong to the spiritual world,—the world of freedom. A multitude of unseen forces are necessary to the ultimatum of every outward act, and the good or evil of the act depends on the quality of these unseen forces, which belong to the inner man. If the higher qualities of the soul be diligently culti-

vated, they will become developed, and the spiritual man will grow nobler and better, but if the baser impulses have sway, the man becomes spiritually degraded. As the physical system is brought to a high state of perfection by proper food, healthful exercise, and pure air, so with the spiritual man. But the physical man seldom has the privilege of choice, while the spiritual man has always freedom. In every circumstance two courses are open to him,—the highest good he knows, and the opposite state of self-indulgence. Whether he be a cultivated man or a savage, duty and self are ever before him. If the ignorant man exercises the best judgment he is capable of, he becomes nobler and better in doing the same outward action which to a more enlightened man would bring absolute degradation.

This, then, explains the great enigma. Outwardly we are under the stern rule of Necessity, yet inwardly we are free. The mystery of human life begins to be unveiled. This world is given to man as a solid foot-hold from which he builds up his own spiritual being, and the vital force which now first operates in the sensual world, is *the Will*. In the words of Fichte, “the Will alone, lying hid from mortal eyes in the obscurest depths of the soul, is the first link in a chain of consequences that stretches through the invisible realms of spirit; as, in this terrestrial world, the action itself, a certain movement communicated to matter, is the first link in a material chain that encircles the whole system. The will is the effective cause, the living principle of the world of sense. I stand between two opposite worlds; the one visible, in which the act alone avails; the other invisible and incomprehensible, acted on only by the Will. I am an effective force in both these worlds. My will embraces both. This Will is itself a constituent part of the transcendental world. By my free determination I change and set in motion something in this transcendental world, and my energy gives birth to an effect that is new, permanent, and imperishable. Let this will manifest itself in a material deed, and this deed belongs to the world of sense, and produces in it whatever effect it can.”

And as the Will is thus the inmost and essential principle of Man,—so it is of God Himself. The Divine Will is the law of the Universe, and perfect obedience in Man to this Divine Will,

results in his being filled more and more with the Divine Life. He becomes an open medium through which the Infinite Love freely flows. Thus he is united with the Great Fountain of Being, and even while on earth is a citizen of the Eternal World,—an inhabitant of Heaven. “By the renunciation of the earthly,” says he, “does faith in the eternal arise in our soul, and stand there alone, as the sole support to which we can cling, as the only animating principle that can warm our hearts or inspire our lives. We must truly, according to the image of a holy doctrine, first die to the world and be born again, before we can enter the kingdom of God.”

We have thus briefly reviewed Fichte's philosophy in its relation to the religious life of man,—the most important of its bearings. Although since his time, new philosophies have rapidly succeeded each other, and he has now few avowed followers, we think his views have had a much deeper influence than is apparent. And they clearly represent the metaphysical phase of those great truths which in his time began to descend into the world,—the precursors of a new and brighter day.

Fichte's reasoning is an example of the true method of examining evidence. It has been well remarked that “spiritual things bring their own evidence.” We must not expect them to bring sensual or mathematical evidence. If we use for them tests which should be applied only to material things, they become intangible and invisible. They escape from the crucible, leaving the alchemist to declare that he has been deceived ;—that his new elementary substance turns out to be a mere phantasy. It would be as rational to seek the magnetic currents by digging in the earth, or to explore the thunder-cloud in search of the magazine of electric fire. Mathematics must bring mathematical evidence ;—chemistry, chemical ;—dynamics, dynamical ;—and so spiritual things can bring only spiritual evidence ;—and celestial, celestial evidence.

Locke's fundamental error was in attributing the origin of the internal idea to the external world or object. Every idea must have previously a germ within, and must be brought into life by sensation from without. To expect the spiritual germ to develop itself without the influence of sensation would be as unreasonable as to expect an acorn to grow into an oak without first planting it

in the soil,—and to expect an idea to be formed from the operation of sensation only, without the previously existing germ in the mind, would not be wiser than to look for an oak where no acorn had been sown. The union of the internal vital power with the outward circumstance is necessary. If the embryo of the idea were not already in the consciousness, it could never by any possibility exist at all. This is the reason of the insatiable curiosity and thirst for knowledge of the young. They wish to see and hear every new and strange thing. The germs of thought are seeking conditions favorable to development. They are consequently impelled to an untiring activity and unceasing exploration of all things around them.

In the philosophy which developed itself in the latter half of the last century, a new footing was gained for a rational belief in spiritual things. The materialism and skepticism of that age have already waned in their influence. A century ago the philosopher and the religionist agreed in the view that religion and reason were necessarily opposed to each other. Each condemned and despised the other. Now, happily, a new and better, because more interior, philosophy is slowly unfolding itself;—and joining hands with religion, the two are again found in lowly prostration before the throne of the Infinite. A new faith puts forth its tender shoots,—men can again look on life as a solemn reality,—can again in sound reason and clear vision perceive themselves to be in the process of preparation for an eternal existence. The world seems to them no longer to be merely a vast charnel-house. Like the place where they laid the body of Jesus, it becomes at the same time garden and sepulchre. They can see that as the outer man decays, the inner man rises into a higher vitality. The seed sown in the ground dies indeed, but there escapes from its covering the unfettered spirit, springing up into a hundred-fold harvest of eternal life.

LIBRA.

WORD-PICTURES.
V.

A cataract of floral bloom,
 From tinted oceans in the skies,
 Wafting its spray in soft perfume,
 And weaving inborn melodies.

LIFE PICTURES.

No 1.

THE GOLDEN BEDSTEAD AND THE CASHMERE TENT.

(The English Court has recently received, from the MahaRajah of Cashmere, a present of a golden bedstead and a cashmere tent, valued at three and a half millions of dollars. The costly gift serves as an ornament to the guard room of the palace.)

A golden bedstead and a cashmere tent :
A royal gift from Eastern ruler sent !
Three millions in the costly bauble glow.—
Meanwhile 'tis night, and dark, with sullen flow,
Three million human hearts their beating blood
Pour forth, in viewless, everlasting flood.

'Tis night in London ! From the guarded door,
And the state bedstead, rich with massive ore,—
Through halls and chambers, where full many a ghost,
In phantom armor, keeps the challenged post,—
Where, all discrowned, forgotten monarchs tread,
Obscured in pale Republics of the Dead,
Or feed the fiery worm that never dies,—
Come forth ! come forth ! and, 'ere the vision flies,
Behold the wretched, maddened, starved or lost,
And count, with me, the golden bedstead's cost.

The wild wolf feeds her offspring in the den :
Vipers are kinder to their kind than men.
Here little babes, at the emaciate breast,
Suck the lean dugs by famine's hand comprest :
Here infant boys and girls, a quivering heap
Of want and sorrow, ache in very sleep ;

Here women, tender pitiful and kind,
With faith obscured, with reason deaf and blind,
Plod the sad way, in frost or sleet or rain,
With madness mounting to the burning brain ;
Here Famine reaps for aye his blasted sheaves ;
Here the heart's leper, in her frenzy, weaves
The tapestry of doom, with trembling hand,
Swiftly unrolling to the Spirit Land.

Here, girt about with agonies and shames,
"St. Giles" claims kith and kindred with "St. James,"
And England's Genius from the solemn skies,
Lofty and lowly scans with equal eyes ;
In every just one slain an Abel owns ;
From labors' plaint, from misery's hopeless groans,
Makes the sad record, turns the finished page,
And waits the signal of the Judgment Age.

How vain the plea that Pride and Place devise !
What simple truths confound the Courtly-wise !
One golden bedstead might a thousand lost
Save, year by year, with interest of its cost.

A thousand homes, for famished babes, who now
With blighted bloom the sepulchre endow,
Or wail away, through broken-hearted years,
The life whose sacrament is dust and tears ;
A thousand homes, where mind and heart might flower
To holy womanhood's imperial dower,
Or youthful Learning reap the fields of space,
Or early Virtue feel the God's embrace,—
All these might be,—alas ! what shall prevent ?
The golden bedstead and the cashmere tent.

FRAGMENT.

Man is so far fixed in fate, that even though he determines not to look up "through nature, to nature's God," yet still, will the great plans of the Almighty, for the happiness, and the final redemption of his people from that more subtle servitude of the senses, and so of the soul, of which the state and manacle of the slave is the fitting correspondence, go on, and on, and on, until evil shall have worked itself out so visibly, that it shall be known for what it is, and even the very desire of the wicked shall perish! consumed in the brightness of the second coming of our Lord. Despairing souls on earth, cry aloud, where is God? they say wickedness stalks so triumphantly abroad, and vice has grown so shameless, and that even children—poor wretched victims—are sacrificed upon the altars of this world's Moloch!

Look a little deeper—God is not mocked! Iniquity is but for a day. Truth and righteousness for all eternity! This is apparent to any one, who, in the light of the New Church, will take the trouble to read the signs of the times.

That Evil has gained a foothold upon our poor fallen orb, is true, but it is also true, and not to be gainsayed, that Evil is ever changeful in its character, full of unrest, there is no permanency whatever about it, here to-day, there to-morrow, while all the noble attributes which man has received from his Maker, remain the same, or only changed from glory unto glory. Virtue is ever virtue! Truth, nobleness, mercy and tenderness still wear the same aspect, whether they are found in the cottage of the poor man, or the palace of the king.

Evil is protean, but not enduring. It seems to slumber for awhile like the earthquake, or the subterranean fires of volcanoes, but clear vision can perceive that it is driven to make use of every device to prolong its existence.

God permits it, but in that mercy with which He causes His sun to shine alike on the just and the unjust. But if God is a God of mercy, He is also a God of justice. We can reason in the light of our highest perceptions, if we are so far fallen as to reject His Word. We can *feel* that we are not fit for such a place as befits an immortal. We know that we must be changed from our pres-

ent condition, ere we can fitly enjoy constant association with the lovely and pure. Our weary, time stained, earth worn spirits must in *some* way regain their primitive lustre, ere they can enter and dwell in the sphere of innocence.

We must become as little children, says the Word, and in our inmost nature, our heart of hearts as it were, we *know* this to be true!

If then the inmosts need sanctification, truly then do the outmosts, where thoughts have become substantial and have built themselves up as it were in granite to defy the very Heavens.

Keep thy heart, with all diligence, for out of it, are the issues of Life or Death, and those issues must come forth and meet the light of day, and then in His strength,—for God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity—in His strength alone we shall put sin and death beneath our feet forever. We shall be more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. Evils lying quiescent in our mortal natures, inherited or otherwise made our own, can never be overcome by drugging them—they will wake by and by from their illusive slumber,—nor by binding them, they will burst their bands asunder in an *unguarded* moment, they must be *slain absolutely*!

And so, reasoning from inmosts to outmosts, from centres to circumferences, we must see the cause why our sin blighted orb becomes a battle-field. Here on this earth, through the weakness of our first parents, Satan found a gap in the walls of Zion, and therefore, here *through* mortal men, deployed in battle array, for the *Right, or against it*, Satan must be met and conquered.

The old Napoleon animated his army by bidding them remember that forty centuries gazed down upon them from the pyramids of old Egypt. Saints and angels, the whole host of Heaven are spectators of our battle for the right.

God and my right hand, was the motto of the old chivalry—let God *in* our right hand, be ours. “Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies.” We live in glorious times, glorious but terrible, yet God, yea, even our own God shall give us the victory over sin to consume and destroy it unto the end. The end—rapturous thought—for then cometh the “consummation of all things” and the Eden days once more will be ours.

Yet not by earthly weapons, not by force, not by insurrection against the laws of the land, cometh the peaceable kingdom of Righteousness !

Through the influence of prayer, which bringeth us into actual rapport with Deity ; through the life of regeneration through uses, which will so sanctify our hearts that they may become the very fortress and citadel of Jesus even the Lord ; through humbly yet firmly willing, in God's strength to do his most holy will, cost what it may, we shall at last come consciously into that condition, that our blessed Lord can look out from our eyes in gentlest pity upon the wretched ; and uplift through our hand the fallen ; and gather again the outcasts of Israel, and by the warmth of his celestial love incarnated anew in our breasts, revivify the wounded in spirit and the broken hearted ; and by the means of our earnest influence, change the very aspect of affairs in the body politic, so that all men shall become free—free, not in a worldly sense, but in the enlarged and glorious sense of the Christ-like soul. “ Where the spirit of the Lord is, *there is* Liberty ! ”

M. B.

TRUE LIBERTY.

When man is regenerate, then first he comes into a state of liberty, being before in a state of slavery. Slavery consists in the dominion of lusts and falsities : liberty, in the dominion of goodness and truth. That this is the case, man does not at all perceive so long as he is in a state of slavery, but he then begins to perceive it when he comes into a state of liberty. Whilst he is in a state of slavery, that is, while lusts and falsities have the dominion, he supposes that he is in a state of liberty ; but it is a great mistake, for then he is carried away by the delight of his lusts, and of the pleasures thence derived, and in consequence of such delight, it appears to him to be freedom. Every one, whilst he is led by a certain inclination, and whilst he follows wherever it leads him, supposes himself free ; but the truth is, he is at such times in the company, and as it were in the stream of diabolical spirits who hurry him away. True liberty or the life of liberty consists solely in being led by the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PSALMS.

PSALM I.

I.

What marks of blessedness divine,
Redeemer! in Thy pathway shine.
We kneel, where Thou before hast trod,
And own the footsteps of the God.

Thy human nature still could press
The path of all our bitterness ;
And, sinless, through temptation, bear
Our mortal anguish and despair.

Through Thy eternal wisdom shone
The uncreated Word alone,
A fairer Earth, of ampler skies,
Unfolding in its harmonies.

The councils of Thy steadfast will
Revolving ages, Lord ! fulfill ;
While sin and death and hell decay,
Or pass before Thy breath away.

Only the good and true shall stand,
In judgment, with Thine Angel-band.
The false and evil shall depart,
And perish all the base of heart.

II.

Celestial Spirits all obey
The Lord our Saviour's will :
How beautiful and blest are they,
His precepts who fulfill.

Their path is sown by holy deeds,
That spring, beneath the feet,
In fruitful joys for mortal needs,
With love and pity sweet.

Messiah breathes through every breast,
And moves in all their powers :
In robes of mercy they are dressed,
As earth is veiled with flowers.

Through states of blessedness and peace
They change, but never fade ;
Nor can the joys they own decease,
Or sink to evening shade.

But sinful souls, to evil wed,
Were better far unborn :
With storms shall burst upon their head
The awful Judgment Morn.

III.

In paths of peace below
The pure and loving go,
Nor ever in the way of sinners tread.
No godless thought and base
In the chaste mind hath place,
But benedictions on them still are shed.

Far from the scornful seat,
With still delight, they meet,
Breathing the Breath Divine in sweet accord,
While, through the vaulted sky
Of Truth's infinity,
They own the star-like precepts of the Word.

In mercies manifold,
Fruited with Eden-gold,
Their faith ascends to charity divine ;
And, steadfast in the Right,
They build, with lasting might,
Their Spirits house, the Lord Messiah's shrine.

But like the stubble, blown
By the wild wind, and strown
Far o'er the desert or the stormy sea,
The Evil pass away,
Before the judgment day,
Nor share the triumphs of eternity.

SOCIAL BEAUTY.

The highest form of beauty in the Heavens is that of the society of angels, in all its complex bodies, working as with the unitary action of a man. Fourier saw it through the inverted lens of an unregenerate personality, and thought that human apes and tigers could be tamed into it by appeals to self-love. Hence the utter failure of his school, in spite of the self-denying enthusiasm of some of the noblest men whom the nineteenth century has produced, whether in Europe or America. Society, as it exists, is a dramatic spectacle on the World's stage, vividly representing the internal states of men. It is not possible for Divine order to unfold into social form, till the men who are to execute its various functions are, intellectually and morally regenerate, to that high degree in which the whole being becomes a working instrument, as obedient to the Divine Voice, though with a full consciousness of freedom, as the steam engine is to the skillful engineer. Till then, however it may be mirrored upon the eyeballs of the spirit; from afar and from above, it is but a prophecy, impossible of earthly realization.

A Societary Paradise, even were it realized, to a self-loving man would be intolerable, nor would he spare any effort for its destruction. It is the last outbirth in that series of Divine evolutions, of which the first is the descent of the Holy Spirit to the yielding and self-renouncing heart. The Eden harmonies of the Future are only possible through choral societies of men and women, who have realized in themselves the Angelic state. Till then, Society must exist in a state of intestine war, decorously veiled with the protective machinery incidental to a state of universal competition. Nevertheless, all things good and true are its harbingers and pioneers; and the inspired thoughts now germinate in the human mind, which eventually are to blossom in Arcadian institutions.

All may be borne, all may be sanctified, all in life and in the heart may be converted to good, through prayer and labor.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH—REVIVAL MYSTERIES.

According to our definition of terms, and our use of language, the doctrine of justification by faith alone is a Divine reality, or a degrading and treacherous fiction. If by "faith" we mean opinion, the doctrine that we are justified by, it only affords the widest latitude for frivolity and crime. Without doubt this interpretation is a literal fiery serpent, which stings to death the soul.

But the word "Faith" may lawfully be interpreted to signify, the entire action of the believing soul, the entire concurrence of the understanding and the will in loving and lowly homage at the Saviour's feet ; the inspired, believing, self-surrender of the whole man to the claims and wishes of the Divine Spirit. Of this faith the Apostle declares that it works by love and purifies the heart. He calls it not a dead or seeming faith, but a living. He declares that its results are obedience and purification, and that it follows repentance.

It seems to us that the early Reformers were both scriptural and rational in accepting and advocating the doctrine, with this definition,—of justification by faith alone. The faith-act, in which the man, convicted of sin and full of evil, accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Redeemer, and throws open his whole bosom for the incoming of the Divine fire that infills with a penetrative aura the lungs of the soul, submitting himself that the Infinite Holiness may purge and purify to the very uttermost every organic vessel of feeling or of thought, is the very highest spiritual action then possible to him. It involves, in fine, a whole series of moral emotions, each in itself an inspiration ; hate of sin, hate of sin in every form, and such a loathing, and detestation of the evils indwelling in the breast, as cannot be described in words. It is a longing for the good alike in being and in action, it is an aspiration after the Eternal Holiness. It is a putting forth, as it were, of the spiritual hand, which shall bring us into electrifying contact with that magnet-sceptre held in God Almighty's hand,

through which flow forth, at His will, the life-streams of a cleansing love, or the sharp swift bolts that smite the obdurate guilty. It is the pressing of the soul out of nature, to stand in the presence of its Judge, wholly submissive, content to take whatever the All-merciful may decree. It has love in it as its base and spiritual body or how else could it work by love? It literally turns the soul, standing on the pivot of its freedom, from self and nature to God and everlasting life.

Not a moment is too soon in this turning act, for not a moment is to be lost. Some might attempt to dissuade us from going to Christ "in our sins, just as we are;" but the Lord came to "bring repentance and remission of sins." If any man is prompted to turn to the Lord, and deeply convicted of internal guilt, that conviction is the result of the Divine Operation in his breast; let him *turn then* or the inclination may die out, the visitation pass him by.

In the serene and luminous atmosphere which overshadows those societies and bodies wherein the present Revival Movement is most intensely and powerfully active, all is calm, infinitely pervaded by the Divine Breath. So still is it, that the Angels hardly whisper with an outward tongue. They veil their faces, and only, with an inward adoration, cry "Holy! holy!" to the redeeming God. It is only when the fire-pervaded breath of Deity is wafted into the stupor of some degraded earthly man that we behold the perturbations of conscience, the stirrings up of mighty emotions, which, in their turn, sweeping out through nervous action, strike the man powerless, in an instant, so that he falls like one dead. Then, as the soul, in its own spiritual form, rises,—the poor, diseased, emaciated, wretched soul, bleeding, and festering, and ulcered with moral wounds and iniquities,—inflating its lungs with Infinite charity the Lord iubreathes into the spiritual respiratories. Oh! strange, oh! ravishing delights, that inflow with that thrice holy breath. It is distributed in the respiration-act through all the organs of the moral frame. The man reënters his body, and awakes to outward consciousness, his bosom a sea of enraptured love, his whole conscious soul a billowy ocean of heavenly emotions. And if he brings back a consciousness that Jesus, on the condition of his dwelling in love, has taken him into a condition

of bosom-nearness, literally breathed into his inmost, and to keep on breathing there, who shall blame him if he believes that his dear Lord is able to absolve and save?

One objector may say "Where is the faith-act?" We reply, in these cases, poor persons are unconsciously, as to their bodies, as to mentality even, in so obtuse, confused a state, so whirled about with a chaos of conflicting and bewildering impressions, that the partial liberation of the moral nature is necessary, in order that they may *turn*. Were they fixed in evil, that is, utterly confirmed in it, on awakening to external consciousness the reverse of this would be the case. They would curse God and perhaps die. Instances of this kind may, perchance, yet occur.

Truly it is a wonderful, an awe inspiring sight. The body, locked in rigid sleep by the Divine thrill, which calls the man who inhabits it to internal lucidity, leaving him in freedom still! The demons, who have so stupified the poor outward sense, so injected their poisons into the natural mind, that they had hoped to destroy both soul and body in hell, are smitten down themselves by that Divine thunder-flash, and behold, unable to prevent, their fancied victim thrilled at heart, and pulsing there with quickenings from Deity. The man himself turns, because he wills. In that thrice welcome liberty, a lowly suppliant, he is prostrate at the throne of Heaven's king. Angels make music over a sinner that repenteth. He inhales the breath of the forgiving God; and wakes so full of the merciful condescension of his Saviour, so awed by perceptions of his own unworthiness, that his whole thought is the mystery and glory of redeeming love. Yet his is not a *salvation finished*, but a salvation begun. It is an instantaneous conversion; it is not an instantaneous sanctification. He is empowered with new and wondrous gifts of spiritual grace. If he ultimates those gifts in loving uses, if he walks as a citizen of Heaven, the dawn-light of a new condition brightens to a perfect day. If he relapses, the second state of degradation is worse and far more dangerous than was the first.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

(Continued from page 154.)

A MELODY OF CONJUGIAL WISDOM FOR THE LORD'S CHURCH ON EARTH.

We omit, as at present unadapted to the general reader, that portion of the poem of Odora in which the Celestial Melodist sings of conjugal mysteries, and resume with the

SPHERE SONG.

Out from the sky-spaces
Shine ever the faces
Of heroes and sages.
Eternity's ages
In music roll o'er us
And beckon before us.

Souls steadfast and golden,
In God-light enfolden,
Cry loud to us, blinded
With earth-dust, be minded
Like Him who ascended,
The cross and grave rended.

But deeper and clearer,
And farther and nearer,
And round us and in us,
He speaks, who, to win us
To God-life immortal
Once shone through birth's portal.

And over Death's river,
The Faith Angel, ever,
In glory uplifted,
Brings heroes, love-gifted,
Whose hearts, to God given,
Were pregnant with Heaven.

So God hath appointed,
Through spirits anointed,
Who tread, in heart-hearing,
O'er Hades unfearing,
To sing, through earth's burning,
To Eden's returning.

But spheres, never hidden
From God-sight, are bidden
To walk, unrepoven
By Love-spirit moven,
Down, past the star-tapers,
Through all the earth's vapors.

Their eyes, in love-clearness,
See God in heart-nearness.
Their lips, to God pressing,
Receive the love-blessing.
That God-kiss, imparted,
Thrills mortals, dead-hearted.

The curse-wave, arrested
Through love-might, full-breasted,
Rolls backward like ocean
Smit down in full motion,
By God-Word, and hideth
Where chaos abideth.

The sin-cycle endeth ;
The new earth descendeth ;
The old earth expireth ;
The God-Will inspireth ;
The east is sun-litten ;
The Grave is death smitten.

The sun-spirit holdeth,
The new orb ; and foldeth
His life-spirit through it,
With heart to endure it.
New world-spirit, hesting,
Unfearing, unresting,

From Christ-heart receiving
God-might for retrieving,
Puts darkness and sorrow
From new earth's to-morrow.

The star-souls rejoicing,
In thunder loud voicing,
Crown earth-brow with roses.
New Eden uncloses :
All nations ingather
Around the All Father :

And Eve liveth newly
In wife-bosom, truly
To God-life united,
In heart oneness plighted ;
Her heart a love-chalice,
Her womb the sky-palace.

New Adam, love minded,
By evil unblinded,
Like Mars, thunder-crested,
With peace-robe invested,
Draws down the sky-azure,—
Spans duty with pleasure.

Life burns into clearness
Through flame of God-nearness,
And soars on love-pinions
Through boundless dominions :
Through labor wins earth-right
Then taketh God birth-right.

Being then intromitted into my previous state, I returned to the floral pavilion and to the midst of the marriage festivities.

And now came an angel from the east and said, "Make proclamation that a festival of Apollo is now to be held, and that hymns will be sung and lyrics recited."

There appeared, also, a company of beautiful youths, habited in the Grecian costume, and they represented the hours. Linked

hand in hand they circled around the hall with a gliding motion,
strewing blossoms and scattering fragrance, melodiously singing
at the same time the internals of the following

POEM OF APOLLO'S FESTIVAL.

Lo! the Music-angels meet,
Scatter roses at their feet.
Heart of love begin to beat,
For the bride is pure and sweet.

Lo Pæan! let us sing.
Haste the golden harp to bring.
He who smites its burning string
Shall be crowned the Music-king.

From Beethoven's spirit grand,
From the mighty Mozart's hand,
From young Haydn's childlike band
Scatter music o'er the land.

Demi-gods of song are those
Who in Love Divine repose ;
All their life in music flows ;
Crown them with Apollo's rose.

Haste and bring Apollo's lyre,
Chorded with the heart's desire.
Then, in robes of rainbow fire,
Summon all Apollo's choir.

Then appeared a company of young maidens who personified
the Graces, and they warbled in like manner,

APOLLO'S LOVE SONG.

Love is sweetness in the rose ;
Love within the lily glows ;
And the Angels all repose
Where the Love-land violet blows.

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

Chase the Hours with footsteps true ;
 Bid the Nymphs their dance renew ;
 Crowned with pansies white and blue,
 Soon the Bride shall meet our view.

Crowned with pansies blue and white,
 In a car of crimson light,
 Drawn by white swans up the height,
 She shall glide to her delight.

Joy be theirs, the happy pair !
 They inhale Love's nuptial air,
 And their souls, like odors rare,
 Rise to God and mingle there.

Music Angels, one and all,
 Welcome to Apollo's hall,
 Crowned with love and beauty all
 Grace our lyric festival.

A young poet, with whose name I was not made acquainted,
 now sang a metrical composition entitled

BETTER DAYS.

The melancholy years are done,
 When Love, from earth down-cast,
 With sorrow blinded all the sun
 And wept through every blast.
 The melancholy years of Wrong
 No more shall rule mankind ;
 Let loose the flowing sails of Song
 The waking earth to find.
 The sunbeams gild the mountain slope,
 The blossoms deck the tree,
 The stars are shining in the cope
 And dancing on the sea.
 Lo ! Song, the Heavenly Gondolier,
 In airy pinnace flies,
 With golden strains the world to cheer
 From Angels in the skies.

No heart in heaven but finds its mate,
And wreathes the nuptial flowers.
Rejoice O world ! for thee awake
Loves endless bridal hours.
Break forth, break forth, delivering light
In music from the Word ;
The earth shall from its winter night
Awake to greet the Lord.

Being then present in spirit, I was called upon, as a guest, to join in the celebration, and repeated the following lyric :

A HYMN OF THE BATTLE.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying Night,
Or chain the wings of the Morning Light ?
Can ye seal the springs of the Ocean Deep,
Or bind the Thunders in silent sleep ?
The Sun that rises, the Seas that flow,
The Thunders of Heaven, all answer, " No !"

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth ?
The earthquake still in its awful birth ?
Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee ?
The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the Universe, answer, " No !"

Can ye burn a Truth in the Martyr's fire ?
Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire ?
Or stay the Soul, when it soars away
In glorious life from the moldering clay ?
The Truth that liveth, the Thoughts that go,
The Spirit ascending, all answer, " No !"

Oh, Priest ! Oh, Despot ! *your* doom *they* speak ;
For God is mighty as ye are weak ;
Your Night and your Winter from earth must roll ;
Your chains must melt from the limb and soul ;
Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us wo—
Shall ye triumph longer ? we answer, " No !"

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled,
 On the broken heart of a famished world ;
 Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
 Ye have made its children a race of slaves ;
 O'er the Future Age shall the ruin go ?
 We gather against ye, and answer, " No !"

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
 But weak are ye, for the TRUTH is ours ;
 In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,
 But we are stronger, OUR STRENGTH is LOVE.
 Slay Truth and Love with the Curse and Blow ?
 The beautiful Heavens ! they answer, " No !"

The Winter Night of the world is past ;
 The Day of Humanity dawns at last ;
 The veil is rent from the Soul's calm eyes,
 And Prophets, and Heroes, and Seers arise ;
 Their words and deeds like the thunders go :
 Can ye stifle their voices ? they answer, " No !"

It is God who speaks in their words of might !
 It is God who acts in their deeds of right !
 Lo ! Eden waits, like a radiant bride—
 Humanity springeth elate to her side ;
 Can ye sever the twain who to Oneness flow ?
 The voice of Divinity answers, " No !"

After this there stood up in the assemblage one who might fitly have been entitled the Angel of Reform, and the palace vibrated from the intonations of his voice :

THE WAR SONG.

'Tis Freedom stands within the Sun,
 And holds the Morning in his hand,
 He bids the sunrise-thunders run
 From heart to heart, from land to land,
 They blow their trumpets through the storm,
 Reform ! Reform !

An Angel stands on every star,
And beats the thunder-drum of Heaven,
To rouse the world for Freedom's war,
That sounding reveille is given,
It booms adown the battle storm :
Reform ! Reform !

Blow, trumpets, blow, from steep to steep,
Arm ! arm ! the day of doom is breaking ;
Charge as the fiery lightnings leap ;
The voice of God the World is waking,
It thunders through the battle storm :
Reform ! Reform !

MELODY OF THE MOST ANCIENT PEOPLE.

Throned on imperial mountains, bright with day,
The Sunrise Angels dwell.
There all the Muses reign, their land is gay
With flowering asphodel.

There young imagination courts his bride,
She of the star-bright lyre :
In Hymen's Paradise their hearts abide,
The Graces are their choir.

The snow-white swans amid the lilies feed
When day begins to break,
And the blue lotus yields its perfumed seed
Upon the tranquil lake.

And sportive youths and maidens, innocent
Of earth as drifted snow,
Feed on the honied fruits, with still content,
And hear the waters flow.

The rosy radiance from the heart's desire,
Through their transparent blood,
Flashes like crimson morning through white fire ;
Eating that wondrous food.

They sing sweet songs, in Music's mother tongue,
In every flowering bay ;
Forever blithe, and beautiful, and young,
Yet Eldest Ancients they.

These are the Fathers of the Race of Man.
The Ages, while they pass,
Round their full rapture to a wider span ;
And, in the magic glass,

Of their deep Spirits Past and Future meet,
In visions grand and dim :
God lives in them, as in the mercy-seat
Between the cherubim.

These are the Magi of the Universe,
Oracular and wise ;
The Past and Future from their solemn verse
Forever seem to rise :

And which is Past, and which is Future, none
Can fully know but He
Who in the glory of the spirit Sun
Illumes eternity.

All their grand thoughts are visions ; in the dome
Of their bright world appear
The stars and suns of systems yet to come,
Some as the noon-day clear,

Some arched like massive rainbows o'er the west,
Some like the billows roll
Of that ethereal sea, in crimson dressed,
That spans the northern pole.

Here there appeared a poet from a very interior Heaven, who
was eminently in the love of the Lord in His Divine Humanity.
His face was glorious to behold, and his raiment shone and glis-
tened as if composed of millions upon millions of aroinal particles

of light. While all the audience arose together with universal assent and faith, he sang the Hymn of the Incarnation, which the reader may find in the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, Sept., 1857, pp. 209, 210.

At the conclusion of this, the Angels all rose and joined in singing an

HYMN OF WORSHIP.

All hail the Great Immanuel's name :
The glorious all in all,
Sing forth His praise with loud acclaim,
And throng his choral hall.

Throned in the spirit Sun sublime,
He bids creation roll.
He meets the bounds of space and time,
And dwells in every soul.

He spans the planets and the suns
With Wisdom's threefold bow,
And Nature, in its pathway, runs
To do His will below.

In Heaven we see His glorious face
And read his inner Word ;
Our hearts within his heart embrace ;
Our life is in the Lord.

All hail the great Immanuel's name !
In Heaven his form we see,
All Angels own Him in the same
Divine Humanity.

Where spirit Suns in splendor shine,
And spirit Planets move,
The truth that Jesus is Divine
Illumes their skies with love.

Enthroned on mountains in the spheres
Celestial Angels bow,
And lift their song, through endless years,
And pay their homage vow.

The Sunrise Land to Sunset calls :
 In crimson light we rise
 And worship, in our lyric halls,
 The Lord of all the skies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT, NO. 6.

FIRST OF THE REVIVAL SERIES.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

A PLAIN SERMON FOR PLAIN MEN.

What doth hinder me to be baptized? If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.—ACTS ix. 36, 37.

At the entrance of the Holy City of the Gospel stands the Angel of Belief. The pilgrim comes, from the sandy desert, from the treacherous morass, from the tempestuous ocean, hungry, faint, weather-beaten, sick at heart, and utterly disconsolate. Before him shines, fairer than ancient Babylon with all her hanging gardens, than Athens with her gleaming marbles, the city that hath foundations, the city of the pure in heart. He gazes upon himself, and lo! from head to foot he is covered with impurities. Water flows clear, cool, mirroring upon its spotless surface the Heaven above. His feet are at the brink, and eagerly he cries, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" The Angel answers, "If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest. No man can partake of the virtues of this miraculous fountain, save through the faith that works by love and purifies the heart." The pilgrim answers, "I do believe with all my heart; believe in Christ, that He has opened a fountain in His dear life, for me to bathe in and be cleansed of all my iniquities. I believe that He is my joy and strength and righteousness and salvation. I accept Him as my Ruler, my Comforter, my Redeemer. I vow myself to Him in spotless purity of life."

They go down into the water. I would that every man here, every woman here, might go down to that stream. Above it floats the dove, the symbol of an everlasting pentecost. They go down into the water; and lo! as the pilgrim's form is immersed within, and rises from the flood, his face is transfigured, his form is lus-

trous, old things have passed away, all things have become new. The pollution is gone; the guilt is washed away; the heavens open; the dove descends; there is a Voice that emanates from the very audience chamber of the Eternal, "This also is my beloved son." And now the golden gates are opened. Songs of triumph welcome in the new-found brother. The city has no need of the sun to lighten it; for the Lord God is the light thereof. There is no night there; their sun doth not go down nor their moon withdraw herself, for the Lord God is their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning are ended." Are they hungry? The Voice cries, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Are they thirsty? There is a fountain springing in them to eternal life. Are there doors of light, through which they would fain enter into more inconceivable beatitudes? Over each is written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Is there raiment which they would wear? are there clusters on which they would feed? are there joys, unearthly joys, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and of whose excellence it is not possible for the heart of man to conceive, or, conceiving, to understand? Still there flows, as if from the still air wherein they glimmer to the sight, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Are there glorious and blessed ones, saints translated from the earth, and angels radiant in the Heaven, with whom they would enjoy the speech of prophecy and the communion of love? Still the ascending wish is but the harbinger of its own delight. They have but to seek and they are sure to find; and faculty chimes to faculty within the mind, and affection responds to affection within the breast, as with the chime of marriage bells; and still the spirit hymns,

" My happy soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

"It is a brave place you are describing," cries one; "would that I could find it." Aye, brother! it is a brave place. It is not far off from any one of us. There is a straight road leading to it, and no toll-bars. There are lights on either side, to show you the way; and, what is more, the **STRONG MAN**, who, in His

might, weighs the world as with a balance, whom death fears, who binds the destroyer, who opens and no man shuts, who shuts and no man opens. This Strong Man, I say, whom the grave itself had not power to contain, who hath the keys of death and hell ; this Strong Man, the guide of all who will to undertake the journey, cries to every one of you, "Follow me!" Listen to what is said of Him : "The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Again, as another said, journeying on this road, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ. Neither height nor depth, nor things present, nor things to come, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature." He is never weary. He faints not, and there is no searching of His understanding. He never changes, for His affections are immutable ; and, "having loved His own that are in the World, He loves them to the end." This, truly, is a "friend, that sticketh closer than a brother."

I see some before me, who know by experience something of the care with which He watches over pilgrims in the way, that destruction should not overtake them. Here is a man who is out of employment. He laid his case before this Friend, and found Him,—and, truly, why should He not be able to find a needy one work who trusts in Him, since "the earth is His, and the fullness thereof," and "among the inhabitants of the earth, as in the armies of Heaven, He doeth according to His will."

Here is a poor wife, whose husband lay sick. It was cold in the house where the good man tossed and moaned upon his fever bed. In the dark midnight what earnest prayers went up. Claspings her Bible to her breast, and in it clasping the God who made the Bible, how sighed that tender, trusting woman : "Father, if it be possible, let this cup of widowhood pass from me." No one knew how the change was effected ; the parched lips of the fevered man grew moist once more ; the raging fire within his veins had drops of mercy sprinkled on it, and it died away ; and health came, and the husband and the father lived. The wife was not a widow ; her babes not fatherless. She will tell you, now, that this Strong Man came, all glorious, and yet all invisible, and,

from His own breath poured out the spirit of life, and checked the plague.

There are times when we seem to come to our senses. We feel how hollow and beggarly it is to live as if we were no more than wise animals, or accurate calculating machines. We look around us, like the Prodigal Son, when he came to himself, and find that in pampering our appetites, we have been doing just what he did—feeding swine. We realize how utterly swinish a life it is to serve the senses, and that in serving them, we were fast learning to go on all fours, with our faces to the muck heap.

If the love of eating and drinking makes the man, then swine are men, for they have the taste of an epicure. If the desire for comfortable quarters makes us men, then swine are men, for they seek always the best of appointments for shelter and repose. If desiring to be independent, and have our own way, makes us men, then swine are men, for the very ideal of swinish liberty, is to do what one pleases, without respect to a nobler law or principle of action. If a shrewd eye to self-interest, prompting us, as the adage is, "to take care of number one," and to "let charity begin at home," to look at all great thoughts about bearing one another's burdens, and returning evil with good, as idle vagaries; if always striving to be foremost in getting on, and crowding the weaker neighbor to the wall, and gathering the most for the least outlay of pains and trouble; if these things make us men, then swine are men, for these are their very instincts and modes of life. If having no faith in the invisible and the eternal, and believing that the only road to knowledge is through the senses, and that Sundays and week days are all of a piece, and that self-love is the motive power of moral action, and rules the world, and that one human being only differs from the other in the sense of a better conditioned body, or more bulk of brain, or a smoother outside; if these things make us men, then swine are men, for self-love is their instinct, and the senses their reason, while their faith reaches only to those objects which are corporeal, which they see and hear, which they feel, taste and smell, and all beside goes for nothing. **Many** a daintily dressed and luxurious lady, many a well-born, widely educated gentleman, many a merchant behind his counter, and clergyman in his parish,—aye, and kings upon thrones, no

less than artisans at their daily toil, for their ideal of life, adopt that which belongs to swine, without seeming to imagine that there is a higher ideal made for men.

There are times when every man has these thoughts. To some, whom Nature affects, they seem to rise in the soul with the sun, to glitter upon them with the stars. The smell of a flower, the song of a bird, the sight of lovely valleys, or the mountains, or the sea, calls them back to reason, back to their own souls, back to God.

Others come to these finer and better sentiments when they wander among the wonderful objects created by their fellow-men. They gaze on the calm, white, marble-statue; on the picture where living angels seem to scatter living roses from the sky; they stand in some huge ancient cathedral, which seems like an autumnal forest suddenly changed to stone; they gaze at lofty towers, or arches that span broad streams, or organs that seem to contain melodious thunders pent within their chambers, waiting but the skillful touch to flow in waves of music and fill the air; they visit spectacles like that of the crystal palace, and go on board of ships like the *Great Eastern*. It is the sight of the stupendous and glorious things wrought out by man, for the first time, perhaps, that induces them to consider the vast faculties locked up in mind and soul, that come forth to execute such even awful creations. Then they think that man is fearfully and wonderfully made; that no mere rational animal could thus invent, thus execute.

Others again, and these more abstract, are better moved by books than by the beautiful art which appeals to vision, God's art in Nature, or its reproduction in the results of human skill. Some one little line in poetry or sentence in prose, full of living ideas that make us think and feel, sails in upon the soul, from the open book, as from the ocean. A new world of philosophy, or imagination, of sentiment or action, is made known. Some are moved thus by Plato, others by Shakspeare, Coleridge or Swedenborg. To some Milton comes and breaks the torpor of the faculties, and many a Scottish peasant has been electrified by the Song of Burns; the Word is greater than the Work; it wakes up whole multitudes of thinking, longing, loving faculties within, till, won-

dering and awed, each finds a something kindred to Plato and Swedenborg, to Burns and Milton, within himself.

The greatest of all books is the Bible, as evidenced in this, that it wakens higher thoughts, deeper feelings, mightier trains of sentiment in man, than any other. It is nearer to us in aspiration when we hope all things ; in heroism when we dare all things ; in ecstasy when we believe all things ; in love when we enjoy all things ; in sorrow, when we endure all things ; and nearer still in death when we leave all things of time to find all things of eternity. Nearest to the sinner when he repents ; nearest to the Christian when he adores ; nearest even to our basest passions, whom its fiery tongue condemns and silences ; eminently nearest to our highest affections, to the love of God and love of the neighbor, whom it arouses, and cherishes, and guides to immortality.

There are some natures, however, whom neither Nature, Art nor the Bible can at first arouse to the things of a better life ; yet they are reached as well. Trouble on trouble, sent to some time they seem foundering in a gulf of sorrows, wakes the soul through suffering, until it cries, "Save, Lord ! or I perish." To those whom the things of existence fail to move, God sends the awful mysteries of death. It is as if He would say, "Come now ! You will not see Me through the gifts I bestow ; find Me then in the bereavement, in the desolation of their taking away." Many fathers and mothers turn to Heaven over the fresh grave of a darling child. They feel a something gone from them, to stand and minister in His more visible presence. The tearful eyes look up, if some gleam of the darling's blessed face may not break out to enlighten their darkness. Ah, friends ! 'tis when we feel ourselves but wrecks on life's tempestuous ocean, but waifs upon the bleak shore, that we are called to recollect and ponder over the great aims and ends of being.

"And lips say, 'God be pitiful !'

That ne'er said, 'God be praised.' "

Always, when our deeper, our hidden natures are stirred and quickened, by whatever process, the final effect is to produce a feeling of dissatisfaction with ourselves. And well they may. Till we are sweet as the flowers the flowers should pain us. Till we are pure as yon burning stars the stars should sadden us.

The deeper the influences work, our inward sorrow becomes the more acute. The feeling that overcomes us is not that of the half-formed angel, who exclaims, "I am *not what I shall be*;" but of the sinful spirit, diseased in the affections, diseased in the principles, with memories of remorse, with fears of ruin, who groans out, "I am *not what I should be*." It seems as if Nature cries "Be ye reconciled to God." Man's loftier creations echo "Be ye reconciled to God." From the lips of all pure literature, from the awful Bible, it is re-echoed, "Be ye reconciled to God." Sickness lifts his pale hand, and raises the fevered brow, and whispers, "Be ye reconciled to God." Then Death,—death and beyond him judgment, death cries, from new-made, flower-covered mounds of little children, from sepulchres where holy age is laid away,—death, as with some solemn music heard by night, he too calls, "Be ye reconciled to God." Time, as he flies, Eternity as he gathers near, respond, "Be ye reconciled to God." The impure to the Pure, the unjust to the Just, the revengeful to the All-forgiving, the trembling, scoffing soul, like weeping Magdalen, reconciled to her Creator and her King.

God, who knows the heart, yea, loves it beyond all my poor skill to utter,—God deals very tenderly with His frail, erring mortals. "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." He makes use of all objects in Nature, all events in life, all words of revelation, to convince mankind of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment—of sin, in that we are all impure and gone astray; of righteousness in that He has erected a moral standard, the ideal of true manhood, to which He calls us to return; of judgment, in that He will by no means clear the guilty, who resist His Spirit, abuse their own natures, trifle with opportunities, and, by disobedience, make thrice corrupt their own hearts.

God sends on all men convictions of sin. There are some convicted before me now. You are convicted!—and you!—and you! There is a wide difference between being convicted here and at the judgment-seat. The conviction in time is the call of grace; the conviction in eternity the declaration of a sentence. To those who are thus convicted of sin, finally, let me speak.

And first as to the signs and perceptions of this conviction. God, who "breaketh not the bruised reed" and "quencheth not

the smoking flax," who smites to bless, who wounds to heal the soul, give me grace so to speak that through poor human lips His blessing may descend.

First, then, the nature of conviction of sin. And to begin, what it is not. It is not a remorse for evils committed by our ancestors. With Adam and Noah, with even our own fathers and mothers before, we have nothing to do. However, we may have interior depravities, from them and through them; though they reek in the blood, and corrupt us in all our nature, yet we are not required to feel a personal remorse, as in ourselves guilty of them. Nor are sins of ignorance, committed with an entire obliviousness of their character, to be estimated in the question. Oh! there are enough without ignorant sins and ancestral taints, to rise up against us. Holy Spirit, deepen Thy work of conviction in this gracious outpouring of Thyself. The Bible standard is an awful one. The cherished desire is the subjective act; the seed, which, has only to grow to bear hell's poisoned fruit upon it, madness, infamy, despair. The hidden man of the heart is judged according to his thoughts and his intentions. As he framed the scheme to equivocate he was a liar. As he hated the brother he was a murderer. As he coveted unjust gains he was a thief. As he cherished the lust of impurity he was an adulterer. As he worshiped self he was an idolater. Deeper, still deeper, Spirit of the Living God! make bare these human breasts. The Conscience that accuseth will have voice; and Conscience cries, "the heart alone knows its own bitterness—the heart alone knoweth my dealings in it. It stands guilty before God." The voice comes from the throne, "Is this man guilty?" the buried years arise and cry "guilty." The buried thoughts and memories and passions arise, and cry "guilty." All that is left for the heart to do is to cry, "guilty! God be merciful to me a sinner."

To you, dear brethren, thus convicted of sin in your own hearts, a word, in the second place, as to the reality of the conviction, light and frivolous neighbors will call it a fit of fright, a freak of fancy and jest you out of it by to-morrow. Hardened transgressors, whom the Spirit of God once convicted, but who did despise to the Spirit of grace, and grieved that Spirit from their hearts, they will blaspheme it. You are now to decide as to whether your convictions are genuine. The decision turns upon

the plainest things of reason. As, when the body is diseased the natural senses are themselves an evidence ; and pain a revelation of its peril,—you take the points,—the groanings of the the spirit, the deep, suppressed, yet piercing agonies that lacerate the spiritual heart, and mount in vivid perceptions of the danger to the top-most faculties of mind, these are witnesses, in testimony unimpeachable. Your spiritual eyes show you that you are impure. You have but to look upon yourselves. Evil thoughts indulged, evil wishes fostered, leave spots upon the conscience not to be washed out by all the waters of the Atlantic, not to be burned out by all the fires of Vesuvius. We know that there are wild beasts in the cage when we hear their growling. We know these are base passions in the heart. Listen ! They cry, almost as if they had human voices, “ Jesus, thou Son of God ! art Thou come to torment us ? ” The fire of the Spirit puts them in torment. But be it far from me, by one word more than the severity of the case demands, to harrow up the soul.

Since, then, you are convicted of sin, of actual sin, and satisfied that you begin to comprehend something of your real state, that God who willeth not the death of the sinner give me words to set forth His object in thus bringing you to yourselves. And here the passing thought Self-cure is impossible. No Indian devotee, no Roman hermit, though for scores of years he was inflicting penance on the poor body, ever becomes though mortifications reconciled to God, not one. Sin cannot be beaten out by scourging the flesh ; not eaten out with vitriol upon the skin ; not starved out by creature famine ; not washed out by ceremonial ablutions ; not exorcised by priestly absolution. How then ? Driven out by the Spirit of God, entering the inmost citadel of the heart,—without sin unto salvation ; coming, in the clouds of the inner firmament, with power and with great glory ; taking up His abode in us mightily to save.

It is the object of our Lord, in revealing to you these sad spiritual states of inner death, to make known, what shall I say ? —His nearness. I can do this best by a figure. A woman has inadvertently opened the door of her house to robbers and murderers. It is given up to pillage. Her husband is about to be slain ; she is at their mercy. She admitted them as friends, and feasted with them as friends, but now discovers that all things

precious are on the verge of loss. She cries for aid, and ONE is heard without. What shall she do? Say, poor trembling brother, poor tearful sister, what shall she do? Cry, from the depths of her being, I cannot help myself. I cannot deliver myself. Oh! enter in, enter in Thou great Deliverer. This act implies, first, faith that He can deliver; second, desire that He should deliver; third the unlimited, unreserved surrendery of the mansion and all its possessions to the sovereign mercy of the Delivering Friend.

But, beloved, I have drawn your own sad case. It is the moral nature, the deep will within you, that has given occasion to sin. The woman of the house has given up the reason to be their prey, and all her better loves, like little babes to feed their fiendish, their unnatural desires. It is, then, the Will that must seek to undo this work; and the Lord calleth on that will when He saith, "Son, give me thine heart." It is for you to decide, whether or no your hearts shall be given to Him this night. Here is the turning point. God holds the balance. In it are pendant the destinies of eternity. Have you turned to God with full purpose of heart? He will abundantly pardon. Can you give up the sin that has been as the apple of the eye? Can you, from the very depths of your nature, renounce, at any cost, every thing evil in you, as far as it shall be brought to light by the Holy Spirit's most searching inquisition. Can you feel yourself utterly helpless and undone without His aid. In a word, can you, with all your might, believe Him, love Him, trust Him and yearning, cast yourself as a child might, amid the impending horrors of a shipwreck, into your Father's arms? If you can hear the promise, "Though your sins were as scarlet they shall be as white as wool. He that believeth, though he were dead yet shall he live." "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "As far as the east is from the west so far will I remove your iniquities from you." The blood of Christ, that is the very life of the Divine Spirit, shed for the remission of sins, shall purge you and purify you.

"There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath the flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

The church of God is the most awful place under the canopy of Heaven,—I speak now of the visible temple,—at times of visitation. When, over the unformed chaos of the contrite heart, one seething vortex of hopes and fears, and longings and yearnings, and prayers and tearful agonies, moveth the Spirit of God, as of old upon the face of the waters. Would you have the sun and moon, and stars to rise within you ; and the dry land to appear ; and the tender grass to spring, and the herb whose seed is in itself, and the orchards of an endless gathering ; and the vines of an eternal vintage ; and so in every sort, the peaceable fruits of righteousness ; and the waters musical in a thousand valleys, and the cattle feeding upon a thousand hills :—if, finally you would have God rest from all His labors, within the sabbath of the breast and in the New Eden of the soul redeemed, give yourselves to Him. For, as by man came death, so by man, that is by the Saviour, came the resurrection of the dead. As without Him as we have borne the image of the earthly in sins and transgressions, so, with Him, dwelling in us, we may bear the image of the Heavenly, through faith and obedience to eternal life.

What doth hinder me to be baptized ? To own the truth in a heart all yielding to the Saviour ; to go down bodily into every depth of holiness which flows from Him, till over all my being that sea of love shall flow and flow ? What doth hinder ? God doth not in Jesus Christ our Lord ; for even thus He calls. The Spirit makes intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.

What hinders ? The Church in Heaven and on earth doth not. Its hearts are all one heart to welcome ; its hands all one hand to lead ; its voices all one voice to bless. The Spirit and the Bride say " come ! "

Poor pilgrim, were the billows treacherous, here is a foundation that cannot be moved. Were the sands of the desert inhospitable, here are fountains that cease not, and visions that delude not, and homes that perish not, and hearts that betray not, and lights that kindle to eternal morn.

What doth hinder ? Nay, resolve you that nothing shall hinder. Press on boldly into these healing waters, and then go, with the baptism of God upon the being ; pilgrim of the Celestial City, go rejoicing on thy way.

HANS SPRECHTER:

A WONDER TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUDED.

The chimes of the old cathedral were merrily pealing, as the coach, in which sat little Hans, drove into the court-yard of a great palace. It was built of white marble, and guards, with shining muskets, stood at the door. They presented arms to the stranger gentleman. The little boy thought himself called, "Hans Sprechter! Hans Sprechter!" Then a sudden dimness passed over his eyes. He thought of the many glorious things which he had seen in the Sky-garden during his dream, and the carriage itself, and the palace built of white marble, and the guards who presented arms to the stranger gentleman, all were forgotten, only he found words to say, "Here am I."

Where was he indeed? In the beautiful blooming Sky-garden once again. The doves upon the branches caressed each other. The swans in the silver fountains twined their long necks, oh! so lovingly. Little people so small that a whole family might have lived in the ripe heart of a honey-suckle blossom, and so light that they danced in the atmosphere like sunbeams, were about him on every side. A lady sat reading in a trellised rose bower. Her mouth seemed made of kisses, and every time she smiled, which was often, a golden light gathered itself from off her face, as white mist does from water, and became a floating blossom in the air.

It was this lady who had called Hans Sprechter, and now the little boy began to sing. The words seemed to form themselves upon his lip into live birds, in all the colors of the morning sky, and they flew, singing, "I have come, I have come!"

The lady looked up and called, "Hans Sprechter!" The chimes in the columbine bells began ringing, "Hans Sprechter." The large purple hyacinths rung their open blossoms and echoed, "Hans Sprechter, Hans Sprechter." The crimson love-birds, feeding in the orange trees, repeated "Hans Sprechter." The little boy was moved with a marvelous longing to approach the lovely lady who had called his name, but she anticipated his desire by rising and advancing to meet him, and stooped, and lifted him in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom, while the sun, and the

moon, and the stars together all seemed shining out of the depths of her loving eyes.

When little Hans awoke again, a grave gentleman was holding a finger on his pulse, and had just been administering hartshorn water from a silver spoon. A blooming lady stood beside a splendidly inlaid table in the centre of the room. "Very extraordinary," remarked the Doctor. What else he might have said remains to this day a mystery, for Hans awoke, and seeing it, the physician interrupted himself, with "Here he is." The lady fixed on little Hans a penetrative glance. The door opened, in came the little girl whom he had seen once before, when he was weeding the garden beds, and whom he had followed, with longing eyes, as the coach in which she was carried rolled away.

"Thou honest lad," said the beautiful lady, "thou didst find the packet in the garden. Thine shall be a reward. What wilt thou first have. Shall it be a plum cake frosted with silver? or wouldst thou prefer new clothes?"

But Hans thought it all a part of the vision and only said, as if speaking softly to himself, "The little people came from their blossom-houses, and danced like sunbeams in the blue air. The beautiful lady in the summer-house looked up from her book and called me, 'Hans Sprechter.' Then the bells of the hyacinths and columbines echoed and reechoed 'Hans Sprechter.' Then also the love birds, feeding in the orange trees replied, 'Hans Sprechter.'"

"And I call thee, Hans Sprechter," said the lady at the centre table. "What art thou dreaming about? Dost thou desire first the plum cake frosted with silver, or the nice suit of clothes?"

It was now time for little Hans to open his eyes wider and wider still, as he replied, "Dear lady, *thou* didst sit in the blossom house, but a little while ago reading from a book. The golden smile gathered themselves from thy face, when thou wert pleased, as white mists from the water, and became blossoms in the air."

"Oh! dear Mamma," cried the little girl, "now he speaks and looks as my brother did, before, as thou sayest, he went away to be an angel. Did not he say that he saw the little people in the air, and tell us of the blossoms that rang 'welcome home?'"

Tears rolled down the beautiful lady's cheeks, and she resumed,

"Thou blessed child, what art thou saying? Dost thou possess the twofold life?"

What else little Hans might have said, I do not know, for just now the stranger gentleman entered the apartment, saying, "The boy's honesty has saved us the frontiers. The spy is apprehended. The papers contain the names of the other conspirators. We shall be on our guard against the enemy. Now, little boy, you shall ask a favor of the king. What wouldst thou desire?"

But Hans was in a dream. "Look," said the physician, "he has fainted." "Leave him to me," answered the lady, "and wake him not. What seest thou, little boy?" "I see," softly whispered Hans, "the SHINING MAN. He is standing in the Sky-garden. From every side come multitudes, two and two, with flowing robes and perfumed tresses. They advance to meet the Master. Now He smiles upon them and their faces change with their delight, until they are so bright that I cannot see them. Now they are going in every direction. They wander out into the world, to the sick they carry healing; to the weary they bring rest; on the hopeless they bestow comfort, and they call me 'little Daniel, who stands before the king.'"

"Good Doctor Stilling spoke to us of occurrences like these among our people," said the stranger gentleman. "This is marvelous indeed. Say, little boy, what knowest thou of the last days, and canst thou see ghosts and spirits?"

At this Hans Sprechter gave a groan, and the lady cried, "Your Majesty has asked something of him which causes terror and pain." "Oh!" cried the child, "there are men in golden armor, fighting in the clouds and the Shining Man on a white horse rides before them. He breathes, and from His breath go out thunderings and lightnings, and there is an earthquake, and then great hail-stones begin to fall. But, in the hearts of wicked people on the earth are live serpents, whom the breath excites to fury, and those in whom the serpents live are sharpening swords and forging cannon. The battle begins and there are thunderings and lightnings in the sky, and there is great trouble such as there never was before. As when water is poured into a bottle, the wicked spirits rise to pour their thoughts and feelings into men and women, who serve their passions and despise the poor; and now it is told me that I must not further speak."

How Hans was welcomed in the palace, how the lovely princess took charge of his education, how her daughter became his playmate, and what happened after that, may perhaps be written at another time.

THE REV. T. L. HARRIS' MISSION IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

A Manchester friend greets those brethren across the Atlantic, who long for the fuller manifestation and descent of the New Church. It will doubtless be gratifying to the readers of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, to hear something respecting the ministrations of our dear friend, Rev. T. L. Harris, in this city. It is twelve weeks to-day since he arrived here to commence his labors, and this day he has left us. The change which has taken place within that short time is such that we must attribute it to a higher working than that of man.

On arriving in Manchester, he and his excellent wife were met by two friends who had a slight, because recent, acquaintance with his writings. It had for some weeks been known that he was coming here,—yet curiosity seemed but little awakened, until, in consequence of the handing about of a few numbers of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, a new perception dawned upon some of the more open-minded. They began to find that there was living truth in its pages. Many were already prepared by a deep feeling of the inefficiency of formalism, and mere head-religion, and by heart-longings for something better,—for these living truths. And when it was announced by advertisement and by the distribution of a small circular that Mr. Harris would preach the Word in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, a small audience came together,—drawn by various motives,—some by curiosity, some to find heresy, and some from a sincere hope of receiving spiritual benefit. Those of the latter class were truly fed with the bread of life, and some of the others were touched in their better natures. With one or two exceptions, the audiences have increased each Sabbath, and at the closing service, there was assembled a breathlessly attentive, and apparently devout congregation of probably four to five hundred persons. No extraordinary means have been used to attract. A short advertisement in one paper on the Saturday in each week, was the only mode adopted to engage public attention.* But many who came without any serious intention in coming, had their minds and hearts awakened to a sense of the reality and awful nearness of the eternal world; and still more, to a perception that though they had hitherto thought they were living correct and satisfactory lives, they had been all the while far from God, heart-hardened, and self-righteous. I have before me a note from one friend,—long a receiver of the doctrines of the New Church, in which he says, "until I heard Mr. Harris, I never felt the utter worthlessness of my own past life." Another, a lady, speaking of another minister, said, "his preaching never made me feel my own sinfulness as that of Mr. Harris' does." Others, whom I know, began to show in a more ten-

* The week-evening lectures at the Athenæum, however, were announced by placard. The subjects of these three lectures were the "Causes, Forms, and Remedies of Modern Infidelity."

der, humble, and gentle bearing,—in a more reverent and prayerful spirit,—in a love for the Word of God,—and in the subjugation of selfish tendencies,—the operation of the Divine Spirit upon their hearts. There is no demonstrative manifestation, but quietness, peacefulness, and love grow out into the life. Surely these are the “fruits of the Spirit.”

Last evening, December 19th, a tea meeting was held, to which were invited “those who had tended and been benefited by these ministrations.” About one hundred and seventy tickets were sold. After tea, the chair was taken by a gentleman of Warrington, an influential member of the Cairo Street Church,* who sets forth in a devoted life his real reception of New Church Truths. Our dear friend, Mr. Harris, gave a most affectionate and impressive farewell address, followed by remarks from several other friends. The harmony and deep feeling of the meeting, the silent and yielding regret in parting, of so many friends, knit together so rapidly around this one man, simply because through him flowed the inspiring tones, words, and works of the loving spirit of christianity, could not but deeply impress all present. In this age of hard externalism,—of traffic and competition,—when the natural current of thought, in every one, is towards believing nothing but self-interest,—to see so many hearts silently expanding under the genial influence of the Divine Spirit, like flowers opening to the sun,—is refreshing as the palm-grove in the desert to the parched traveler. It is, indeed, a truly miraculous influence.

During these twelve weeks, Mr. Harris has preached twice on each Sunday, in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, and has delivered, on week evenings a number of lectures in the Manchester Athenæum, in Warrington, and at Middleton, to audiences of several hundred, whose breathless attention showed their deep interest. Everywhere the preaching appears to have reached the heart, as it came from the heart. Sometimes it was terribly searching and rousing to the conscience,—sometimes it exhibited fearfully vivid pictures of the spiritual results of sin,—and sometimes it melted the soul into tenderness and love. The true and almost obliterated idea of the Church, in the individual and in society, was clearly brought out. And above all, Christ,—the one God,—the Divine Man,—was preached and brought to every one's perception as the only Saviour,—the All in all,—the beginning and the end of the Church,—the inmost presence of all His followers,—and the source of all love and all truth in every human soul. A number of the sermons and lectures will be published. Several are already printed or in the press. They are verbatim reports taken by two or three of our friends here, and I believe a number of copies will be sent to America.

As yet, few of our friends here have read any of Mr. Harris' writings, except some of the articles in the *HERALD OF LIGHT*. To most of them the “Arcana of Christianity,” and the “Wisdom of Angels,” are *terra incognita*. A number of copies of these books have, however, just been received, and most of them sold.

* This Church, an old Presbyterian Trust, during the last century, held a conspicuous attitude in connection with the development of English Unitarianism.

Generally speaking, there is much less interest felt in these than in simple preaching of heart-truths. In America, spiritual manifestations have caused these books to be looked upon with an entirely different feeling from that which exists here. In Manchester we are much in the same state as regards these spiritual manifestations as existed in America twenty years ago. They have scarcely as yet been recognized as such.

It is not to be supposed that the things we have narrated should have occurred without awakening antagonism. A strong feeling of opposition has been displayed by some of our friends for whom we cannot but entertain the highest regard. Unconsciously to themselves, some have been prejudiced by statements received from America. It is surely not uncharitable to impute prejudice to those who strongly oppose and yet refuse even once to hear or see for themselves. But the opposition was strongest at first, and will probably at length be entirely overcome by the power of truth and love. Many others than those connected with nominally New Church Societies, however, have been attentive hearers have become warmly attached, and drink in eagerly the truths of the New Church. Some of these, I fear, will now be like sheep without a shepherd. At the tea-meeting last evening, one of our friends entered into conversation with a working man, who sat next him, who had attended the whole of the sermons at the Mechanics' Institution. He said he had never before seen the need of religion as he now did. He anxiously asked if there was any place in Manchester, where the teachings of this New Church could be heard. We can but hope and pray that the Good Shepherd may watch over these wanderers, and fold them with His flock. May the good seed sown be nurtured by the Divine Husbandman, and all His Divine purpose in this mission be accomplished.

Our dear brother and sister have this day departed for London. Though the morning was bitterly cold, a little company of warm hearts bade them an affectionate farewell at the railway station, and the prayers and blessings of many accompany them.

MANCHESTER, Dec. 20th, 1859.

E. B.

[The initials of the foregoing will be recognized by many of our readers abroad, as those of a much respected gentleman connected with the English New Church organization.]

TRUTH AND LIFE IN JESUS.

This, as we learn from England, is the title of a volume of sermons by Rev. T. L. Harris, now in course of publication by the brethren in Manchester. They are strictly verbatim reports, and will, as such, possess that living interest which belongs to heart-words from Jesus, surcharged with infinite tenderness of Divine Love. We hope in the ensuing number, to state the day of their issue from our New York office.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION FOR THE YEAR 1859.

The operations of the Association since its inauguration under its present management, dating from April 1st, 1859, have been as follows:

The *HERALD OF LIGHT* has been issued with some slight variations punctually on the first of each month, and, it is believed, to the general satisfaction of its subscribers.

New supplies have been printed of the following works :

The Wisdom of Angels, Vol. 1.....	250 Copies.
The Arcana of Christianity, Part 1, Vol. 1.....	250 "
The Hymns of Spiritual Devotion, Part 1.....	100 "
The Hymns of Spiritual Devotion, Part 1 and 2.....	250 "

The sales have been :

Arcana of Christianity.....	121 Copies.
Songs of Satan.....	91 "
Hymns of Spiritual Devotion.....	280 "
First Book of Christian Religion.....	130 "
Wisdom of Angels.....	105 "

Donations have been made by the Association of Books amounting to \$138.59.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

DR.

To Cash Recvd. for Stock.....	\$1,798 77
" From Manager.....	669 42
" Donations.....	112 00
	\$2,580 19

CR.

By Cash paid for Stereotype Plates, &c., &c.....	\$1,000 00
" Bills Payable.....	181 62
" Paper, Printing, and Binding.....	903 04
" Miscellaneous Books.....	39 86
" Rent.....	225 00
" Furniture and Fixtures.....	54 90
" Certificate, Transfer and Acct. Books.....	39 26
" Freight and Duties.....	22 30
" Fuel and Sunday Expenses.....	79 88
" Cash, Balance in Bank.....	34 33
	\$2,580 19

EDWIN R. KIRK, *Treasurer.*

The Trustees of the New Church Publishing Association, take this occasion of congratulating the friends of the cause on the increasing demand which exists for our Publications. It will be seen by our rates that we have reduced the price on the works published by the Association about twenty-five per cent. It is our wish to make still further reductions. By a little activity among the friends of the cause, this desire can be carried out at an early day.

The labors of our Brother Harris in England, are being crowned with a success more than was anticipated, and a coöperative society has been formed there for the purpose of publishing and disseminating the truths now coming to us. All our publications are read with avidity by some of the wisest and best men of England. The "Arcana of Christianity," especially, is making a profound impression.

It is the purpose of the Board of Trustees to issue from time to time, such tracts as the necessities of the times may require. These tracts will be mainly made up from articles published in the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, and will be issued at bare cost of paper and press work. We feel that it is unnecessary to urge upon our friends the importance of subscribing for and largely circulating these publications, imbued as they are and will be, with the fresh inspirations now descending from the Heavens. We would also bespeak for our Journal a larger subscription list. A thousand subscribers more would justify us in reducing the price to one dollar.

Heretofore the *HERALD OF LIGHT* has been forced into an aggressive position by the demands which have been made upon its pages for stirring articles. This work having been measurably accomplished, its contributions in the future will abound more in the constructive, deeply practical, and living evangelical elements. This year promises to be one of deep interest to earnest minds everywhere, and it will be the effort of its conductors to hold sympathy with the good and true of both hemispheres. We have already engaged as contributors some of the best pens in Europe and America.

In conclusion, brethren, we would again urge upon you the importance of an active coöperation with us in sustaining, by your means and exertions, the glorious cause we have mutually espoused. The world is lying in darkness and is starving for the bread of life. The Lord has made us His stewards for giving to others the rich treasures of truth which have been so bountifully bestowed upon us. Let us not fail to appreciate the advantages which we enjoy; but let us, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, be faithful to our trusts. We hold it to be a high privilege to thus contribute our portion to the great work so nobly begun; shall we not share these privileges with you? If you cannot be with us in the active labors which devolve upon us, you can lend your warm sympathies and aid as the Lord prospers you.

H. J. NEWTON, *President.*

The proceedings of the Annual meeting of the Association are crowded out, and will appear next month.

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[The following, with other NEW CHURCH WORKS, may also be obtained of the Association.]

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NEW CHURCH FREEDOM:

A PAST USE AND A FUTURE MISSION.

THE New Church clergyman must stand above all sects, and, with equal sympathy, consider himself related to every society of believers in the universal body of the Lord. If, heretofore, we have spoken of the religious societies formed upon formulas contained in Swedenborgian authorities, as the New Church visible, it has been in no case our intention to recognize it as the New Church universal, but rather as an attempt to concentrate into a distinct organization, the independent minds receptive of New Church tenets. Were we to ally ourselves, externally, to any body of people, we should select those in whom the most love existed for perishing souls, the most broken-hearted humility before the Lord. We do recognize, as Christian churches, all bodies of believers, who possess the Spirit and do the works of Christ.

Our Lord said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." Beloved of the Lord are all those who possess His Spirit, which is peace, who dwell in love, who avoid contentions, and who, so far from calling themselves "the Church," because of doctrine, perceive more of the church in other bodies than their own, where piety is more deep and charity more perfect.

A solemn conviction rests upon us, that the Lord has forever removed us from any special relation to the Swedenborgian sect. For three years, incessantly, we have labored to promote, by personal appeals to its members, evangelical holiness. Our special work in this direction is done. Henceforth we turn to the Gentiles. Upon those who have imputed our Works and Words to Satan, upon those who, with the rationale of a true philosophy in their hands, have refused to discriminate in our case between or-

derly intromission into Divine Truth for ends of use, and the fantasies and frenzies of possession—upon them must rest whatever responsibility attaches to the wilful rejection of a message from the Lord. We shall never, in thought, word, or deed, retaliate, but appeal, in all matters between those of whom we speak and ourselves, to the judgment-seat of Christ.

We have received such hearty sympathy, such earnest heart-felt moral aid, from many in the body, who, possibly, have still important uses connected with it, that we cannot but yearn toward them with an overflowing tenderness, and grasp them with spirit hands, not to bid them adieu, but to cement a more intimate, a more interior alliance. Yet we feel that the New Churchman must fearlessly embrace, in his wide sympathies, the true and good of every communion. So hopelessly entangled in partisan efforts, so wrapt about with antiquated phrases, so immeshed in formalism is the Swedenborgian sect, that we consider it hopeless to expect its liberation, except by decease. It will die, and, from its ashes, spring a something glorious, and without precedent in human history.

Already the bulk of the receivers of the truths of the New Church, as enunciated through the writings of Swedenborg, are without the limits of the Swedenborgian sect. They stand aloof till they behold a Bride City descending from the heavens, the New Jerusalem, with light like unto a jasper stone, clear and precious. It is a fact, to which we pledge ourself, that, so far as personal acquaintance has gone in Europe, those whom we consider the most illustrious receivers of New Church philosophy, have outgrown the ism, if they ever were involved in it, and look upon it as a mass of dry remains. The tendency is *from it* not *to it*, and many, who remain, only wait a something better, in order to take a bold and uncompromising position beyond its pale. When we first arrived in England, and were informed on unimpeachable authority, of its lifeless chaotic state, the tale seemed incredible. There are good men laboring in its pulpits, some even who reject as impious the hierarchal system developed in its midst. We would do them all honor. There are others, well meaning, but so timid that their noblest convictions are stifled from politic considerations. Here we might bring to light startling facts, but

from motives of kindness forbear. The true New Church will arise, but not from the concrete form supposed by some to be its germ. That is malformed, and its outgrowths must partake of its organic evils. It is not in true freedom, and therefore not in order. It is not in spiritual perception, and therefore it sits under a great cloud of darkness. We believe that the majority of doctrinal New Churchmen in England are convinced of this. They feel that the New Jerusalem has not yet descended. Nor can it descend, until the strongholds of Satan in the self-hood are overthrown. The most apparent obstacles to its descent in England, into a visible Christian church, are the *pride of intellect* and the *pride of place*. A limited circle of intellectualists, whose bond of union is, that they are readers of Swedenborg, however important may be their place grouped in the series of the schools of philosophy, can never serve as the nucleus of a Divinely ordered Religious Society. The annual dinner party may have its use, and its proceedings serve to keep the name of Swedenborg before the public, but Pentecosts do not originate after the cloth is removed, and where good fellowship waxes genial over the wine. Yet, perhaps, the best thing which England has yet done for the New Church, has been through fraternity and the zeal of reason. For books have been multiplied, and often distributed, with a noble charity. Yet, to counterbalance advantages, from this very form of association a *Spirit* has been diffused, which savors rather of a cold rationality than of a broken-hearted penitence before the Lord. Its states are reproduced wherever a Swedenborgian coterie is knit together. This influence, in turn, inevitably is distributed through the religious associations into which these readers of Swedenborg form themselves. As the reader of Swedenborg becomes a doctrinal Swedenborgian, he naturally seeks, from the pulpit, a learned exposition of his favorite author. Swedenborg becomes the final appeal, whom to doubt, on any point, is heresy. So the right of private judgment practically dies. The main force of the preacher, in such a position, must be, of course, expended in the declaration of what Swedenborg said, of what he wrote and what he saw; and he outranks all others who is the best expounder of the abstruse dogma, in its thousand-fold ramifications. All things are conducted with the cool gravity of a

scientific congress. Each step in the progress is of course, with those interested, to a more abstract intellectual condition. A plain person, entering the assembly, is translated into an unknown region, where, if his own familiar ideas are taught, they are expressed in phrases, and couched in formulas, as of an unknown tongue. Of course a movement like this can have no hold upon the popular sympathy. Will it be believed that in Manchester proper, as we are informed, the two Sabbath services in the church of the sect may perhaps be attended by three or four hundred in the morning, and in the evening by perhaps about one-fourth of the former number? Yet the Manchester clergyman is a man of high scholarly attainments, of no mean pulpit power and of unblemished life. This paucity is the more singular, when it is borne in mind that here, for many years, the doctrines of the New Church were expounded with eminent ability, in one of the churches of the Establishment, by a most able divine, who was also a voluminous writer in their exposition and defense. As the fresh novelty is over, a second generation of Swedenborgians spring up, who become birth-right receivers, and often with but little conception of New Church theology, and with an absolute distaste for the writings of the illumined scribe. Here, where the dogma has perhaps its most ancient seat, time has certainly tested, if not its truth at least its popular power. How signally has it failed! on every side we hear the complaint, "Our churches are languishing for lack of piety: our hearts are starved out." Often the hearer, after listening to the preacher, who points to Christ as the Divine Friend, able by His Spirit to be felt as a sensible presence in the heart, cries, "We do not want any more than we have. Swedenborg is enough for us." And Swedenborg is enough—to die under.

It is appalling to contemplate the spiritual pride which this technical presentation of Swedenborg has developed, the apathy of soul, the lack of interest in the spiritual condition of the masses, the dull contentment in a formalism at which the heart recoils, the disbelief in the more obvious and positive workings of the Spirit of the living God. It is more than probable, that the attempt to introduce free social prayer-meetings into the body, would be followed by a rupture, looked upon by some with abhor-

rence, as disorderly by others, and by another class with disdain as contemptible. Here we draw our sources of information from numerous authorities, recognized and respected, and some of them familiar with the workings of the system from an experience of many years. So too, when devout and earnest members feel moved to attempt the introduction of more liberal and vital ideas, they are informed, that "if they do not like the system they may leave it."

We are told of centres, wherein a more desirable condition exists. One of these deserving of notice here, is ministered to by a gentleman who has maintained consistently an attitude of firm resistance to the hierarchal system, and steadfastly refused to be recognized as a minister by human ordination. Other and most estimable parties are laboring heartily to introduce piety, prayer and freedom, together with a spirit of broader sympathy with suffering man; but the pride of intellect most fearfully prevails.

The true New Church has no sympathy whatever with this intellectual state. It is more like primitive Wesleyanism. In fact, we recognize, in the more fervent and socially obscure bodies of this tender-hearted people, far more of the genuine power, far more of the Divine endowments of the New Jerusalem. A very shallow and superficial idea of regeneration is the stinging, benumbing and destroying serpent, in the Swedenborgian body. In fact, with some, the idea of regeneration, in the Biblical sense, is buried under a mass of scholastic refinements. It is remarkable that a theology, which contains the most fearfully true of all regenerative doctrines, should be the very one where self-crucifixion seems practically lost from sight. Were the Lord to send another Peter to Manchester, with not even two coats and no money in his scrip, the proceeding would be characterized as disorderly in a most eminent degree. Some would be fearfully alarmed lest Peter should run in debt, and perhaps abscond without paying for his lodgings; but lungs would breathe easier at the announcement that Peter, on entering the city, placed money in the bank. That the Lord is able to raise up men *now*, as he did of old, and send them out to preach a free Gospel, and put words in their mouths and matter in their hearts, and sustain them in it by His Providence, many would think it madness to believe. So the theory of

the New Church is nominally received, but coupled with a rejection of the entire preaching system under which the first Christian Church grew into place. The practical, literal teaching of the Holy Spirit is ignored, and to believe that the Lord guides, by any interior process of communication with the soul that a disciple can be conscious of, is esteemed the veriest freak of imagination. If a man comes in his own name, with self-derived intelligence, applied to a scholastic presentation of correspondences, he will meet with a cordial pulpit welcome. But if he comes with the self-hood abased before the feet of the Master, and in the demonstration of the Spirit, speaking not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but in those which the Holy Ghost supplieth, his very advertisement of a design to preach the Word will be expunged, by editorial hands, from even the notices on the wrapper of a New Jerusalem Magazine. Let this stand also, as a testimonial, in the last day.

It is, we repeat again, pride of intellect, growing out of a reception of the letter of New Church tenets, not wrought into a Divine Life, which makes the Swedenborgian sect in England what it is. The foundation of Christian character is laid in a lively repentance before God and in a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is accompanied with a sweet consciousness of sins forgiven. It works by love and purifies the heart. The Christian's very name is "lowly, and a follower of the Lowly One," who yet, as to his Divine Person, inhabiteth eternity. The Christian is one of broken heart and contrite spirit, who trembles at the Word. He serves the brethren out of an unfeigned love. But what are we writing about? The very first and most incipient form of a New Church Society, has, so far as we know, never yet been realized in England. We might as well preach to the dead; our words are to many as those of one who hath a devil. The lowly mind, the self-renouncing heart, they must be felt to be understood. We think, as we behold the Sect, perusing Swedenborg on a Sabbath, of what Paul said concerning the Israelites of old, that, when they read Moses, "the veil is on their hearts," and what shall remove this veil? We are in great sorrow and heaviness of spirit for their sakes. It clings to their faces like the cold shroud, that hides the confined features of the dead. Here is another lament-

able illustration of the truth, that the loftiest formulas of doctrine may be woven into subtle veils of self-delusion, when taken into the understanding of the mere natural man.

The basis of this sect was laid in the reception of doctrine. It was not laid in repentance toward God. Its corner stone was not the inward Christ, who liveth and abideth for ever ; but the system of correspondences, heaped into a mass in the perceptions of the natural mind. Its members were not built together, on the corner stone, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, as living stones, to a holy temple for the Lord. They were daubed outwardly with the untempered mortar of speculative opinion, and, in that inert condition, grouped together, to stand as the earthly pedestal for the mere image of a man. So, in the light of the Divine Sun, and with open vision toward the Lord, we are constrained to add. Be the final appeal, as we said before, to the judgment-seat of Christ. Stones are not bread ; truths, destitute of life, but mock the senses, while they betray the heart. There are Swedenborgian temples where the heart is betrayed. Men walk into churches where, for many years, the "ism" has had its very throne of doctrine, with a sensation as if they were going into graves. What shall be the remedy ? Could this people, for one year, meet together and read the Bible, in its literal sense ; could they ponder over the direct unqualified teachings of our Lord , could they cease to dream over Arcana and Principia ; could they apply to themselves the burning, piercing, tender Scriptures ; could they meet together to interchange their own deep personal experiences ; could they pray with one another earnestly, tenderly, humbly, in the Lord's presence ; could they abandon the idea that they are the New Church, and feel themselves a poor company of sinners, lost without the inmost regeneration of the will, it requires but a gift of very common prescience to foretell the consequence. Soon the conviction would overtake them, " We have known Swedenborg, but we have not known the Lord Jesus Christ." From the grave of buried pride would come forth the new man, created in Christ Jesus unto good works.

It is thus that we give utterance to our most deep convictions, knowing that they are shared, in the body, by numbers of catholic and earnest spirits. For us there remains no church visible, as

represented by any organism grouped about special dogmas of whatever sort. We must look for it, out of the pale of our own doctrinal preferences, wherever two or three are gathered together, in such sweet and holy unities of piety and love that in their midst we recognize the Master's presence. We feel our heart expanding as we write, as if the Church Universal claimed us for its own. Our use to Swedenborgians, as such, providentially terminates. Our use to the great and true Church, of whom Swedenborg was an out-birth, and to whose brighter era an har-binger, is now more fully begun.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

Brother mine, let Wisdom teach thee,
Lest thou too be found in slumber,
When the Good Man of the household
Calls His faithful ones before Him ;
For the night is passed already,
And the Mighty One of Ages
Hath His hand against the portals :
We are living in the newness
Of the age wherein the nations,
In the balances of judgment,
Shall be tried by Him who cometh.
They are wise who wait His coming
With their hearts from sin uplifted,
With their lips who teach the blinded,
With their hands who raise the fallen,
With their hearts who bless the lowly,
Giving bread to those who need it,
And a cup of pure cold water
To the thirsty ones who perish.

Regina.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

(Continued from page 238.)

There was then silence, and an interval devoted to various festivities, after which we listened to a lyric from an East Indian youth, named Tudra, whom in spirit I had known before.* It was entitled

LOVE-BIRDS IN A JASMINE-TREE.

Like love-birds in a jasmine-tree,
In Æthra's jeweled isle,
The Indian maiden sings to me,
When sleep-flowers ope and smile.
Tranced in the sunset-land I dream,
While balmily they sing,
Their thoughts within my slumber gleam
Like love-birds on the wing.

Like love-birds on the wing, my Love,
Thy thoughts are borne to me ;
I change into a crimson dove,
And seek the jasmine-tree.
There, nested in the fragrant boughs,
A dovelet, dwells my bride.
I whisper all my faithful vows,
And nestle to her side.

'Tis always day, 'tis always night,
In Æthra's jeweled sphere :
For aye the crimson stars are bright,
'Tis sunset all the year.
Thy soul is full of rest, my bride,
And, in thy liquid eyes,
The Sunset fairies seem to glide,
And the mild stars arise.

* See Lyric of the *Golden Age*, pages 49 to 53 ; also, pages 303 to 305.

Not so the earthy matron sings ;
Her heart, in widowed woe,
Like a caged bird, must beat its wings,
And feel the blood-drops flow.
She pineth for the spirit flown,
Whose rest is in the skies ;
Within her bower she sits alone,
And sings through all her sighs.

Like love-birds in a jasmine-tree,
In some far Indian isle,
Thy thoughts, Beloved, come to me,
When thou from Heaven dost smile.
I wait thee in my lonely bower,
From all the world apart,
And feel thee in that sacred hour,
Beloved of my heart !

I pluck for thee my fairest rose.
And sing my sweetest song,
For well I know thy spirit goes
Beside me all day long ;
And, when the tranquil night comes down,
And stars their beauty shed,
I see thy radiant Angel-crown
In starlight o'er my bed.

Draw near, Beloved—nearer still,
And speak as well as shine,
And hallow, by thy better will,
This feeble heart of mine.
I would not pine that thou art gone—
Thy Angel-crown I see,
But help me still to journey on
Till thou canst come for me.

After this I was again invited to utter my thoughts in melody,
and replied by producing from the internals of my mind a poem

which, previous to the opening of my spiritual sight, descended to me as by an inspiration.

PETER AND THE ANGEL.

Sleep, cradling in its arms the wearied world,
Hushed to sweet rest a poor, unfriended man :
To prison gyves and dungeon misery hurled,
Beneath the Church's ban.

He had gone forth, with bold, unselfish zeal,
And, through the Hierarchal City's mart,
Flung burning Truths, like sparks from flaming steel,
Upon the People's Heart.

Some Power there was, about his strong, plain words,
That shook the very base of Church and State ;
Or pierced, as with invisible, bright swords,
The armed and mitred Great.

He taught the very Slave that he possessed
A Manhood mightier than imperial Rome,
A strength, that roused, should Wrong's fierce cohorts breast,
And scatter like the foam.

He rose in might beneath the Temple's dome,
Rending the tabernacle's veils apart,
Showing that God dwelt not in gold or stone,
But in the loving Heart.

'Neath his true spirit moved the kindling throng
As the obedient sea beneath the stars :
The mountain waves of Popular Thought ran strong
Against Oppression's bars.

So, his free speech and freer thought to crush,
The Priesthood flung him to the dungeon stone,
And, through the Midnight's cold, sepulchral hush,
Peter slept calmly on :

Slept calmly, fearing not to-morrow's load,
 The scourge of suffering and the crown of thorns ;
 For the true Soul sails safely home to God,
 Alike through calm and storms.

A glory kindles round his brow : he wakes :
 Tinged with the Morn his Soul transfigured stands :
 Upon his eye th' eternal radiance breaks,—
 Spread the Elysian Lands.

And lo ! the Angel ! the delivering Friend !
 With form divine in soft resplendence 'rayed:
 His accents with the captive's heart-beats blend,
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

Before his touch the brazen portals ope !
 Beneath his glance the welded gyves give way !
 They, hand in hand, go forth, and heaven's blue cope
 Above is tinged with Day.

So Peter, strong in supersensual might,
 Rode forth triumphant o'er Wrong's gathering storm,
 The first CRUSADER, marshaling to the fight
 The ARMIES of REFORM.

Oh, Brother Man, fear not ! Though Hate and Wrong
 And want and Death hem round thy perilous path,
 Cease not to warble forth thine angel-song,
 Fear not old Falsehood's wrath.

Whether we face the Lions in the den,
 Or sail o'er martyrdom's red fiery seas,
 Around us camp, invisible to men,
 " The Cloud of Witnesses."

No chains can bind, no flames consume the soul :
 God's breath dissolves the avalanche of Ill :
 When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,
 Heaven sends its Angels still.

A little maiden, a very Mignon or Fenella as to appearance, now arose. She was called the Blue Tris, and I was told that she came from the orb Hesperia ; but I knew not where this was. In a voice, containg within itself, as it seemed the warbling of nightingales, and the cooing of doves, she breathed forth this little melody :

SONG OF THE BLUE TRIS.

The fairies, in a maiden's eyes,
Build marriage bowers of bliss divine ;
They lurk within her perfumed sighs,
And in her sparkling glances shine.

Sing, Maiden, sing ! glad heart rejoice !
The fairies in thy bosom dwell.
They make thee sweet for Lover's choice,
And golden years of bliss foretell.

When lilac blossoms yield their sweets,
And honeyed meads invite the bee,
The fairies thrill with nuptial heats,
And dance by night on flowery lea.

Hark, Maiden, hark ! the fairy chimes !
The silver moonbeams fleck thy bed.
Thy tender heart the song divines,
They tell thee when 'tis time to wed.

Many loving voices were then heard calling, "Melodia ! Melodia !" and then the beloved one of John Keats arose, with a silver cithern in her hand. Softly preluding upon the instrument, she thus began

THE ANGEL WIFE TO HER BRIDEGROOM.

Count the roses in the Heavens, my Beloved ;
Count the gems of Æthra's isle ;
Count the Seraphim, who worship all approved,
High in Faith's cathedral aisle.
Count the million fairy nations
In a garden of the skies ;

Count the wing'd adorations,
From believing Hearts that rise ;
Count the dew-drops when they glisten
In the mystic morning light ;
Count the Zephyrs when they listen
To the singing stars of Night ;

Tell them o'er, but still unnumbered
Will the fond affections be,
In my virgin life that slumbered
'Till they woke to sing of thee.
Melodia ! Melodia !

Oh, the young wife's heart is like a crystal fountain
Fed by nuptial fires of Love ;
'Tis a palace of the Angels, on a mountain
In the Sunrise Land above.
But the youth her virgin auguries prefigured,
Like a sun of seraph kings,
Shines within the rainbow fountain all transfigured,
And his pure espousal sings.
From the milk of her affections doth she feed him,
Till his lips, like roses blown,
Breathe their fragrance where delighted she doth lead him
Through the bridal summer zone.
Then within her pure affection he reposes,
Till her sweetness through him flows ;
And his poet-soul in melody uncloses,
Drawing life through her repose.
Melodia ! Melodia !

'Tis the Lord, who, in her wedded heart's affections,
Dwells like Morning in a gem ;
And he crowns her with his Beautiful Perfections
For a bridal diadem.
'Tis the Lord, who, in the heart of angels loving,
Makes the bride-world pure and sweet.
And the two in one arise, through raptures moving,

Till they mingle at his feet.
Heart to heart, close pressed in loving union,
In their wedded bliss they dwell ;
And the Lord sings through their innocent communion,
As the sea sings through a shell.

Melodia ! Melodia !

“ Dance all night ! dance all night ! ”
Sing the bridal fairies in her heart’s delight.
“ Dance all day ! dance all day ! ”
Sing the bridal fairies in her eyes bright ray.
“ Love is sweet ! love is sweet ! ”
Sing the crimson fairies on her lips that meet.
“ Love is blest ! love is blest ! ”
Sing the bridal fairies in her heart caressed.
Melodia ! Melodia !

The Tulip in the garden green,
On earth is spring’s ephemeral queen.
She withers in her painted pride,
And leaves no fragrance where she died.

The modest Cowslip, at her feet,
Who keeps the house where fairies meet,
She too exhales her life away,
And fades before the summer day.

But the gay Tulip lives no more,
And choosing not her heart to pour
In ceaseless tides of fragrant breath,
Dissolves into perpetual death.

Not so the Cowslip’s balmy sighs—
The fairies lift them to the skies :
In fairy gardens there they bloom,
And feed the fairies with perfume.

This is a lesson lovers heed,
Though in the Heavens there is no need.

Affection, in her cowslip-house,
Is summer's deathless angel spouse.

She draws from Morning's lurid urns
The light in her immortal eyes.
Her beauty's flame unwasting burns,
Fed by the fires of Paradise.
Melodia! Melodia!

And now again the beautiful Odora, advanced in the midst of manifestations of great joy while she sang this

HYMN OF THE FAIRY FESTIVAL.

Crown with joy Apollo's hall.
This is fairy festival.
Here Perfection groweth small ;
Crown the bride with roses all.

Where the Sunset Land is gay
Sleep and dreams the youthful day ;
Not a flower but hath its fay ;
In the wedded heart they play.

Where the Bride-land myrtle blows
Dwell the fairies of repose ;
And the young bride's eyes they close
While she sleeps in Hymen's rose.

Fairies in the Sunset dells
Dance among the asphodels ;
Every heart its rapture, tells ;
Fairy hearts are bridal bells.

While sweet Odora sang this nuptial melody a silver radiance diffused its love-light through her eyes, and in the beams of light, as in an ethereal atmosphere, were seen infantile fay-forms, almost infinitesimal in size, dancing in merry circles. She took a golden viol and began this

FAIRY INVOCATION.

Fairies, in the sunbeams dancing ;
Fairies in the moonbeams glancing ;
Fairies that in love-light glisten ;
Listen !

Fairies, gold and white and azure,
Born within the bosom's pleasure,
With the Spirit's truth that glisten,
Listen !

Come from every bosom's portals ;
Form a crown for the immortals,
Like the stars in Heaven that glisten.
Listen !

Hasten every fairy nation,
Hear the loving invocation,
While your eyes with rapture glisten.
Listen !

THE CROWN SONG.

Come form a wreath of diamond beams,
Soft as the zephyr's down,
And hasten through the sunset gleams,
The new-made Bride to crown ;—
And hasten through the crimson gleams,
The new-made Bride to crown.

And bid the sacred pansy grow,
And myrtles pure and sweet,
No thoughts her happy heart must know
In fragrance less complete.
And wreath it all with golden light,
Soft as the zephyrs down ;
Then bear it, in your sweet delight,
The new-made Bride to crown,—

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

And bid it glimmer all the night,
 The new-made Bride to crown.
 For she is fresh and fair as Morn,
 Who, on the Sunrise hills,
 Wakes like a maiden newly born
 Amid the liliated rills.

Awake ye fairies of the air,
 Light as the zephyrs' down,
 Your fragrant wreath the Bride must wear,
 It is her nuptial crown ;
 Your fragrant wreath the Bride must wear,
 It is her nuptial crown.

SONG OF THE BRIDAL FAIRIES.

Here Lovers' thoughts have eyes and wings,
 And hearts that thrill with bliss sincere,
 And fairy queens and fairy kings
 Are born within the nuptial sphere.

The heart is all a fairy sea ;
 Its jeweled skies are all serene ;
 And fairies trip in bridal glee,
 Around the blessed Marriage Queen.

Within the heart are fairy isles :
 They gem its ocean bright and large ;
 And fairies, robed in maiden smiles,
 Dance in the lilies round the marge.

The Indian Heaven is always bright
 In wedded hearts and wedded minds.
 No maid but hath her faithful knight,
 Each bridegroom here his true love finds.

While Odora was delighting us all with her music the air became full of dancing fairies, and now, in a voice of sweetness more exquisite she sang

THE FAIRIES OF MELODIA.

The fairies of the morning dwell
In young Melodia's breast ;
Her heart is all a tuberosé dell
By fairy folks possest.

The fairies of the morning shine
Within her glorious eyes ;
And all her happy thoughts divine,
Ere to her lips they rise.

Within her heart are crystal springs,
The water fairies glide
Where'er her song its music flings,
And in its fragrance hide.

They move through Heavenly space afar,
Attired in crimson flame,
And form at last a singing star
That bears Melodia's name.

In a voice of plaintive tenderness Odora now sang to us

THE DEATH OF SINGING SWEETNESS.

Ere the wild witch hazel blossomed,
In the desolate December,
O'er the landscapes, snow-embosomed,
I remember ! I remember !
From the Sea of Starry Islands,
Like a red, expiring ember,
Shone my planet through the silence
Of a dying Poet's chamber.
He was fair and he was young.

In a trance, with eyes that glistened,
All that desolate December
Sat a Spirit-Girl and listened,
I remember ! I remember !

Hope within her heart was burning,
Like a flame of crimson amber,
And her thoughts from Heaven were turning,
To the Poet's dying chamber.

He was fair and he was young.

Slowly, slowly, slowly dying,
Through the terrible December,
With the death frost on him lying,
I remember ! I remember !
How he saw the red Mars, shining
Like a fitful glowing ember,
On his lonely couch reclining,
With the darkness in his chamber.

He was fair and he was young.

Ere the wild witch hazel blossomed,
In the terrible December,
Died the poet, vestal-bosomed,
I remember ! I remember !
And his true Mars-maiden glimmered
Through the star-light in his chamber,
While his life-lamp, dying, shimmered
Like a red, expiring ember.
He was fair and he was young.

Oh, my Poet, Oh, my lover !
I remember ! I remember !
How thy couch I hovered over
All that terrible December.
Hope within thy breast was burning
Like a red, expiring ember ;
But thy soul to God was turning,
And his Angels filled thy chamber.
He was fair and he was young.

Death is brief and life is endless.
I remember ! I remember !
How the lonely one and friendless,
In that desolate December,

By an Angel-bride beholden,
Issued from his dying chamber,
Shining in the love-light golden.
I remember ! I remember !
He was fair and he was young.

She then continued, turning to me ; there is with us a blue-eyed maiden whom we call The Pearl, and she will sing one of your own songs. There then advanced three spirits whose names I will not here give and one of them sang

SHE SLEEPS.

Her sufferings end ; she sleeps, she sleeps :
Along the floor the moonlight creeps ;
That silver sea that laves the shore
Of outer slumber evermore ;
That silent sea that ebbs and flows
Round the dim islands of repose,
And wafts from out ethereal deeps
Their tranquil rest. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her pulse beats calm and low. She sleeps.
From sense to soul the dream-light creeps ;
That silver sea that laves the shore
Of inner waking evermore ;
That silent sea that ebbs and flows
Round the veiled Edens of repose,
And wafts from pure, immortal deeps
Their visioned forms. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her face grows beautiful. She sleeps.
From angel worlds the love-light creeps ;
That silver sea that laves the shore
Of inner life for evermore ;
That silent sea that ebbs and flows
Round hearts that in God's love repose,
And wafts from Heaven's untroubled deeps
Their endless joy. She sleeps, she sleeps.

SHAKSPEARE AND SWEDENBORG.

If we accord to Swedenborg the most miraculous power as the anatomist of the spiritual man, the delineator of the interior faculties of the understanding and the will, we must accredit to Shakspeare an equal mastery in the moving scene, where man's thought and passion, clothing themselves with the drapery of a substantial form, live and speak in action. While Swedenborg, as to his genius, was a philosopher, Shakspeare, as to his original quality of being, combined the trine of human power, and was at once the poet and priest and sage.

We see Swedenborg under the most favorable conditions. Upon him fell the warm rich sunlight of the New Heaven. His intellect flowered as the first plant in the garden of the Lord's New Earth. But Shakspeare put forth the rare buds of his matchless genius with no such genial surroundings. The touch that thrilled the opening faculties was not from the celestial rod, but rather from the magic and the sorcery of the lower world.

Swedenborg, had he lived in Shakspeare's time, and before the inauguration of the new era in the World of Cause, would have been the dry thinker, the rival of Bacon in the exploration of nature and the human frame; while had Shakspeare, *regenerate*, been contemporaneous with the Swedish sage, and receptive of the heavenly influx, the world had been aroused ere now beneath the Divine Voice descending through him, into a delighted and perhaps far extended knowledge of the verities of the New Jerusalem.

The mere philosophical intellect—and Swedenborg, though illuminated, was after all of the philosophic cast—is deficient in the inspiring power. It rather imposes on the intellect the burden of a vast accession of knowledge, than inundates the heart and plumes the soul's wings with morning. However vast may be the realm of new thought which it opens, it laboriously constructs for us a reading chamber, and bids us master the heavenly Canaan as if its milk and honey were to flow as the result of deductions, and to trickle at the pen-point. But Genius sensationally communicates that which it sensationally receives. Shak-

speare, so far as he went, pursued this latter method. We love with Romeo and Juliet; we sorrow with poor, crownless and forsaken Lear; we are wonder-workers with Prospero, and revel with the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Swedenborg drew real characters of Angels with whom he conversed, as if they were mere projections and myths of his own consciousness; but Shakspeare invested his myths and idealisms with such a human and spiritual grace that they live in the imagination as realities and become vital men and women to the heart. Shakspeare put new spirit into the players, till acting became no caricature but a vivid and real unveiling of the mirthful or terrible incidents of life; but Swedenborg, alas that it must be said! has never succeeded in raising up through his writings a solitary preacher, so far as we can learn, capable of delineating to the human mind, in sentences that are themselves pictures, the wonderful verities which he perceived and of which he wrote.

The world hangs enraptured over the creations of the great dramatist; being dead he yet speaks, from book-stalls in the open air, from the libraries of princes, and charms the rude imagination of the peasant, while the man of culture confesses, with deep delight, the awe and wonder of the page. His works have wings and fly to the ends of the earth; while those of the greater and truer Seer follow laboriously and slowly, plodding after as if they were shod with lead.

Shakspeare, without being believed, and though the reader knows the tale to be but a fiction, produces upon the mind the results effected by the narrator of the most vivid supernaturalisms. So steeped are his writings in a real and natural supernaturalism, so impregnated with an occult faith in the invisible world, that they touch men on the spiritual side and open them toward Spirits, Angels, and the Infinite. The air-drawn dagger in *Macbeth*, and the bloody spot that no water could wash out upon the hand of murder, the wild chorus of witches, the grand terrific finale, produce all the effect of a real statement of the real facts upon life's spiritual confines and boundaries. Swedenborg has no such power. He declares, it is true, that to which he was an eye-witness, but the sentences are to many readers like icicles, and the page cold as marble.

Shakspeare makes no demand upon the credence, yet the world believes in him. Swedenborg, with the largest of claims, evidenced to the intellect by the best demonstrations, finds few receivers. Shakspeare founded no sect, for genius is universal. He overflowed, with an affluence of life, the channels of all literature. The original impulse imparted through him may be traced, to this day, in a certain Shakspearian idiom imparted to the Anglo-Saxon tongue. It runs in a golden vein through poetry, and speaks for ever in mellifluous prose. This great spoiled darling of Nature scattered his benefactions like the sun. Whitfield and a host of burning and impassioned preachers are indebted to him for stage-power in the pulpit, no less than Garrick, Kean, and their compatriots and successors, for a certain pulpit power upon the stage.

Swedenborg too has somewhat modified the language of theology, but latinisms, harsh and unmusical, that might be better expressed by home-words, often cramp the thought and lame the diction of his expounders. We are lost in a maze of "*Esses*" and "*propriums*." His writings painfully tend, when received as mere theologisms, to produce intellectual barrenness upon the part of their disciples. Cumbersome as Saul's armor, the youthful David of the Church finds, after all, some simple pebble from truth's well far more potent against the Goliath of sensuality and crime.

Shakspeare walks through the world at careless ease, yet startles us with wisdom in common things. That which he drops as an aphorism is made by the philosopher a vast and ponderous dissertation. We feel with Shakspeare and receive his sayings as a truth, because a deep internal consciousness responds with the oracular "*amen*." Otherwise with Swedenborg. He unconsciously puts us on our guard, we fence with the rapiers of logic; and, if we take the truth, do it as an acknowledgment extorted by this victorious foe. He begets the same habit, inevitably with the multitude of readers, who long to receive theology as if it were the calculus, who cypher up the results of Inspiration upon a slate and spend days in disquisitions on the fractional differences. The minds of his mere technical followers lie embedded in the shale of his writings, like coast-fossils in the slaty cliffs. This flows from the fact that the lyrical element, though not extinct, was dormant.

The representative power, by means of which the artist clothes his thought with fitting hues and garnitures, was in a most remarkable degree withheld. He walks through the World of Nature or of Spirit like a geologist through his museum, till, although vast series of truths have been presented, the listener is glad once more to inhale the silent sweetness of the living air, to counsel in preference with the meadow daisy or the lily of the vale. The verdict of the common reader is, "Very learned and very dull."

It was without doubt of absolute necessity that Swedenborg should have been just the man he was, a man coldly analytical, not thrilled at heart and wrought up to lyrical joy by life's invisible wonders when for the first time made known, but walking in their midst intent upon a scientific classification. So the acute anatomist and physiologist play vital parts and subserve an imperative use in the Divine economy. Swedenborg was the anatomist and physiologist of Revealed Religion; he tells us about the articulations of her joints and the structure of her muscles, discloses the process by which her fresh and virgin beauty is wrought to visible consistence and maintained in healthful life. Truly it is hard to overrate this function of his, nor can we sufficiently admire the patience of the close observing, calmly stating, much enduring man. Christendom will wake some day and do him justice; then, crowned as the very king of philosophers, his writings shall vindicate all their claims, and bring forth fruit as long as harvests ripen in the world.

But without the Shakspearian element in the Church, the Swedenborgian element is in comparison powerless. The plays of the Dramatist are the best commentary on the propositions of the Sage. What Swedenborg saw Shakspeare felt, and so the works of the one corroborate the other. Shakspeare was an unconscious Swedenborg, a natural authority in supernatural things. The dramatist acting on the tinselled stage, with darts and arrows of conviction demonstrates to the spectator the underlying spiritualities of his own existence. Shakspeare is an unconscious agent for evolving Biblical truths relating to all the ordinary states of human nature. His writings are a paradise of correspondences, where each is left to reveal its own intrinsic quality, rather than, by scientific label,

to make known its name. Unconsciously yet inevitably both the tragedy and the comedy bear witness to the spiritual ruin of mankind. Were Shakspeare to be read among the stars, the innocent inhabitants of uncorrupted orbs might deduce all that man is, in his fallen state, and find in all a constant vindication of the virtuous providence which "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

Shakspeare, in the mind, is a natural balance and equipoise for Swedenborg; and here comes up a singular fact. The dramatist who would fain represent "all the world a stage and all the men and women merely players," takes us behind the scenes, and reveals, beneath the paint and tinsel of appearances, "the ills that flesh is heir to," till, when we have drained the choicest extract of his writings, sadness overcomes us, life is seen to be a vast unhappiness, the very marriage feast is spread "with funereal baked meats;" the revelers issue in fair attire from viewless realms of being; they dance like insects in the summer beam; but the gay robe wears to tatters, the bright cheek grows wan, the red lip pale and loveless; old age is an alms-house filled with ruined spend-thrifts; Death itself, a fearful spectre, conducts the unwilling, shrinking mortal to a land of which little is known but everything feared. His cup is one of tears with a vinous gleam upon the surface; the effervescent sparkle is acrid with the salt of disappointment. The Shakspearian view of life is mainly that of the unregenerate man, while his best characters are those in whom the Divine Ideal is constrained and fettered through a vast body of indwelling human infirmity. He paints best those characters nearest to his own state, and, sympathizing deeply with the spirit of his age, he gives the best analysis ever presented of the spontaneous workings of the individual and social man.

Yet Swedenborg touches every point where Shakspeare has left an outline, and fills up the dark disc with supernatural light. The very essence of the inspiration of Swedenborg is the infinite holiness of God, while Shakspeare's deepest chord vibrates to the plaintive sorrow of mankind, heart-divorced from its Divine Original because of sin. Shakspeare's Genius goes out unto all the world, and revels with the gay, and feasts with the opulent, and triumphs with the successful, and hoards with the miserly, and

lavishes with the improvident. It jests and toys with Cleopatra in her gilded barge and drinks the very aroma of her charm with infatuated Antony. It participates in the schemes of conspirators ; it jousts in splendid tournaments ; it evokes the subtle genii of the elements ; it dallies with the gentle spirits of the seasons ; it perfumes its locks for the revel ; it essays its skill among the masters of poesy and with the disciples of the varied Muse ; it puts a girdle round the globe ; and then returns to its master's feet, exclaiming that the curse of life is satiety, even as the sting of death is sin. It has found every path but that which leads to the city with the golden foundations and the gates of pearl, the city where the pure in heart see God and enjoy him forever.

Otherwise with Swedenborg ; his Genius comes forth a plodding sprite, whose homely speech disguises the inner accents of a spiritual tongue. Where the Genius of the dramatist lies panting and exhausted it undergoes a change ; its vestures are transfigured about it and its pulses are filled with immortal fire. Still the technical fetter is upon the lip, yet, calmly and with measured speech, it delineates for the soul the wonders of a triumphal march through every Heaven ; the truths of an existence insphered in the very breath and living joy and essential truth and creative potency of its Father and its God.

To read Shakspeare well, one should do it from the stand-point of the truths elicited through Swedenborg. The style of the dramatist is the best corrective of that contracted through too abstract and exclusive a devotion to the Arcana of the Sage. The mere student of Shakspeare immerses the intellect in a rich and racy but engrossing naturalism, while the exclusive disciple of the philosopher is too apt to lose his hold upon the natural world. There is even danger that he becomes monkish and conventual and cold-blooded in his very loves. Shakspeare gives body and is truly English, but Swedenborg gives brain and is Latin. The union of the two produces a robust and manly intellectualism, thoroughly at home in Nature because *a priori* it has a dwelling-place in Spirit, and in Truth. Yet neither Shakspeare nor Swedenborg can prove of value, except as carefully perused, in states of regeneration, for ends of service, in a spirit of Catholic freedom, and from interior states of deep-hearted prayer.

TO A PERSECUTOR..

What is my thought like ? a dove, a dove,
With a wing of light and an eye of love.
It was born from the shell of a hope sincere,
For a wandering soul who was striving here.
Its plumage was wrought from the joy that flows
Through the heart when it grieves for the stranger's woes,
And its eyes grew bright, with a boundless ray,
When the soul began for its foe to pray.

What is my thought like ? a dove, a dove,
With a wing of light and an eye of love.
It floats through the air, with a wafted breath,
To a spirit who speaketh the words of death.
O'er his path by day, and his couch by night,
It coos with a murmur of pure delight.
It nestles, by times, in his bosom cell,
Where the holy affections of life would dwell.
O'er the cradled bed of his tender child
It broods, with a purity undefiled.
It warbles a love-song, that none may hear,
The heart of his trusting mate to cheer ;
And it floats o'er the stream of the soul's deep sighs,
With a music and motion of Paradise.

What is my thought like ? a dove, a dove,
That lives from the breath of a Saviour's love.
When the heart of the foeman no more is strange,
And in paths of the Angels he loves to range ;
When his face is lit with the Spirit Sun,
And his home in the Eden world is won,
He will see it, perchance, on a myrtle bough,
At the door of the brother he smiteth now.

Manchester, Nov. 18, 1859.

THE DIVINE PEACE.

The song of the Angels, which announced the lowly incarnation of the Divine Spirit, was a prophecy of peace, to be realized on earth, first in hearts and finally in institutions. Yet that peace is not to be won, except through combat. We must fight if we would reign. Christ enters into the soul as a warrior, with His garments dipped in blood. He stands as the type and symbol of an inspired heroism, battling for humanity against terrestrial, no less than demoniacal foes. The Christian life, from its inception to its last triumph, is Napoleonic or Cromwellian. Look at the calm face of the patient, self-renouncing man. What peace is there! Even blows and stripes, even the most cruel denunciations, have only power to call out a sad, sweet smile, like that of a martyr-angel. The keen blasts of hate have no power to despoil that human tree, in the divine garden, of leaf or fruit or glowing blossom. The aroma of a Divine Love is blown from the rudely shaken petals, and the æolian music of leaf and tendril is a perpetual variation of the cross-prayer of Messiah, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

But this state of peace is one only attainable through trial. It is a condition only to be established through deep interior wrappings, not with the angel but with the fiend. During the transition epochs between regeneration begun and regeneration finished, the repose of the moral nature in the Divine Love is continually menaced by invading foes. It comes at last—this peace, of which the world knoweth not—when the good man has been so long a combatant that his armor seems a part of his flesh, and the sword of the Spirit welded to the hand. To some it is revealed by the bedside, where the last earthly comforter expires. It has come to martyrs, with an ecstasy of bliss and with a vision of glory, at the stake, and amidst the roar and tumult of the flames.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PSALMS.

PSALM II.

When, in divine humanity,
To Earth Messiah trod,
And Angels chanted through the sky,
The advent-song of God,

Infernus woke and marshaled forth
Its Anakim afar,
And rose, in wrath, against the earth,
They of the Fallen Star.

In synods vast the demons met,
And sought, with fiery sword,
With blood of all the martyrs wet,
To pierce the infant Lord.

He heard and answered : Satan fell
Beneath His kingly feet,
And, on the subject realms of hell,
He fixed His royal seat.

There in divinely-human grace,
To rescue and atone,
He clasped the world in long embrace,
And made our grief His own.

There pouring forth His love divine,
The human nature died ;
There, in the Godhead's awful trine,
Rose and was glorified.

There in the Planet's inmost part,
He passed, with solemn tread,
And pressed the contrite to His heart,
And judged the quick and dead.

He smote the powers of sin and death,
And raised the lowly then ;
But evermore, with spirit-breath,
Inspires believing men.

The nations at His word, arise,
Or vanish, overthrown ;
Then haste, O man, be inly wise,
Thy God and Saviour own.

He comes, in love, to judge mankind,
But when the base respire
His holy breath, 'twill pierce the mind,
As with consuming fire.

CHARITY TO THE BROTHER.

Surely a sense of our mortality—a consciousness how soon we shall be gone ; or if we linger but a few short years, how sure to look upon our brother's grave—should, of itself, incline to pity and relieve, rather than aggravate the evils each is heir to.

WORD-PICTURES.

VI.

A fay, within a dew drop lit,
And sparkling through its lucid robe ;—
A new-born Poet, come to sit
Throned in the spirit of the globe.

THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT, NO. 7.

SECOND OF THE REVIVAL SERIES.

EVIDENCE OF CHILDHOOD IN GOD.

But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—ROMANS viii., 9.

The most important thing for a man to know in this life is to have the blessed assurance within his own heart that he is a child of God. And God has not left this to conjecture; but establishes a secret process with the renewed soul, whereby it knows and can say Abba, Father! in that true, in that high sense, which speaks of Christ in the heart. God is the father of all regenerate spirits. On this earth man is fallen; and on the plane of natural generation we partake of the consequences of that fall, not only in the natural degree, but also in the spiritual and celestial degrees of our being, if not arrested by the interceding hand of God. We become, if His mercy is not extended in our behalf, children of the devil, instead of being born into the blessedness of heaven by the renewing of the Holy Spirit which is given unto us. We are born in sin, and are, therefore, under the curse of the law; and we can only be redeemed from it by the regenerating influences of the Spirit of God. We must be "born again," even to the very ultimate planes of our being. Through the same process by which our Lord was made Divine, as to His human, we have to be created again. He is our elder brother, and, like Him, if faithful, we will enjoy the communion of His Spirit, as He enjoyed the communion of the Father—the Absolute God—within His breast. He knew that He was the only begotten son; for the Father dwelt within Him, and gave Him the continued assurance of His fatherhood by imparting to Him the all of His own life and blessedness. So does God the Father reveal Himself to us, if we are His children. And in this way, too, is He the Father in that true sense which makes us, who are being renewed into His likeness, the heirs of His kingdom and joint heirs with our Lord Jesus Christ; gives us that true assurance whereby we can cry "Abba, Father!"

How important is it, therefore, that we know whether we are

the children of God! Those that live after the flesh are children of the devil; those that live after the Spirit are children of God. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

This knowing that we are children of God is a matter of so much importance that He, ever mindful to provide for all our states, has left nothing to reasoning or assumption; He "attests it by His own Spirit in the soul of the person whom he adopts and makes an heir of the kingdom of Christ. It is the grand thing of the Christian's life. It is not left to the quibbles or casuistry of divines or critics, but receives the thing, and the testimony of it, immediately from God himself. And were not this palpable, direct assurance given, no man could have any possible knowledge of His salvation which would beget confidence and love. If, to any man, his acceptance with God be hypothetical, then his confidence must be so too. All this uncertainty, and the perplexity necessarily resulting from it, God has precluded by sending the spirit of His Son into our hearts, by which we know that He is our Father; and thus our adoption into the heavenly family is testified and ascertained to us in the only way in which it possibly can be done, by the direct influence of the Spirit of God. Remove this from Christianity, and it is a dead letter." It is no better than the figments of philosophies which disgrace the understandings of men. It is useless for us to talk of belonging to the New Church, or to any other church, unless we have the Spirit of Christ dwelling in our hearts.

"But ye are not in the flesh, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you." Before our conversion, or before we are adopted into the heavenly family, by having the influence of the Holy Spirit shed abroad in our hearts, the flesh, or the sinful principle, is held in subjugation to the devil. When we are convicted of sin we may know that the Holy Spirit is taking up his abode within; that He has come to make our bodies His dwelling-place. These stirrings of the conscience—these powerful operations upon the human heart, are the proofs, to the sinner, of His indwelling. God made man originally in the image of himself; made him, in unison with Himself, to receive the Divine Life which flowed from His own heart. When the Almighty Spirit makes the heart his resi-

dence, then the soul is delivered from the moral effects of the fall ; then are we brought into those relations with God whereby we can be regenerated, and finally sanctified from the last vestige of sin and its effects. This is absolutely necessary to our present peace and happiness, and final salvation. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His ; he does not belong to the kingdom of God.

That which holds good of the individual holds good of the Church. If the Church of Christ have not the spirit—the spirit of unity and brotherly love—it is none of His. Wherever discord reigns—wherever backbiting, and slander, and unkindness are manifested, there Christ is not to be found. We have yet to learn what it is to know Christ experimentally—know Him in those true heart-relations which bring joy, and peace, and gladness in the Holy Ghost. As long as we indulge our selfish feelings and lusts ; as long as pride asserts the place of humility ; as long as ambitious scheming and money-making take the place of true Christian manhood and holiness, so long we may expect to have the condemnation of the law hanging over us. The man who, by open indulgence of the worst passions of the human heart, sinks his soul to the level of the brute, must expect to find the trail of the serpent across his pathway. There is a great disposition among some people to place their sins upon the back of the devil. He certainly is the author of evil, but he is not responsible for our wickedness. God holds us in freedom, even on the ultimate planes of our natures ; and if we transgress the laws of His government we are guilty. There is one great mistake made in the New Church : the attaching a spiritual sense to every thing ; and forgetting that there must be a base or continent in the natural, before there can exist an entirety anywhere, and that we must bring inner meanings to the ultimate plane before they can assume tangibility to us. I believe in the grand unfoldings of the New Church—in its expositions of the spiritual and celestial senses of the Word, but when cant, and pretension, and ignorance, render nugatory the plain and practical teachings of Christianity, it is time we were looking to our Bibles for guidance. I love, revere and hold sacred every truth of God's Providential men ; but I hold the Word to be infinitely above either. For all practical

purposes I can do without expositions until I get into the spiritual world, where the spiritual and celestial senses are known in their sublime significance; but I can not do without the plain and evident meaning of the sense which belongs to this plane of life.

When the Lord tells me, through His Word, that He will, if I will let Him, take up his abode within my breast, I believe Him. When He tells me that He dwells there as the Comforter—as the Guide of my life; as the one who will lead me into all truth; when He tells me that I may know, by the assurance which this Indwelling Presence gives, that He is my Father, I believe Him. When He tells me that I must love Him with all my heart, mind, and strength—that I must love the neighbor, not only as well as myself, but *better* than myself, I believe Him. And believe, too, that unless I ultimate these in act, I can not belong to that true Church which brings heaven and earth together as one.

We have been groping in darkness long enough; we need the warm, glancing beams of the Divine Sun to light up the dark corners of our souls and reveal to us the hidden rottenness within. We want lightning flashes of truth to shiver into atoms these century growths of ours. We want the two-edged sword of the Spirit to smite in twain the tyrants of the soul, and let man go free.

When the Spirit of God rolls His thunder-tones through the clouds of our moral sky, we think the day-doom of the soul has come. We begin to fear and quake for our safety. Well we may; it is the crisis-point of the soul, leading to life everlasting, or to the depths of despair. When I read the terrible threatenings and warnings in the Word, it makes me shudder at the fate of the wicked. Though the celestial sense of the Word disposes of this subject in a true and philosophical manner, revealing the wisdom and unfathomed benevolence of Deity, still there is something awful in the thought, of the destruction of the human soul; something which reveals its grandeur in the wreck which follows the vastation of those terrible evils which coil around the heart, like huge serpents, stinging it to death. Humanity is condemned; its natural life has to be destroyed, and this destruction has to go on until sin, and death, and hell are utterly exterminated and blotted out of the moral universe of God. We have but two alternatives left us—either to become recreated by the influences

of the Holy Spirit, operating upon our natures through willing obedience, or to be destroyed, as to the accreted life we bear, and descend again through the processes of generation. It is with us to decide which road we will take. We can take the direct route through boundless empires of God's love and help, or sink through those hell-planes of existence which bring to us the miseries of the lost. In one sense, we go to God through both pathways ; one brings us to His breast radiant angels ; the other, devils stripped to the nakedness of a skeleton. We should, at this parting of the ways, pause and see where we stand—whether for God or for Satan.

“ If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His.” It is very easy for us to tell whether we have the Spirit of Christ ; whether we are led by the Spirit. No man need mistake this. Those that are Christ's are led by His Spirit, and the evidence of this leading is to be found in the fruits which are yielded by our action. The fruits of the Spirit are “ love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance ; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the affections and lusts of the flesh.” Here is the test. If we have love, not only love for the brethren, but love for all mankind ; if we have joy and peace, those twin sisters which come from heaven, and would always dwell with man if he would let them ; if we have long-suffering, that power of sacred endurance which fortifies the soul against the shafts of the bitterest enemies, reposing with Christ-like trust in God ; if we have gentleness and goodness amid all the provocations and dangers of human life and that faith which lifts the heart heavenward and reposes in its calmer light, notwithstanding the dark and cloudy shadows which flit in protean shapes across the pathway of life, coupled with meekness and temperance, we have the best evidence in the world that we are led by the Spirit of God. And oh ! when we bring these home-tests to the soul, how few of us can stand in the light of God's descending judgment !

Brethren, have we these graces bending o'er our lives ? Let us examine and see. If we have not—if we are not led by the Spirit of God, we are led by the spirit of hell—we are led by the promptings of the flesh, and are under the curse and condemnation of

the law. Would we know the works of the flesh and where we stand? They are manifest—"Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like, of which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do these things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

How scathing and heart-searching are these words of the apostle! They make shallow meanness and smooth hypocrisy tremble at the doom which awaits them.

If we have the first, the fruits of the Spirit, we are Christ's, whether we belong to a church or not; whether we ever heard of His name or not. If we have the latter, the works of the flesh, we are none of His, whether we belong to the new church or to the old. There are many men who reject Christ in the intellect who are His in heart, and they will be found among those, at the last day, who gave the cup of cold water to the least disciple; while many who profess His name, make long prayers, "pay mint, anise, and cummin," will hear the withering curse pronounced upon them, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

We may buy gilded Bibles; bring them here on Sunday, and read the morning and evening lessons; we may wear them about our persons as a protection against the infesting spheres of evil; we may riot in the profound and brilliant expositions of the Word, but unless we have the Spirit of Christ, and bear the fruits of this Spirit; unless we have within the breast the internal monitor to guide us into all truth, to convict us of sin and purify our hearts, our religion is false. It is but sheer blasphemy to talk of being in the Church of Christ, unless we bear in the life the evidences of our acceptance with Him. We have gone far astray from our Heavenly Father, and we need to pause and ask ourselves: whither are we tending? "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel. Thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you." Oh! brethren, let each one examine his heart and see what it is that hinders the descent of that Love which is to bind us together as one in God. O Lord, we have departed far from thee, restore our backslidings.

Brethren, we little know the dangers that surround us at this time. An open people, with terrible sins to overcome, have foes who require all their wisdom, courage, and forbearance to meet. Those terrible warnings and prophecies, uttered by a former ministration in this place, are too fearfully true; and it becomes us, therefore, to watch and to pray. Watch, that no insidious suspicion is permitted to be instilled into the mind against our unfortunate neighbor. Watch, that our passions do not get the better of our judgments, and we condemn where we are guilty ourselves. Watch, that self-love does not control our action instead of God's love. Oh! it is a fearful thing to be a Christian.

We must be honest with ourselves. These little evils of our natures must be hunted out and burned in the fire of God's love. We should call up from their hiding places these hinderances to our spiritual advancement, and, in the light of a quickened conscience, confess them to God. We should ask ourselves daily the solemn questions, For what purpose do I live? for self-service or man-service? Do I hold an honest reckoning with myself as to the employment of my time, my means, and my position in life? Do I soften my heart by tender sympathies, and soothe and calm the perturbed spirits around me, when God gives the privilege and the help? Time is fleeting, and the great day of God's reckoning is at hand.

The Lord is waiting, beloved friends, to reveal Himself in more tender relations to our hearts, if we will permit him. But who of us stand ready to welcome the Holy Ghost? The sin of Achan is too truly ours, and we stand self-condemned before our God. Many an anxious heart is pining for the adoption promised by our Father; but the accursed thing that is among us must be removed before we can hope to enjoy the refreshings from the presence of the Lord. Men may pray and toil forever for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but unless they prepare the conditions within their own hearts for His reception, they will pray in vain. We must first humble our own souls in the dust before we can expect to benefit others. The Church must first be washed before she can be attired in the robes of spotless white.

The hour is approaching when we are to have a visitation of the Divine Presence. It needs but the clearing away of the sins of the heart, by repentance and reformation, to bring a deeper

work of grace to our souls ; a deeper purification of our hearts. The visitation which is coming to us is to be one of uniting strength—one that shall make us the fitting temples for the indwelling God. It will come to some in the terrible might of God's power ; it will come to this Church when she prepares herself for the overshadowing presence of Jehovah God.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

" Father ! there are no dew-drops on my rose—
I came to seek them, but they all are gone
Was night so niggard ? or did morning steal
Those diamonds, ere her time ? "

" Be patient, boy."

Soon, the soft falling of a summer shower
Drew quiet music from the quivering leaves
And thro' the hollows of the freshen'd grass
Drew lines of silver.

Then a bow sprang forth,
Spanning the skies.

" See, child ! those glorious hues,
Violet and gold. The dew-drops thou didst mourn,
Mingle and sparkle there. Remember well,
That what is pure and beautiful on earth
Shall smile in Heaven."

He knew not that he spake
Prophetic words. But ere the infant moon
Swell'd to a perfect orb her crescent pale,
The spirit of that fair and loving child,
Which briefly on the parent's breast had hung
And trembled like a dew-drop, was exhal'd,
And went to Heaven.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

NEW CHURCH FABULIST.

No. 5.

THE BEET-ROOTS AND THE SUGAR-CANE.

A clump of Beet-roots, in a loamy field,
There planted for the sugar they might yield,
In learned discourse, the time to wile away,
Conversed together on the Sabbath day.
Said one "Ah me! how sweet we brethren are!
Were all the universe an earthen jar,
The nectared founts, within our veins that glow,
I have no doubt, would make it overflow.
'Tis Sugar-time! the acids, that destroy,
No more shall waste the frames of maid or boy.
Oh! generous Beet-roots, spread your leafage wide,
Vessels of grace, with treasures well supplied."

A Swallow, flying from the distant seas,
Heard the soft whisper borne along the breeze,
And twittered, "Friends, through other plants flows forth
The liquid blessing that delights the earth;
For instance, Sugar-cane"—

"Hush! close your ears,"
Cried the chief Beet-root, "Pity, weep thy tears!
Base wretch, begone. The Beet-root is the mold
The sugar of the universe to hold;
And, since all influx flows through form, as fit,
No other form than ours can yield a bit.
Besides, we heard from certain foreign flies,
The cane conceals an acid in disguise—
'Tis rum, then vinegar—a poisonous flood,
Your impious language fairly chills the blood."

"I saw," the swallow sang, "a waving field:—
Rivers of sweetness the ripe stalks conceived:
They ground the cane—"

"Stay, Swallow!" cried the band,
"Such falsehoods will contaminate the land."

MORAL.

The Beet-root City is a sect, 'tis plain;—
Christians of no sect are the Sugar-cane.
The Swallow is a traveler, who hies
With news of Christian life in other skies:
The Fly may be a critic, who denies.

INSPIRATIONS OF THE HEART ;

OR, THE LARK'S SONG.

"Yet Love," I cried, "doth live and conquer Death."

MANY years ago, in Calcutta, resided an English gentleman and his wife, named Stanway ; who, having no children of their own, had adopted an orphan niece.

She was called Hope, and was much noticed by her friends as a sweet specimen of English beauty. Her golden ringlets fell around a fair face, suffused at the slightest word with a mantling blush, and the dove-like expression of her soft brown eyes caused every beholder to feel that she had been rightly named Hope, for an atmosphere of love seemed to radiate around her, and her gentle manners were so winning, and her smile so peculiarly bright and genial, that she brought new life and energy wherever she went.

It was seemingly a great blessing for the orphan to be so highly prized by her uncle and aunt, for her own mother—whose sweet face she could scarce remember—had been in very indifferent circumstances, owing to the sudden death of her husband, who was an officer in the English regiment stationed at Calcutta. Many envied Hope her home in the splendid residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanway, and would have willingly exchanged places with her, but could they have looked a little deeper than the surface they would have perceived that Mr. and Mrs. Stanway only doted upon her, as her charms brightened up their dull lives, and enhanced their self-importance by drawing around them a circle of fashion and elegance.

Plenty of lovers followed Hope, partly attracted, no doubt, by the report of her wealth, as her uncle had declared his intention to constitute her his heiress.

But Hope, after a few years of unabated gayety had whirled her on in Fashion's bewildering mazes, began to droop. Pleasure lost for her its zest, and the wise physician said it was the climate which caused the sad alternations of melancholy, which at times changed the bewitching Idol into a pale spectre of herself. Her relatives becoming alarmed, determined to send her to England

for a visit, trusting the sea-voyage would renovate the health of their darling.

Now the truth was, Hope's naturally vigorous mind, could not forever remain content with such an enervating life, as was that of all around her. She sighed for something nobler, purer, higher, for her soul was not alien to the skies, but of a celestial genius; and as she was of a reflective turn of mind, the cup of flattery had begun to have for her lip a taste of bitterness which was not at all agreeable, however wholesome it might be. She saw how all around her lived only for the transient happiness of the hour, and yet, from her Hindostanee attendant—who had been her nurse in childhood, and to whom she was much attached—she heard continually of the great cruelties practiced upon the natives in order to wring from them their gold and jewels; and her sense of honor was instinctively shocked to perceive how unevenly Power held the balances of Justice.

She felt also, intuitively, that her lovers, although much attracted by her beauty and gayety, were yet *held* by the power of her reputed wealth; and as none but Hope knew that her fortune depended upon the caprice of her relatives, and as she felt each day that they were growing harder and harder to please, scarcely having patience with her failing health, and continually murmuring if she looked thoughtful; why it was no wonder the poor child rejoiced much at the thought of the sea-voyage. Indeed, the prospect of leaving her present forced and distasteful life brought such an unwonted light to her eye, and imparted such a joyousness to her whole manner, that her uncle and aunt began again to be so very kind to her that she reproached herself for ingratitude, and she parted from them at last with real regret. She sailed under the escort of friends, and arrived safely and with improved health in London. Her friends chose a villa residence as most conducive to the complete renovation of her health, and her frequent rides and walks through the green lanes and daisied fields of merry old England, brought back the rose to her cheek, and she became once more like her former self.

Her friends went much in society, and at a fashionable party, Hope first met with a gentleman who seemed the very impersonation of her girlish day-dreams.

Her own attractions were so great and her happiness of such an ideal nature at this crisis of her life, that she forgot, the report of Mr. Stanway's great wealth might have accompanied her over the ocean.

Her gentle heart opened toward Edward Neville, as a flower does to the sun, and she gave him the royal place in her best affections with scarce a single fear, so that, after a time, young Neville's accomplished manners and high-bred ease beguiled Hope of the last fluttering doubt which had so tortured her while in India, and with girlhood's unselfish pride she throned her lover upon an ideal pedestal; and, while surrendering to his hand the guidance of her spirit, never trembled lest she should place him *between* herself and her Creator, and thus in her blind devotion subject herself to the loss of her own individuality.

Halcyon were those days! The hours glided by so sweetly!

"How softly falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!"

Her affections went forth toward even the meanest thing in her pathway. Brighter shone the sun, and sweeter came the perfume of the flowers—the swallows had not yet gone homeward, and the purple ease of her life wrapped her away from all beneath its smiling surface. Life opened before her a vista of Paradise—and yet—and yet spite of the golden promise of the future, a vague, undefinable something brooded over her spirit, and sometimes whispered in her ear that she was all too happy for a child of mortality—that there was something wanting—what she knew not—and yet amid the gayest throng this thought of *unrest*, of what it could be that she, the petted Idol, could desire yet find no name for!

One day as it seemed by an extraordinary chance, she walked out alone shortly after sunrise, and as she strolled on she began to examine her heart, that she might *lay* this vague haunting thought if possible. Musing she passed along through the grassy lane, when suddenly she saw arising from her very feet a little brown bird, which soared aloft with great rapidity, and, soaring, sang so joyous a strain that Hope could but forget herself, and follow with her eyes the little winged Rapture.

Higher it flew, higher, higher, singing in very ecstasy, till having, it seemed, reached the heavens, it came fluttering down again to its little hidden nest in the grass. And what did its song say to Hope? Its holy mysterious strain seemed to breathe in her inmost being, that Love only found its *completeness* in another world where *unrest* could not come; that the sweet *human* love, was only the type of the heavenly—that the little lark's song was to bid her remember that, in her great happiness, she had forgotten this earth was not her everlasting abiding-place—that upward as well as onward must be her course—and that only from Heaven can come down those joys which bless even the lowliest home!

Hope walked slowly back like one in a dream, and feeling the shadow of a great disquiet stealing over her.

That very day she received a letter from her uncle refusing his consent to her marriage with Neville, as to marry him would inevitably separate her from her relatives, and commanding her immediate return to Calcutta, on pain of their lasting displeasure, and informing her that Mr. Stanway had made his will disinheriting her *entirely* if she disobeyed them. Alas! poor Hope—when in the happy trust of her pure love, she showed this letter to her lover and her friends, the advice she received was to obey—that however painful might be the consequences, her duty was to her aged relatives—and Neville, he too, had duties toward his parents, who had only consented to his wedding Hope in consideration of her great fortune. They were very proud, and he had no means of his own to maintain his lovely Hope in the station she would so nobly adorn. Hope was proud too! and she bade him farewell with seeming indifference, but with a struggle going on in her breast which for the time being changed her *entirely*. Broken was the promise of her heart's sweet Spring, and she lost faith in all humanity at that moment, and repeating softly to herself these words, "*Love is ended, Life is over!*" she sank into an utter carelessness of all her surroundings.

She returned immediately to Calcutta, and soon after her arrival her uncle arranged a marriage for her with one of his intimates, a Major Carneguy. After their hasty nuptials, the Major soon discovered that Hope did not love, or indeed take any

interest in any thing in life. He complained to Mr. and Mrs. Stanway, and among them Hope led a sorrowful life indeed.

The birth of a little daughter at length aroused her from her deep dejection, and still making to herself another idol, she gave all the love of her passionate nature to the little Violetta, her spring treasure, her pure pale snow-drop, as she fondly called her child.

But while Violetta was still young, the Indian climate, which is generally unfavorable to foreigners, affected the child's health severely, and she began to droop and fade away in the very arms of her distracted mother, who contested every moment of time with Death!

"Oh! live, my child," she cried; "and let thy mother die for thee!"

She would sit many hours at a time, holding her little one in her arms, who, on her part, bore her great sufferings with a quietness which surprised all but Hope. *She* knew the reason why the child made no moan, was to keep her mother from grieving. Violetta had ever been remarkable for a tender and unselfish spirit. And thus a few weeks passed on, Hope holding her child pressed close to her breaking heart, and the fair little one leaning there, as if no pain or sorrow could affect her, except she was taken from Hope and laid on a couch, when she would sigh deeply and follow her mother with loving, wistful glances from eyes which shed no tear, but whose expression seemed to say, "By thee alone I live!" At last Hope's wild frenzy gave way, and kneeling by the side of the couch, she prayed—

"Almighty Father, if I by the force of my love am keeping from thee my little Violetta, thy gift—oh! finish quickly her sufferings and take her home. Thou gavest—receive back—and as for me, oh, take me too from this cold world, for no one loves me here. I have no other friend but thee—thy will be done."

After thus giving up her will to God, she became surprisingly calm, and in a few hours her child sank into a dying stupor, from which she only revived to take one last loving look at her mother's face, and the ethereal lustre of the child's deep blue eyes displayed even in that supreme moment the triumph of a pure, exalted, and most heavenly soul's love over pain, sorrow, and even

Death itself!—then the white lids slowly drooped, and a few large tears—her first and last—rolled from beneath the long fringing lashes, and as the poor mother kissed away the glistening drops from the pale cheek, she perceived the child was not—God had taken her.

In a transport of affliction, but without a murmur, Hope arranged the little lifeless form with the greatest care, and robed it in a fine white dress trimmed with rich lace, which she took from off one of her own garments; and she also placed a lock of her own hair upon its heart, that something of the mother might remain with the child. She had used to sing, in other days, to the darling,

"I'll deck thee with my finest things,
With all I've rich and rare;
To hear it said, 'How beautiful,
And good as she is fair.'"

And perhaps such a thought caused her thus to insist upon performing the last offices of love, spite of the remonstrances of those around her, who supposed she was losing her senses. Sweetly appeared the little angel child, as if asleep, surrounded with flowers—one snow white jasmine blossom gleaming star-like amid the golden tresses, so carefully twined around the broad white brow,

"Thus Beauty, immortal, contends with the tomb!"

After this sad bereavement, Hope lived on, and on, she knew not how, she cared not why. She was like a dove with broken wing, fluttering along, seeking only a covert, wherein to die. Her only joy was to visit the grave of her transplanted flower; and one day sitting near it, lost in mournful reverie, her attention was drawn to a little bird, which came and perched on one of the rose-trees near. The glance of its bright eye, as by some mysterious power, brought back to Hope's remembrance, the Lark's song, which in the long ago in England, had so touched her inmost being. Looking upward, almost expecting to see the lark again soaring and singing, how was she thrilled to hear a voice of sweetest entreaty, crying as it were into her throbbing heart, "Come up hither!" Every fibre of her being seemed instinct with sentient

emotion,—she had heard of the voice of the Holy Spirit within the breast, and with eager joy she welcomed this evidence of her Heavenly Father's love. Ever since the death of Violetta she had yearned after religious things, but her relatives had held her back, but now that "out of Heaven she had heard His voice," she determined to set out at once on the heavenly pilgrimage, being persuaded that no one should be allowed to separate her from the "love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

That night Hope had a dream, which was of such a vivid character that she always believed "it was not all a dream." She thought she was walking in a gloomy pathway, all enveloped in a thick gray misty atmosphere, whose dampness and coldness compelled her to move on very quickly, lest she should be chilled to death; and as she walked on, shuddering from the effects of the humid mist, she came suddenly upon a little gate, set in a high wall. The gate opened apparently of itself, and, passing through it, she found herself within a beautiful garden inclosure. She entirely forgot the cold outside, for it was as bright within, as it had been dark without. A golden crimson hue, like the radiance of departing day, lit up the scene, and rare shrubs and exquisite flowers were all around. At first she saw no one, and all things breathed of such repose, that she felt the spell of the place steal over her too, and she stood there quietly inhaling the perfumed air, and warming her shivering form in the balmy sunshine. After a little time, she perceived approaching her, two beautiful beings. They were tall and slender, and with locks as dark as midnight; their complexions were pale and clear, their lips were like crimson flowers, and in the serene depths of their eyes, Hope thought she saw Heaven opened, so gentle and loving were the glances they cast upon her. Their garments were long and flowing, and they wore on their heads chaplets of the purple amaranth intermixed with golden stars.

The younger of the two, who appeared like a Bride, and who moved as gracefully as a young willow waves in the wind, came close to Hope, and taking her unresisting hand, said in winning accents—

"Our names are Angelo and Angela, we are husband and wife, and our mission in the Lord is that of Consolation. We were met

but now by a little cherub, who told us her mother was in this garden, and in need of our ministrations. Say, dearest one, what causes the grief which hangs round thee like a garment?"

Then Hope burst into tears, and, overcome by the tender love of Angela, she exclaimed—

"I mourn—I mourn for my little Violet who is dead, and because I have suffered at the hands of the world so much that I can with difficulty believe God cares for me. *Love hath ended for me, therefore life is over!*"

"Poor little one," said Angela, "the evil ones have deceived thee. The Lord loves thee, and thy Violet is not dead but *lives*, a spotless angel in Heaven, and hath sent us but now to thee."

Then Angela clasped Hope in her arms, and laid her weary head on her tender bosom, and in smoothing the hair off from her forehead she seemed to take away the pain which was gnawing at Hope's heart. Angela held her thus some time, warming her from her own glowing life: and then she beckoned to Angelo, who came and placed his hand upon Hope's head, and blessed her in the name of the Lord, and bade her be of good cheer, for that "Love was endless," and "Death and Hell should pass away"—that God could not forget the sorrowing children of earth, but had solemnly declared, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from Death. O Death! I will be thy plagues; O Grave! I will be thy destruction." "Behold," cried Angelo, and his countenance lightened with a majesty terrible yet glorious; he seemed a youthful king, yet gentle as a lamb. "Behold, it is *not* of the Lord of Hosts, that his people shall labor in the very fire—'but the just shall *live* by faith,' 'and the knowledge of the Lord *shall* cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'"

Then Angela gave him from her own hand a golden ring, which he placed upon Hope's finger, and then they sang together in strains entrancing, these words:

"The mortal griefs, the mortal pains,
The tears of Earth bereaved and friendless,
Shall pass away when Heaven attains
Her empire there, for *Love is endless.*"

Then Hope suddenly awoke, but she still seemed to feel the clasp of their loving hands, and the song still echoed in her ear like the vibration of a chime of silver bells.

From that eventful time she was enabled to commence a new life, and forgetting the things which lay behind, she publicly professed the name of Jesus and was baptized by one of the American missionaries then resident in Calcutta. Her conversion, and subsequent life, together with the death of Violetta, made a deep impression upon her husband and uncle and aunt.

Major Carneguy, who was some twenty years Hope's senior, died within that year, and willed all his property to his wife. Hope, thus left independent, spent the remainder of her life in alternately soothing the declining years of Mr. and Mrs. Stanway, and in seeking out the wretched and unfortunate, and alleviating their sorrows while pointing them to the cross of Christ. Having consecrated herself solemnly to God, and the *uses* of life, she sought to ultimate, as much as in her lay, the prayer, "Thy will be done upon Earth."

She found, in this life of self-abnegation, the happiness for which she had so vainly sighed in her early years. Sorrow fled away before her holy trust in the Saviour, and Death had for her no more a sting. She knew that Death would open for her the gate of eternal happiness, yet, that as an humble laborer in her Master's vineyard, she could be of great use before she went home. Therefore, wherever there was sickness or sorrow, there came Hope. To the lonely and despairing she carried the tidings of the great joy which had so blest her soul. Truly with her had been kept the promise, "At evening, there shall be light;" and in that light she continually sought to be about her Master's work. Whatever her hand found to do, that did she with all her might. Many to this day remember the sweet pale face and gentle manners of the "Christian Lady," as the natives fondly called her; and often may be seen upon her grave, in the English cemetery at Calcutta, a wreath of the flowers she loved the best, placed there by some of her humble friends. The end of the righteous is peace. But Neville—what of him? He married for wealth—station he already possessed—and to preserve which he overlooked all other deficiencies. The family estates were nearly all ruined by the

extravagance of his father, and marrying a fortune seemed the only means whereby to retrieve his failing honors. His early education had taught him to prize the "pomp of circumstance," and Hope's beauty, glorious as it was, sank in the scale, when in the "pride of place" he contemplated the possible degradation of his noble name. Ambition is a dangerous sentiment, and when its exciting spirit is the love of money, it becomes hardening and even deadly in its character. Neville called his ambition by another name than the greed of gold—it was to build up his estates, obscurity was hateful to him—it was that he might do more for those dependent upon him; and he tried even to deceive himself, and at last persuaded himself into the belief that there was a positive devotion to Hope's best interests in thus preserving her from a life of comparative poverty. They would be good friends, and she would soon forget him, and be happy with another. Oh! foolish heart; oh! dreaming brain, shall not Love in its purity rise up to convict the schemer against its power?

To Neville there came the day when the face and the form of the woman who exchanged her money for his noble name became odious to him. Her temper was harsh and exacting, and she was entirely uncongenial to all his finer tastes; and often after a violent altercation with her, would rise up before him the lovely, gentle face of Hope, as when first they met, in all the flush and glory of their love's summer hour; and then while he thinks of her earnest eyes, in whose depths he ever found reflected his own image, and *his only*, of her sunny smile so infilled with light and love, of the tenderness and entire devotion with which she ever regarded him, there would also come unbidden another picture on which he felt compelled to dwell, though he shuddered while he gazed! The first vision 'twere sweet to dream over—for had he not once been truly loved? there was comfort in even the thought; but there, right before him, must he also see the face and form of Hope, not as when first they met, but as they parted! and, miserable man, those pictures, hanging in the most secret chamber of thy consciousness, are all unlike those painted by our earthly artists, which fade and fade away into dim oblivion. Imperishable are those tints, those lights and shadows of thy all too faithful Memories: and more vivid will grow those tints, more perfect

those outlines, and more distinct those lights and shadows, as Time rolls on and deepens for thee into Eternity. Oh! the strained clasp of those little hands, the fixed, tearless gaze of those soft eyes—all the joy gone from their glance; oh! the agony expressed in that drooping figure—all the generous energy of purpose crushed out of the nerveless form: no word of reproach breathed, but the murdered heart's great anguish visible and speaking in the tension of the blanched lips and the deathlike pallor of the whole countenance. Thus had they parted, with loving excuses on his side, which Hope heard with silent scorn, and when he rose to go, she rose also, although the effort was beyond her strength, and in that one *last look* she took her farewell in this world of Edward Neville.

Shall they ever meet again? Who shall say? We know there is a land afar from this sin-blighted orb of ours—the Heavenly, the Celestial home of all Tenderness and Goodness; let us trust that there, when the auras of Heaven shall have dissipated those obscuring mists, which blind the vision so fatally here, and he, too, having found this world's riches and pleasures are vain, like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea—beautiful without, but ashes within, chastened by sorrow, purified, tried as by fire, and knowing at last by heart experience that God alone can satisfy the heart, loving and beloved they shall yet become ONE IN THE LORD.

M. H. B.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

The third edition of this work, we hear, has gone to press. We are glad it is meeting with so rapid and extensive a circulation; and we would earnestly advise all those of our friends who have not yet read this book, to lose no time in procuring a copy, as we can assure them it is the best work, on this subject, that has ever been issued. It may be obtained at our office, 42 Bleeker Street.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

No. 1, "The Fountain Opened;" No. 2, "The Coming Eden;" No. 3, "The Spirit of God in Revivalism," are now ready and may be had at our office. Price per 100, assorted, One Dollar; postage, 25 cents.

THE TRINITY.

The doctrine of the Trinity seems to be again coming up for readjustment and settlement; some seem to think for the last time. As long as human nature is in an unregenerate condition—as long as the great problems of Deity, Immortality, the issues of the life present and to come press against the human spirit for utterance and explanation, so long we may expect the great questions of religion to engage the earnest attention of men. They may try to settle these questions, but they will not stay settled. One turn of the cyclic condition of things in the invisible—the source of all truth as well as error—brings the recurring issues of the past. And as we behold this turning, we are astonished that men know so little of God, Eternity, and Life. The first Christian Age, and the transitional phases of the Present, are but a reflex of the outworked life anterior to that period. We are retracing our steps to the golden age—retracing them through precisely the same phases of faith.

Men like Prof. Huntingdon, longing for a more interior faith relation, go back, through painful mental agonies, to the old forms of dogma. Throw around this question as much scholastic erudition as we please—invest it as we may with the subtleties of logic—no clearer, no higher conception will ever be gained than that afforded in the internal experience and mental consciousness of man himself. We have but to look within ourselves to see all the modes and manifestations of Deity. Man was created in the “image and likeness” of God. How can it then be otherwise?

Many minds are now struggling in the chaos and confusion of a speculative faith. To such we would recommend the following plain, yet profound exposition of the Trinity, taken from the *Arcana of Christianity*—a work which is now engaging the attention—the earnest attention of some of the most gifted minds, both in Europe and America. In the language of our brother, “This is the pivotal truth for the doctrinal reconciliation of the divided branches of the Christian Church.”

“The word ‘third’ involves arcana which have never been revealed. It signifies, first, the all in all of God. In Him the past, the present, and the future meet in one eternal now. In

Him the active, the passive, and the proceeding powers of generation reside, and are at one. The mysteries of God can only be comprehended through the body of man. The correspondences of the body are the revelations of Divinity. There is in God a Divine Masculinity, by which he begets ; a Divine Femininity, by which he conceives ; and a Divine Proceeding of the Masculinity in Femininity, by which he ultimates. This is the truth which is concealed within the formula of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Against this the devils of the hells of the lost planet have injected, through the magnetization of subject minds in the earth-sphere, the doctrine that there is a Positive Mind who is the Father, who cohabits with Nature, and begets in her body the mineral, vegetable, animal, and spiritual kingdoms. There is no viler profanation of divine truth in pandemonium itself.

“God is all sufficient in Himself to all good. The Eternal Masculinity is the Divine Love. The eternal Femininity is the Divine Truth. The eternal proceeding of the two in one is the Divine Ability. The mystery of the Divine Nature is typified in the relations of conjugal love. In conjugal order, upon the orderly earths of the universe, the husband takes his wife in his bosom and they are at one, the external expression of this being the nuptial rite, never to be identified, however, with aught that is unchaste. In the nuptial blending of an angelic spouse with his companion, there is an interblending of spirit with spirit, until the wife is absorbed into the being of the husband, with all her faculties and powers folded up within his faculties and powers. There is a union of married attributes, and, during the nuptial interblending, they become one body. The angelic masculinity has taken its own angelic femininity into its embrace. In the inmost Heaven of the Angels the consentaneous action of all the faculties is such that the home of the Woman Angel is in the body of the Man Angel ; her face glows in his face ; she looks out through his eyes ; she sings through his voice ; she breathes through his lungs ; she feels through all his sensories ; and they are seen as one soul. They live in an endless nuptial consummation. Proceeding from them is a third or ultimated form, springing from the perpetual union of the two. Through this form become ultimated all those wonderful things which are

breathed into them from God. This convergence of form becomes more intimate to all eternity. They are flowing forever into a more blissful unity, in which the angelic husband encircles by his unfoldings of personality all thought, feeling, sensation, all joy, desire, tenderness, all states of restful action and active rest and passive harmony, in the woman his wife, as the masculinity of her femininity. They mount, in the ardencies of their affections as one soul toward God. The Woman Angel in turn, throughout all her objective and subjective existence, receives the man. She is bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, spirit of his spirit, thought of his thought, and life of his life. The man receives the ability to be his wife's indwelling masculine soul, spirit and form. The wife receives the ability to be her husband's indwelling soul, spirit and form, and their sphere, by which they are pervaded, and which is the basis or continent of their life, expresses in objective unity of form the eternal interblending in which they live, and appears as a radiant, youthful man. When they have attained to this condition they typify and represent the Lord. In Him the Eternal Masculine and the Eternal Feminine, otherwise the Divine Good and the Divine Truth, are one, forevermore, in the Holy Ghost. More arcana are contained within this statement of the Word than would suffice to fill the world.

"The Lord Himself, the God of all the Heavens, appears when He visits the inmost Celestial Angels, like a Divine Man in the flower of His age, and He instructs them, audibly and face to face. Each conjugal twain, who have become one, behold the Lord as an Infinite Conjugal Man (*homo*). They see in Him a Divine Trinity—Infinite Masculinity (*vir*), Infinite Femininity, (*mulier*.) Infinite Proceeding Operation, and thus one. But they see themselves, in their nuptial unity, and in their proceeding form, as images of God and reflections of His trinity; the two, with their proceeding, making one man. In this manner, when the nuptial oneness becomes ineffable, it is discovered that the Lord Himself is the prototype, and that their appearance is the reflex of His appearance. This arcanum is, for the first time, now made known.

"Herein is made apparent the nature of the infinite joy of the Divine Spirit within Himself, for it is all a nuptial joy.

In the common thought, and even to the most philosophical mind, there is something enormously repulsive in the solitary loneliness of God. He is imagined as a gulf of Being. He breathes out fire-sparkles from His mouth, and they are the stellar systems ; and ever and anon He takes from Himself His azure garment, which is space, and folds it up, and changes it, and the former things pass away. Again : He robes Himself in a new vesture, and a new universe glistens in each shining particle of its woven essence. Let this be set aside. The endearments of a nuptial pair in Paradise are the least and lowest possible representation of the harmonies, in which, within Himself, the love and wisdom and proceeding of God, coessential and consubstantial and coeternal, forever subsist in their infinitude of nuptial joy. And the Divine Love is the Infinite Lover ; the Divine Wisdom the Infinite Beloved, and the Divine Proceeding their Infinite Self-existence in its third degree. These are the penetralia of God. This is the mystery of the Infinite, the solution of the world-problem of all time. In nuptial joy, from everlasting to everlasting, self-centred in one eternal harmony, the affections of the Divine Love subsist in the caresses of the Infinite Intelligence. The sweetness of the delights of Angels, the fragrances of the bliss of those who find in divine love and wisdom and its use their beautiful felicity, the tendernesses of all affection, the fondnesses of all communion and all sensational ecstasies, the forms that thrill and vibrate to the pulsations of an ordered use—all these, which fill the Heavens as a golden urn with incense that distils over the earths of universes in a dew of peace, have their perpetual fount in the endless bridals of the Infinite Wisdom with its Infinite Love.

“Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; Esse, Existere, and Procedere ; Divine Good, Divine Truth, and Divine Operation ; Infinite Masculinity, Infinite Femininity, and Infinite Effectuality—denote one and the self-same God, in His three hypostases or infinite discrete degrees. There is but one God to the universe, and this is that one true and living God. The hypostatic union of the Father and the Son in the Divine Trinity is also set forth in this verse ; which contains within itself, moreover, the demonstration that the Lord Jesus Christ is the one true and living God,

called Jesus in His Humanity, and Jesus Christ in His Divine Humanity. Here will be answered the argument of the Socinians, the Arians, and the Humanitarians.

"Concerning the doctrines of Arius, this is the principal point. He taught that our Lord was not uncreated but created, and, in fact, the most exalted Angel and the noblest of all finite Spirits. Socinianism, in its prevalent forms, at the present day, without pretending to offer any complete hypothesis concerning the precise position of our Lord in the scale of created and finite intelligences, declares Him to be created and finite. Humanitarianism, as expounded by American and European Rationalists, denies that our Lord was more than a highly endowed natural man. The sole Divinity of Jesus Christ was believed in by the first Christian Church, which maintained that He was the very God. The decision of the Nicene fathers against Arius and his opinions, in which it was affirmed that the Lord was not created, but consubstantial with the Eternal Mind, was strictly in accordance with the primitive belief. Heresy appears in the Roman Catholic Church at a subsequent period, and technically originates in the inability to comprehend the doctrine of discrete degrees. The true and ancient Catholic doctrine is revived in the Arcana Cœlestia, through Emanuel Swedenborg, wherein the supreme and sole Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the refutation of the Socinian heresy, is unfolded from the spiritual sense of the Word.

"In the celestial sense of the Word the arcana of the infinite discrete degrees in Him are shadowed forth, and, from the celestial sense, the argument is derived which refutes the doctrine that God is the Eternal Masculine Principle, and matter the eternal feminine, and that the human spirit is the offspring of the two. If matter is the feminine principle of God—because the feminine principle can not unite with the masculine except through the consent of an indwelling mind, therefore there must be in matter itself an indwelling, independent intellect, and therefore an independent positive action of itself within itself; in which case matter could not be the passive principle. Again: if God is the active principle, or, as some say, the Great Positive Mind, He could not impregnate matter with spirit. Can the seminal germ, without the feminine ova, be formed into a natural man? Can a man embrace a

mass of stratified earth, and in it beget a child? Manifestly not. Wherefore it is self-evident, from the creation of man, that the Eternal Femininity is not found in the natural substance of the universe, but in the second hypostatic degree of the divine Infinitude.

"The word 'third' denotes, also, in this verse, the third discrete degree in the Divine Infinitude, called, in the confessions of the churches, the Third Person in the Trinity; wherefore it behooves here to speak of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit is described in the ancient Nicene Confession as an eternal proceeding from the Father and the Son; in other words, the third infinite discrete degree; and this definition is correct. It is by means of the third infinite discrete degree that the creation is unfolded in its place. Therefore it is styled the Divine Operation, typified anciently as a breathing influence. But this is the third discrete degree of one Infinite Person. The hypostases are not personalities, but the discrete degrees of personalities, typified by the three discrete, finite degrees in the complete conjugal man, the Infinite *Vir* and the Infinite *Mulier*, in their Infinite Operation, existing as the three degrees of the Infinite *Homo*, or Divine Man. The seeming abstruseness of this statement, which at present makes it unintelligible to the ordinary reader, grows out of the profundity of the arcana which it brings to light. It will become perfectly intelligible upon study and reflection, conjoined with earnest prayer. It is the pivotal truth for the doctrinal reconciliation of the divided branches of the Christian Church, and is here given, not so much for the present time, as for a great emergency, in which it will be accepted by the advanced scholars of the Christian world."

It is said above that "It is by means of the third infinite discrete degree that the Creation is unfolded in its place." As man has to be "born again"—recreated into the likeness of God; and as it is by means of the Holy Spirit that this "creation" is effected, we at once see how it is that He holds, as a conscious Presence in the breast, the relation of Personality as the Creator, Comforter, and Sanctifier. In Him as an abiding guest the Father and Son—the Divine Love and Divine Wisdom—dwell, and effectuate their thoughts and affections; and man consciously communes with Deity. He knows that he is a child of God, because he has the witness within him.

THE DAY BRIGHTENS.

It is a source of gratification to the tired and exhausted toiler in life's great vineyard to see, notwithstanding the darkness which at times overshadows the moral heavens, indications of a rich and plenteous harvest in the future. All over this continent we behold the New Jerusalem descending to all the conditions of human life and baptizing, with the heavenly baptism, the hearts of men. God, through His Holy Spirit, is gathering and grouping around His prepared men, the scattered elements of His Church, and it would seem that, at no distant day, we are to have an outpouring of the Spirit such as the world has never seen. There is a dissolving and breaking up of old elements and a regathering and consecrating of the New. Men, as in the first Christian era, are forsaking the shrines and idols of a dead and spiritless past, and embracing all that is tender, and loving, and reverent that *lives* in the present. Nothing is lost, hence, whatever is good, and true, and heaven-consecrated, born in whatever age, must flower out in richer abundance as it is brought forward into the "new heaven and new earth," that is being prepared for the dwelling-place of the children of God.

The evangelical side of Christianity now seems to engage the attention of those who have felt the necessity of a more earnest working element in the more intellectual phases of religious life. Not the element of fanaticism, but the sacred ardor of enthusiasm—Christian enthusiasm; such an enthusiasm as inspired the first Christians to do and die in an apparently unequal conflict with the powers of darkness; such enthusiasm as nerved the arm of Luther and the reformers in the sixteenth century; such an enthusiasm as fired the breasts of Wesley and his followers in the last and at the beginning of the present century; the enthusiasm of the Holy Spirit, speaking through the inspired lips of man.

A new movement has been started in Columbus and Newark, Ohio, among the Swedenborgians, called the Michael Association, which would indicate that the elements are at work among that people to bring about results much desired. We also notice in the *Crisis* an earnest appeal from a source which we recognize as from the right quarter, for a more earnest and evangelical co-operation among those who call themselves of the New Church.

THE CHURCH.

A Church is a family, *in the Lord*, knit together in soul-bonds made sacred by the indwelling presence of the One Spirit. Like the family, on the natural plane, it is made up of congenial elements, and is held together, not by the power of external force, but by the heart-cement of love. Where this is not to be found ; where the one spirit of love has departed, there can be no Church. It may be a corporation, where self-interest holds dominant sway. It may be an ecclesiasticism, where bigotry and sectarian tyranny sit in judgment upon the vested rights and sacred privileges of the child of God, but a Church it can not be.

A Church is not a band of men and women bonded together for the purpose of carrying out a secular or religious project, but it is an assembly gathered together in affinital union around the one attraction—the Lord Jesus Christ—and gathered together, too, *in* Him and not out of Him. This union is so perfect, so absolute, because held by Him, that no member can suffer without all suffering—no one member can fall without all sharing, more or less, in the burden. It is a union of *hearts* more than a union of heads—more an interblending of those tender inner emotions of the soul, rather than an interblending of thoughts, and the opinions which may, for the time, be formed and believed ; and because it is a family, based upon heart relations, all suffer when one suffers.

Like the great Church in Heaven, when one lamb in the flock goes astray, we must leave the ninety and nine and go after the erring one. And when found, instead of spurning it from our presence because it has fallen, we must take it to our breasts and nurture it, and love it, until we win it back to its true relation in the fold again.

Our lives are so interwoven with the delicate tissues of the Lord's body, that it is impossible to tear and mutilate the least fibre without causing a thrill of pain throughout the organism. No one can wantonly afflict the feelings, trample upon the rights, and violate the sacred trust of confidence of the least member of God's Church, without incurring the penalty of that inevitable law

which requires sacrifice and expiation for the guilty. Some one has to bear the penalty ; the scales of justice must be held in equipoise.

No man can judge another in the self-hood. God alone can judge justly, and only as we become regenerate, or Godlike, can *we* judge in the same way. An open people need to bear this constantly in mind. We need to know that when we are thus open, if we get the least out of order, there flows into the mind a whole brood of fables and evils, obscuring the transparency of the intellect and beclouding the heart with the infatuations of the pit. The only safety to any man or woman when these terrible infesting spheres arise is to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and wait until the slowly dawning light of a new spirit shall take possession of ourselves, and the one we are tempted to judge. All of us will find that we have enough to do to let the faults of the neighbor alone and attend to our own hearts. The teaching of God's Word can not be disobeyed without incurring the penalty of its violated law. Who of us can see the terrible ordeals through which our, to us, condemned brother has to pass? It is this testing and trying of the soul which brings the righteous judgment at last. When we are tried by the law of God, written upon the heart by His Spirit, we know whether we can throw the first stone. Like the men who accused the adulterous woman, we quietly retire through some back way, and leave him alone with his God. It would be a blessed thing if, like Him, we could always say, "neither do I condemn thee ; go thou and sin no more."

A Church is not only formed from attraction and from affinital relationships, but it is formed from voluntary association. As a celebrated English divine and writer has said, "the Church is the heart-home of the spirit." It is among a congenial membership, visited by the Lord, where two or three are gathered together in His name, that we find our spiritual family. Wherever this is not to be found, there is not *our* Church. The mere going to a place of worship because our friends go there, because our earthly interests are served thereby, does not guaranty that home feeling, that home trust, that these associations are designed to bring.

In this, as in every other heart relation, we should be free ; with-

out freedom in the affections, we can not grow. Men may come together and form a sect, a persuasion, and call them by party names, to serve party purposes, but they can never form a Church based upon arbitrary opinions and upon theological dogmas.

And here is the glory of the New Church. It is a Freedom. We have no external bonds to hold us together—no ecclesiastical laws to enforce; no dogmas around which to rally and to compel acquiescence. We only recognize the Divine Injunction, that where two or three are gathered together *in* His name there is the Church, whether meeting in ancient minster—under the grand cathedral dome of nature, under the humbler place of worship, or around the fireside. If we are in the Lord—that is, if we are in love with all mankind, we belong to the Church of Christ; and are entitled to its privileges wherever they are presented. And if we are not in the Lord—if we are not in love with all mankind, we are not in the Church, let us profess what we may. It is not necessary that we should agree in our opinions to belong to this Church. If *this* is the test of fellowship, there can never be any unity in the body of Christ. There are many sincere infidels, so called, in the world, who are more Christ's disciples than many who profess His name and pretend to live his life. A man's head has nothing to do with the state of his heart. For instance, there is a man, we will say a Pantheist. He says he does not believe in the infallibility of the Bible; in the divinity of the Lord; nor in what is called Christianity. He seems to be honest in his convictions and lives, in every other respect, a true life. What are we going to do with such a man? Crucify him—hunt him down and spurn him from our presence as being unworthy of our notice? Certainly not. Let us examine a little deeper and see if, in reality, this man does not believe, after all, in the essential truth of the faith he thinks he abhors. Tell him that the Lord is the Absolute Goodness; the Absolute Truth; the All-perfect; the All-Pure; the Ever-Beautiful—the All-in-all of the great humanitarian sentiment which underlies all true effort; and think you he will not believe with you? Some of these men believe in Christ, practically, as much as we do—only they do not recognize the Lord in the same *form* that we do. Their goodness is evidence that they believe in the Absolute

Good ; their truthfulness is evidence that they love the Absolute Truth ; their purity is evidence that they strive to incorporate the Infinitely Pure and Beautiful within their own lives—and thus give the only testimony that can be given of fealty to God—call Him by whatever name we please. Names are nothing ; “ Ye love me if ye keep my commandments ; ” and keeping of the commandments is the only test of discipleship in the Church of our Lord.

The greater part of the infidelity in the world—that infidelity which belongs to the head more than to the heart—grows out of mistaken views of the Christian Religion, and its great underlying philosophy. It is the Christ and Religion of History, as out-worked through a corrupt Church, that is despised by these ardent souls ; who are conscious of being impelled by desires and feelings far above the professing Christian world around them, but who know not the source of these feelings and desires. *They* love God—because they love man ; *they* love the Bible because they love the eternal Truth ; *they* love Christianity because they love a great hero-life, spent in the service of humanity ; although they may not realize how the Infinite can infold His faculties and dwell in a finite human form ; although they may not recognize the Infallibility of the Word as outflaming from inner meanings, through correspondences, couched in its textual language ; although they may not know that Christianity is summed up, after all our confusion of tongues—in a good life. And that those who live it are followers of Christ, and are members of his Church, whether they consciously feel it or not. All such have the inspirations of God flowing through the heart ; and will, at last, be ranked with that family which includes the good and true of all time in heaven and on earth.

While the definition of a Church is the blending together, into one family, of congenial minds, recognizing the bonds of the Spirit of love as a basis of unity—there is given of this same Spirit “ gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us.” For to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom ; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit ; to another faith, by the same Spirit ; to another the gift of healing by the same Spirit ; to another the working of miracles ; to another prophecy ; to

another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues. But all these worketh that one and self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

The Church, in all ages, is the same as to its *inmost* life; and that life is *love*. But its outer form is ever changing and renewing itself by the working of the same spirit; adapting itself to the necessities of the times, and according to the wants of the people; assuming one form in one age, and quite a different form in another age. In one—as in the first—flowing out into the simplicity of a rude and unpolished race. In another—this age—into the flowering culture of a vaster and more noble growth. Here is a mistake that some of us make: we think that, because the adaptation of the Spirit was such and such, in the apostolic age, that, therefore, the same *kind* of manifestation is coming to us. We are to have, and are having, the same manifestation of the Spirit—but not the same kind. And simply for this reason, *the necessities of this age are different*. Then miraculous gifts; the power to cast out demons from an almost obsessed race; the discerning of spirits, and the gifts of teaching and of tongues were necessary. These gifts were necessary to establish, on a Divine basis the Christian religion; and to impart, in other tongues, the teachings of the Spirit, instead of the teachings of men. In this age it is different. The Christian religion has spread over the entire earth and has become a permanency among men; and the Spirit, flowing down into these permanent conditions, outworks through them, the same results in a different manner. We now have permanent teachers in the pastoral office, whose duty it is to work, to study, and to culture themselves in all the departments of thought, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. There is to be no miraculous conferring of tongues as long as there is no necessity for it. Steady, natural growth is to hold here as every where else. There can be nothing healthy in any other way. God intends to *use* men. He intends to test and try their powers by the processes which *He* institutes, and not by any direct miraculous conferring of gifts upon the individual, as in the first Christian age. It takes probably as long to prepare a man to work in the New Church as it does in the Old.

The difference being that God, by His Holy Spirit, prepares one, and *man* prepares the other. One is the true outgrowth of the Spirit ; the other is the false planting and rearing of an infatuated self-hood. We need not, therefore, any of us, expect to be wrought upon in some strange and mysterious manner in our preparation for the several uses assigned us in the Church of Christ. We are being prepared for these uses, through toilsome marches over mental and moral difficulties—through heart trials and agonies—wrenching the spirit in the very centre of self-love. Our preparation for whatever place we may occupy, will be slow and tedious, but certain, if we will trust God. It can not be otherwise. Man has to be educated and born into the new life gradually. When we see splendid talent exercised in any department of God's Providence, we little think, when giving our admiration, of the toil and bloody sweat that it has cost to produce these results. It took forty years to prepare Swedenborg to be the Seer of the New Jerusalem and the Illustrator of the Word. All greatness is achieved through similar toil and painstaking. No man can achieve without *work*—work constant and steady. Unless we are willing to pass the ordeal of preparation, we can not hope to attain the acme of our use, either in this life or the next.

In this age, the Church needs pastors, private teachers of the Word and its illustrations, sabbath-school teachers and superintendents, exhorters and social priests, carers for the poor, and above all *learners*. And whoever will consecrate him or herself, in the Lord, to either of these departments of use, will find the guidance and co-operation of the Spirit to teach them and lead them whithersoever He will. And as the Spirit is a unit, his teachings will be a unit also. There will be no clashing of interests, but all will move in harmony ; and the great working life of Christianity will be carried out. But until we come to the point where we will submit every thing to His absolute guidance, we will have discord in every department of the Church.

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"HERALD OF LIGHT."

CLOSE OF VOLUME FOUR.

With this number closes the fourth volume of the **HERALD OF LIGHT**, and the third year of its publication. It has been, hitherto, the representative of distinctive ideas, cherished by the devout and the enlightened, without respect to party. It has faithfully fulfilled its providential mission. In reviewing our labors in the past, our gratitude is first due to that Divine Friend and Teacher, who, under burdens for which our physical strength has seemed inadequate, has so imparted to us light, energy and guidance, that its pages never have been deficient of an original supply. To those kind fellow-laborers who have from time to time so cheerfully and generously assumed the charge of defraying its pecuniary burdens, under Him, our thanks are next due. Advocating unpopular truths, in advance of the present accepted standard of any denomination, it is inevitable that a publication of this sort should involve no slight material responsibility. To those who have opposed, no less than to those who have befriended, we feel a very special sense of obligation. The criticism, which from time to time, has been provoked, the animosity excited, while they have revealed the intensity of sectarian bitterness, the utter incompatibility of the sect-spirit with the Christ-spirit, have served as well the purposes of discipline and education. We should be grateful for those who oppose, as well as for those who love; grateful for the opportunity of putting in practice the sublime principles of fraternity and charity.

Every state of duty and of illumination advances like the day from morning twilight, through meridian splendors, to the soft declining lustres of its close. The **HERALD OF LIGHT** was first is-

sued when our faculties were being trained and fitted for a peculiar and special field of action. Perhaps we may be pardoned for briefly adverting to it. The crisis had arisen wherein for Christians, believing in heart regeneration and orderly association with the Heavens, consociation with the great party of American Spiritualism was no longer justifiable on any ground of principle or righteous policy. It was obvious that, in the midst of the investigators into the truths of the Spirit and the phenomena of the Spiritual World, two different systems of philosophy and life had arisen, as hostile as light and darkness. It became necessary to advocate the Divinity of the Lord, the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures, and the doctrine of regeneration through obedience to the precepts of the Word and the inculcations of the Spirit in forms of statement adapted to the wants of a class of thinkers, inaccessible to the common arguments, and versed in the occult secrets of the invisible state. The issue, as presented in our earliest numbers, was "Christ or Anti-Christ."

Addressing ourselves chiefly to Spiritualists, it was then our aim to assert the Divinity of the Christian faith, to vindicate the Gospel against a veiled and subtle pantheism inculcated through mediatorial agencies, to set forth convincing reasons for a trust in JESUS. Have we done this? Let those answer who have found these pages resplendent with those guiding truths that reflect a lustre from His presence, while they brighten to His very feet. Our inspiration has been the love of Christ.

To set forth the form and order, the spirit and the life of Christianity, to indicate the outlines, to predicate the coming harmonies of the New Jerusalem, the triumphant Christianity of a latter day, the midday period of the state which we have referred to was devoted. The splendid ideals of the Christian Church and Commonwealth, so dazzling to the unaccustomed mind, so enrapturing to the fervent and prophetic waiter for their terrestrial embodiment, have lived within our mind, and served as ever-recurring themes for statement and illustration. To vindicate the spirituality of the New Jerusalem, as wider than any sect, and more vast than any formula of doctrine, as totally at variance with the zeal that proselytes to mere opinion, as the narrowness that limits progress and illumination to the past, to fight the battle of

Christian liberty, on new ground, against the zealots of sect, we have labored with our whole heart.

The sunset follows the sunrise, and a twilight shadow ends the day. We are profoundly conscious of a finished work, neither to be diminished or to receive addition at our hands. We stand amid the fields that were sown and reaped. The harvest, in its abundant sheaves, is gathered and borne away. In the present phase of its employ, this work is done :

Done, as the mist, dissolved to feed the flowers ;
The childhood that precedes maturer powers ;
The life, that, circling through its golden span,
Rises to Heaven—returns with gifts to man.

THE "HERALD OF LIGHT;" NEW SERIES.

The past use of this publication has been initial. A sentinel on the watch-tower of the Spirit, its use has been to tell the advancing hours, to predict the splendors of a coming day. It will still retain, in this respect, its original character, aiming to represent, in some degree, the increasing light, the advancing liberty of Christendom.

To make men better is the one great aim of Providence, to which all things else are but auxiliaries. We believe that golden chords in human hearts yet remain unsounded. The Gospel, in its fullness, advancing like the sea upon the shore, and bearing floral islands of millennial happiness upon its breast, is destined to touch and renovate all things. The church, the state, the university, the studio of art, the workshop of the artisan, the home itself, which is the centre of the world, susceptible as they are of infinite development, are all to rise regenerate under the transforming influence of Christ.

We have heretofore designated this periodical a "Journal of the Lord's New Church." Fettered as the word "church" is by narrow usage, we design to style it in future a "Journal of the New Christian Age," believing that this will best designate the breadth and liberality of its purpose. We hold out the hand of fellowship to all Christian men. We esteem it a privilege to recognize, as

members of the Divine family, all who evince the reality of heart regeneration. Christianity was first taught by one Divine example, and it is to the continued influence of that example that the world is indebted for the increase and the perpetuation of the faith. It shall be our aim in this work to exemplify the Christian spirit, both in freedom of inquiry and universal tolerance.

The **HERALD OF LIGHT** is a journal of the Spirit. Its articles, so far as contributed by its editor, will be in no case self-originated. Yet here he wishes to be understood as utterly repudiating the pernicious practice of submitting to dictation from spirits of departed men. The mediatorial state which the illumined Christian occupies, in no respect should be identified with the phenomena presented by individuals possessed of familiars.

It is, in reality, a more advanced and genuine freedom ; the work of the Holy Spirit ; the perpetual witness and illustration of the Comforter with man. For, as we have elsewhere written, Christianity is the Mediatorial Religion. Every Christian man,—that is, every truly consecrated and purified man—is a direct vessel and medium for the Holy Ghost. The Spirit of Christ, which descends to be immanent in the heart, enlightens the intellect, while it inspires the will. Messiah is present with His true disciples unto the end of the world. Christ lives in the bosoms of all his united, loving children. It is the first condition of Christian mediumship that a man shall give up all to Christ, that He may dwell in us, and that we may be complete in Him. Out of the depths of absolute self-renunciation we climb to heights of spiritual victory. We become, in Christ, positive men. We are illumined by the Holy Ghost. The soul is inspired with a burning love for Jesus that makes the metaphors of Oriental poetry seem weak and poor. He is in us and we in Him.

Forgetfulness of self, and an entire devotedness to truth and virtue and suffering man—a profound sense of personal unworthiness—absolute worship of Christ as the One resplendent Presence, in whom dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily—heart-broken contrition for sin—a genuine love for the Holy Scriptures as the Divine Word—an habitually humble and prayerful frame, and desire to be conformed in all things to the Divine—are among the characteristics of this mediatorial condition. Such as in any de-

gree attain to it are conscious of being led by a Divine dictate, which, at times, becomes an absolute voice within the breast. We are led by it in perfect freedom, and, under its influence, the will continually becomes more energetic, the understanding more harmonious and perfect, the personality more reverent and august.

We desire to set an example of absolute plain-speaking. The gifts of the Spirit, which in our case put forth their blossoms, have been and are being suppressed continually on every side. We are a witness for interior illumination, in its Christian sense and on its Biblical authority. But while, in all lowliness and meekness, we put forth this assertion it is not done dogmatically, or with any infallible assumption. It is the Spirit of God that tints the flower, that forms the fruit, that arches the firmament, that rounds and lights the star. Obedient man becomes, through regeneration, a theatre for the benignant activities of this one and the self-same Spirit. Yet, as its manifestations in nature are various, and one thing in the crystal, and another in the animal ; revealed now in instinct with the winged creature of the element, and now in fragrance from fields of flowers ; so, descending with copious gifts, it variously enriches the human faculties, producing through each some special and novel manifestation. Descending through the lyrical faculties its result is song. It walks in the higher round with the epic and the tragic muse for ministers. Operative on the imaginative and constructive organs, it weaves the story or the tale, as in nature, upon an earthy ground, it spins a web of grass or weaves a tapestry of blossoms. All faculties are to it subservient. The essay, the philosophical or theological argument, the oration, the sermon, the narration of the beautiful life of variously pictured man throughout the universe, the exposition and illustration of the latent essence and occult doctrine of the Word, all these lie within its scope. Man should be barren nowhere ; but every group and series of his faculties should be opened to the culture of the Spirit, that God may be glorified in his regenerated works.

We aim to make the HERALD OF LIGHT, therefore, first, what the Creative and Productive Spirit, working through us, shall design ; as in the liberty of the moral will, and the transfiguration of the intellectual powers, the varied pages of its contents are evolved

to form, we shall from time to time present them. Not ours to plan, but to execute; not ours to originate, but to receive, to embody and impart.

As the pioneer of a new literature we can not claim perfection. The beginnings of a new series of the evolutions of human thought must be eclipsed by endlessly more glorious generations of successors. While we do the best that in us lies, we shall rejoice in every better thing accomplished through others; content, when our use is done, to pass away as the Spring flower is forgotten in the abundance of the Summer which it prophesied.

The **HERALD OF LIGHT** will be published monthly in its original form, forty-eight pages; and at its former price, to American subscribers, \$1.50; to English subscribers, 8s. sterling, international postage paid, per yearly volume, in advance. The editor in the past has made it a labor of love, receiving in no instance compensation for his services, and continues his labors without remuneration. The New Church Publishing Association trust that this fact, and also the statement that, as yet, its subscription list is not sufficient to meet its actual cost, will induce every friend to lend personal aid to the extension of its circulation, and that all will exert themselves to send the name of an additional subscriber. They would also request an early remittance for the forthcoming volume.

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DIVINITY OF THE LORD.

As the Holy Ghost descends into and works by the human understanding, creating in us the faculty, and imparting to us the gift, of spiritual perception, the first great truth revealed to us, is the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ—that He is, as Holy Writ expressly declares, the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last, the Almighty. This truth, at once and forever, removes all that bewildering cloud of fantasies, all that dark host of conjectures concerning Him which the intellect forever labors over. *Christ the Lord—Christ the Incarnate God!* This truth, breaking in upon us as the sun breaks upon some vessel filled with mariners, tossed and laboring upon a tempestuous and unknown sea, with its smiling beauty, replaces our terror and despair, dispelling the rain-clouds, and revealing the landmarks by which we are surrounded, and enabling us to take that solar observation by means of which we can be guided finally to our everlasting home.

Modern society is pervaded by a spirit of wild unrest—grasping in one direction at an unbalanced German Pantheism, and in another direction seeking, in spiritual intercourse, a satisfaction for this craving of the heart. If we look upon the faces of the first thousand people we meet in Broadway—men and women—we will be struck with one feature, that, however dissimilar they may be in some respects, we can not fail to remark that they are alike in this feature of *unrest*. If we stand at the church doors even, we observe the same feature. If we should gather together the first thousand of the rich, the good, the beautiful, the prosperous, upon all would we find plainly marked the feature *unrest*. Go into the halls where ambition gathers together the magnates of the land, and those who stand highest in the estimation of their fellows, and there we shall find the same unrest. It broods like a pall over society. In the degree in which the affections are stimulated; in the degree in which the intellect is quickened; in the degree in which we mingle with society; or, in fine, in the degree in which we call out our powers and faculties

from the state of inertia, does this unrest grow upon us. The most unrestful of all men are those who have traveled furthest in among the pathways of higher intelligences. Alas! we find everywhere, unrest, unrest. Were we to gather together in one place all faces, and combine them into one great countenance that should be visible to all the world—Oh! those haggard features; Oh! those lines expressive of perturbed mental and moral feelings; Oh! those compressed lips, and those eyes that reveal, ah! too surely, the terrible and fatal workings of the heart—we would exhibit a picture to appall the whole world; and yet it is a picture of the civilized people of the nineteenth century.

There is in the inmosts of every man's nature a deep desire to have, to know, and to worship a personal God, and when God reveals Himself to us in His Divine personality that deep desire is gratified. This desire to be married to God is a most interior one—the desire to be knit to Him by indissoluble ties; to talk to Him, and have Him talk to us; to drink in His Spirit; to pour out into His heart our sorrows; to receive as His Divine gift all our joys; to look to Him as the Counselor and Preserver of our lives; of our reason the Energizer and Director; to have Him fill the empty vessels of our hearts with His love; to have Him cast out the devils that desire to keep dominion over us; to have Him obliterate the sinful memories of the past; to have Him—the only God of Heaven and Earth—leading us onward to complete regeneration in this life and final angel-hood in the future. Oh! it is the very summit of felicity, the very crown and acme—the concentration—of all possible delights. And the love of Christ from this time forth takes possession of us. See how soon the man who is inspired with the ambition to save his country, when the enemy has gathered around to conquer the beloved land, is imbued with a spirit of Divine heroism, which kindles up the intellect, and nerves the will to gather together the feeble and flying legions of his compatriots, and lead them out against the foe. See how the woman, when her child is dying, nerves her frail form, and permits not her eyes to grow dim, while she bendeth in ceaseless vigils over the wasting body of the little one, and relaxes not her care until the dying child has ceased to breathe. We have all seen how this love quickens the latent powers of the character,

and transmutes inertia into action. We realize this love in whatever channel it may flow—in the halls of legislation, in the field of romance, by the sick-bed, beside the martyr on his journey to the tomb; wherever *love* is, there will be the latent cause of it springing up to action, and intelligence through it. Oh! when that love of loves comes into men, and when that love of Christ the Lord takes possession of their hearts, then it is—what shall we call it—that a new creation takes place in our interiors—nothing else. It is, as it were, the crystallization of the dark atoms of the sensational form into one glorious temple of vital consciousness. It is the gathering together of the sundered heart-strings of the affections, and attuning them anew to the great golden lyre which God's hand alone shall wake to music. Gather together all other lines and sources of inspiration and greatness, and they are, after all, but the shell of the vessel, the spirit of which is the greater and higher life which emanates from Christ the Lord. We can not have this interior life on the ground of Pantheism; we can not have it on the ground of atheism; it must be derived from the Divine source—the Lord Christ. And when we gaze upon that radiant and all-inspiring personality, then it is that a new condition comes upon us. To this we can all attain.

We can all be inspired by the Lord Christ; we can all behold the King in his beauty; we can all attain to the perception of the truth of His Divine Humanity, and when we have gathered that perception in the full extent of its truth; when we worship him with an undivided worship; when our every thought of God is associated with the Lord Christ; when we mean to love him in this divinely human way, then it is he enters into and takes possession, and commences in us that great creative work which shall make us burn continually with one desire, that shall imbue us with one spirit, to do His most holy will.

We all know what it is to love children and friends, father and mother, husband and wife; but, brethren, until we know what it is to love the Lord Christ, we know but little. No man can truly love in any of the relations of life—none can know what Divine possibilities there are in love, until they have learned to love the Lord with all the soul, with heart, with mind, with strength, and with all their powers. Let us illustrate this:

We love the child in the natural, because his life is a prolongation of our own existence, a multiplication of ourselves, bone of our bone, substance of our substance. We love the Lord—the love of Christ inspires and constrains us, and then in the opening of our internal perceptions we perceive that that child is the Lord's, and that that child, by grace, becomes a medium through whom Almighty God pours down His affections into the breast. How sweet it is to the young mother to have her babe nestling in her bosom—a deep, maternal joy, almost overwhelming to the feeble senses, comes upon her ; but when, in regeneration, she loves the Lord Christ supremely, the very feminine essence of the Divine Saviour flows down, and reflows through the child. Like a river of everlasting harmonies it flows through that child's person into her bosom, until it seems that her spirit had taken to itself wings and flown to God's high throne. And approaching the sacred precincts of the conjugal relation—how intense a love is that!—a love which knits together happy hearts in marriage! When both love God supremely, and the potent inspiration of that love takes possession of them, the wife looks upon the husband and sees the Lord descending through him, and there is a second advent of the Lord coming down to her ; and the husband perceives the Lord God flowing through the wife, and the one God cometh and dwelleth consciously with them both forever.

And coming out of the sphere of related joy and applying the same thing to the great burdens of life. The natural man longs for ease ; he labors for a prospective end—relaxation, to retire from business, to live in luxury, to gratify all his desires, to deny himself nothing. In fact men bear burdens that they may cease from bearing burdens. But when they love the Lord, His Divine inspiration comes to them, and through Him their burdens become light and are pleasant to bear. We feel Christ dwelleth in us as we seek to impart lessons of useful instruction. Around the teacher are gathered bands of young children. They are perverse, and repay his kindness oftentimes in ingratitude. But when the Divine Teacher speaks and bids them come to him, and his voice flows like music into the breast, then the lowly schoolroom becomes changed into the sacred abiding place of Deity, and through God's infinite intelligence we are caught up into heaven—

ly love and wisdom, and God blesses us immeasurably. He comes to us in the sacred priesthood where we labor continually in growing into angelic life—and so, whatever the sphere of life. Through the love of the use the burdens become light, the inspiration more radiant and more clear, the powers of success more sure, and we shall accomplish all we undertake in order. We stand by the sick-bed in the capacity of physician—or we are in the priesthood, and are gathered where death has gone before, in the midst of the circle of weeping mourners, all our power in these positions emanates from the Lord Christ. And thus it is, as we advance in regeneration we become dead to the self-hood, and our lives are hid with Christ in God. This condition is open to all. Nay, we can not be New Churchmen in a perfect sense until we have entered into the first degree of this most real and useful state. Then only shall “our eyes behold the King in His beauty.”

Again: through this taking of Christ into the heart is the Word laid open, and the knowledge of the Word made clear. Swedenborg would never have received the internal sense of the Word through his understanding, if he had not received the Lord first into his heart. But as we take the Lord Christ in the acknowledgment of his Divinity into ourselves, He will open to our understanding the Scriptures and all truth pertaining to Himself; and so shall we behold everywhere some splendid arcana concerning the Lord, some transcendent, vast and wondrous unfoldings of His Divine love and wisdom and truth; for, although we may receive the Scriptures as to their letter, we can not as to their spirit, except through the faith and acknowledgment of the Supreme Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Believing thus, he will open our perceptions to understand the Scriptures, and so, oftentimes, we shall be aware that the Lord directs us to a certain line; and out of that very line will burst a power to make us spiritually strong—pregnant with the very fullness of the truth we seek—enabling us to drive away the demons of doubt, making plain the path of duty, lighting up the features of the present, and throwing a noonday radiance upon the mysteries that seem to surround us.

Through the love of the Lord, growing out of our perceptions

of the arcana of his Word, our duties in all the relations of this life are continually made more apparent. That is, the precise calling and use in life for which we are fitted will be found by asking him what that duty is. When we desire, in our freedom, that he may work his will toward us, there comes that light, there is sent the direction, and so each by degrees is sent into his or her special use in the world. We are all placed like plants in the Lord's garden ; each has its space and room to strike down its roots to the water-springs, and to shoot up its branches to the bright blue sky ; each has that peculiar aspect favorable to its growth ; each bears fruit in its season for the planter ; each fulfills that specific object for which, from all eternity, the Lord intended it.

Growing out of this knowledge of the Lord in the Life, we perceive, for the first time, the conditions of a true Church order that are to prevail. There is a deep heart desire, a longing to be of the true Church of Christ, and this desire is implanted by the Lord. No man can know what the true Church is, where it is, except, first of all, through an acknowledgment of the Lord Christ, as the one and only God. It is only when we have found the Lord, and when we have come to believe implicitly in his Divine Humanity, and by the laying down of the self-hood, open ourselves to the descent of his Spirit, that we can find the true Church.

Then, when we have found the Lord, and have found the internal sense of the Word, and have heard his Divine voice speaking through the breast, and have come into the special use he has for us in the World, then he leads us into true and orderly ecclesiastical relations, by making us, first of all, members of the real internal church in the heavens, for every man as he receives the Lord, becomes a member of some New Church where Christ is worshiped as God. Having thus become a member of the Church internally, he is in a condition to be led by the Divine Spirit into the outward Church, but he can not enter into any outward Church and recognize it as a representative of the Church in the heavens unless he finds a body of people who acknowledge the Lord Christ as the one true and living God. Hence, he is cut off from all those sects who ignore the absolute divinity of Christ, and as to his

exteriors, is prevented from uniting with them. There is only one visible Church in the world, we care not if there be but three members of it, still it is the only visible Church in its real sense, and that Church is found among those who believe in the divinity of the Lord, in the Word, and in a life of regeneration through uses. No matter how few the number, wherever they may be found, who receive the Lord in obedience to these great principles, they are the New Church in its visible form. All the good throughout the world are members of the New Church, even though as to externals they are members of the first Christian dispensation, which is passing away, yet they are not members of the visible New Church which is based upon the acknowledgment of the tenets of that Church. I say nothing against the providential use of the various forms and orders in the ministry which exists in the Old Church, and which are designed to be continued until the New Church is all visible—all consummated. And who are the priests of the New Church? The priests of the New Church, in the full sense of the word, are, first of all, those members of the New Church in the heavens; and, secondly, those members of the New Church ultimated upon earth. It must be so; it can not be otherwise. A man may be, as to his interiors, a priest in the heavens, but not in the full sense of the word can he be a priest in the New Church on earth until the Lord's inspirations can flow down to a full, complete, and triumphant manifestation in the natural state. A man may be, as to his interior states, a priest in the heavens, but he is not a priest in the New Church on earth, because he can not stand up and in full liberty proclaim the glories of the interior truth of the Word. No man can be a priest in the full sense—first in the heavens, and then ultimate his priesthood in a perfect ministry on earth—and be sectarian. If he belongs to any sect he is not free to ultimate his priesthood; he will feel bound, and hampered, and responsible to his party instead of to the Lord; he will feel that his term of office is dependent upon his obedience to certain external forms in which God is not recognized in his Divine Humanity and in which the eternal divinity of the Word is not acknowledged. And here a qualifying clause: there are persons in all these Churches, who are preachers in the Churches of the heavens and preachers in the Churches on earth—transitional

men, who have passed from stage to stage in the growth and quickening of the internal affections who ultimate New Church truths. There is a vast difference, however, between the man who standeth up and says, "Men and brethren, hear me, I am conscious I am a sinner, saved by the power of the Holy Ghost, thoroughly believing that I have been consecrated and called of the Lord to be a priest in the heavens and to be used in the ministry of His Church on earth," and him who goeth out in loneliness and sickness, in poverty, persecution, and sorrow, bearing the burdens of a true priesthood, visiting only such places to which the Lord shall bid him go, and opening himself as a mediatorial man for others. What a difference between those who stand up thus, and others who, whatever they may have in their interiors, feel that they act simply as agents of some one sect among many sects, and must stifle and forbear uttering their best and holiest inspirations. What a difference! If any man have a desire to lose his inspirations, let him yield to that subtle, magnetizing influence.

At the present time, this influence is endeavoring to crush the New Church as a spiritual, because it can not destroy it as a temporal fact. The New Church must come into the earth as a temporal fact, and it will come thus wherever there are priests and receivers of its three great tenets, who will stand fast in the liberty in which the Lord hath made them free. If there are any who feel themselves, in their interiors, start and move, who are willing to labor in the true priesthood of the Messiah, let them stand free. Let them stand free! Let no class of men—let no organization of individuals in the ignorance of externalism, who are mere infants, blinded* infants, as regards spiritual matters, step in between them and the inspirations of Deity. Call no *man* master; but let the Lord Christ, who sitteth in the heavens, be our master.

CHRISTIANITY THE PRACTICAL RELIGION :

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED IN THE

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I would speak to you to-night, my friends, of Christianity, as the Practical Religion.

The peculiarity and glory of the Christian scheme is this, that it contains not a solitary principle but that is designed to be wrought out in active, heroic, human operation. Christianity is, in one sense, to be sure, an idealism. It points out the highest possible ideal of life and character. It shows the man with what worth he may enrich the hours, to what sublime heights of beauty all the faculties may be evolved, and what rich fruit of virtue and intelligence they may bring forth through all existence. But, while it thus reveals to man this noble and comprehensive ideal, it also reveals the process of its translation into the actual, so that all which is fixed in God's mind for us to realize can be evolved, with an increase ever more abundant.

The incarnation of the Divine in man, so gloriously set forth in our Lord Jesus Christ, seems to me to have had for one of its chiefest purposes that of plainly making known to us how much Divinity every man who receives the Spirit of God into his faculties, in lowly piety and resolute self-abnegation, may work out through moral, intellectual, and social action. The idea that Heaven is the peculiar theatre for the evolution of the silent germs of character into wide-spreading activities, however true in itself, is made the poor and base apology by many for a starved and barren natural life. Whatever it is possible for man to realize hereafter can at least be seen below, in stages which, if incomplete in quantity or fullness, may at least in quality or essence be very fully known. I do not consider Heaven as so much the field for the calling out in man of elements of which we now have

no knowledge, so much as the ever-increasing accession of life and power to those which are unfolded here. It is the *here* and the *now* that we are to enrich and dignify. Human character is like some great cathedral; its broad foundations are laid on earth, its glorious pinnacles tower above the cloud and burn immortal in the solar fire.

Christianity differs from mere philosophy in this, that, while the latter sketches out the image of virtue, and suggests its beauty and desirableness, so giving to the seeker an idea of what he ought, in his personality, to realize—the former, while it transcends every philosophy in breadth of outline and beauty of coloring, reveals the method for its attainment by the Spirit. Philosophies are human, yet Christianity Divine, because, coming out, itself, from God, it supplies a vein of connection between the fallen human nature and its Creative and Restorative Original. Divine, because it actually brings down into the understanding and the will of the receptive creature the fire of Deity, the fiery heat and light that, pulsing out of the Divine heart, renew and recreate us in His august and noble image.

Man, in his fallen state, is the most selfish creature in the world. The selfishness of the animal is merely a corporeal desire for the sustenance of his frame and the gratification of his instincts; but one degenerate man has in himself more of selfishness than the entire animal kingdom. It is a spiritual and boundless craving for whatever shall minister to personal supremacy over the fellow and the world. Taking the form of ambition, what amount of territorial spoil, what height of renown and breadth of worship, ever appease the appetite of the conquerer? Displaying itself in voluptuousness, when did the ruiner cease—satisfied with the desecration of the crystal shrine of purity? Or, exemplified in the thirst for riches, what miser ever reached the point where the acquired treasure fed to satiety the avarice of gold? So terrifically selfish are all degenerate human creatures that a large proportion of the popular cravings for salvation are but an intenser form of the same greed. Heaven is coveted, not as a state where character grows up grand and transcendent, reflecting the awful purity and brightness of the Divine attributes; to the contrary, it is craved as a place where everlasting pleasure awaits

the soul, where dreamy rest and undulant harmonies of satisfied emotion take the place of burdens nobly borne for those who perish. It is the beggarly self that craves to be ferried over some dark river at the cheapest cost of personal exertion ; that, shipwrecked on a stormy sea, would turn a deaf ear to the cries of the perishing, intent on seizing some drifting spar and floating with it to the shore. That men must be converted out of selfishness, in order to enter Heaven ; that selfishness, were it to enter Heaven would be most miserable there, finding no congeniality in its thought or speech, its feeling or its action, is a fearfully neglected truth. Nay ! the creeds that justify, the preachments that uphold, any system which recognize any salvation in selfishness for man are but a miserable heathenism.

The fundamental doctrine of Christ is, that man must die to self in order to be saved. The great mistake of the nominal Christian world is, that, glossing over this absolute requirement, it substitutes formula and ceremonialism. "Ye must be born again" is the imperative message, brought by the Divine Teacher to every human spirit. This being born again is not a change from unbelieving selfishness to believing selfishness, from unbaptized selfishness to baptized selfishness, but from selfishness itself to disinterestedness itself, in the very fountains of the heart, and so in the great rivers of conduct that issue from the heart.

God is Love ! I hold this truth to be the very topmost of the faith. God is the infinite and universal lover. The Divine beauty of the Infinite, so dear to the high-wrought faculties of sensibility and taste is but, as it were, the ever-changeful and picturesque play of the affections, flowing out to hue and form, to melody and joy, to touch and taste, to thought and vision. His severe justice, so inexorable, so grand—this is but the method by which He balances the universe, and holds it all in moral order about His throne. To the eye of law He appears the Sovereign ; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of His kingdom ; yet to the child He is seen with all the father's, all the mother's heart. High above the seven-fold mountain of the Divine faculties towers that infinite attribute of disinterestedness. God is love, and he that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him, for God is love.

What is it that, to-day, prevents the Lord Christ from pouring

His Divine Spirit through all mankind ; from making every heart vocal with melodious joy, every intellect radiant with inspiration, every human life a revelation of heavenly perfection? What is it that makes homes unhappy ; that wrinkles with sinister and melancholy lines the human countenance ; that dims the brightness of the eye, and makes harsh the voice, and curves the lip, and sets a cloud and a darkness on the forehead? What is it that separates man from man, that turns the key upon the locked emotions, that isolates human souls in melancholy solitude, that puts a mask upon the visage, and makes us walk in our unreal parts upon life's visionary stage? What is it that makes the man hard-hearted in his dealings with the fellow, that robs woman of her loveliness in the insatiable passion to criticise and to defame? What is it that causes the prosperous and the successful to scorn and flout the unfortunate who have fallen from weakness in the terrible march of life, or who have been swept away into overt crime by the whirlwind of swift and overwhelming temptation? What is it that makes men infidels to the righteousness of Providence, to the supremacy of conscience and the chartered rights and dear-bought liberties of human kind? What is it that corrodes the very treasure of youth, and rusts the young heart, and burns as with fire the frescoes of truth and purity from the temples of the inner life? What is it that gathers about the toil-worn wanderer in life's melancholy autumn days, and makes the dying hour a delirium or a foreboding, where holy triumph should sound the peal of victory for the enfranchised and ascending soul? One thing, and that one the radical selfishness of degenerated man.

This is the curse of England, the curse of Christendom. In its embodiment, it answers to every lineament of Antichrist. It towers above all thoughts—above all institutions. It lifts its colossal image above this rolling orb. It bids defiance to the Maker. It seeks to invert the very channels of His bounties, to monopolize for sinful greeds His universal benefactions. It is selfishness that, brooding in the household, prevents the child from attaining to a symmetrical and normal development of character. It rocks the cradle of the infant, and, before the first lessons of the alphabet, inculcates a grim and icy individualism. It instructs our youth ; its doctrine is heart-isolation from the

fellow ; the gathering up of every faculty, the training of every power, the pouring of the volcanic force of passion all in one stream, and that not God-like, fertilizing and enriching, but demon-like, robbing the banks against which it wears, tearing away homestead and fallow field, and building up for self at last a solid base of power from the *débris* of a thousand depredations. So is it with the social lesson, which, analyzed, is this, "There are but two classes in the world : the oppressors, and the oppressed. To be one of the fortunate many requires a politic conformity to the customs, ideas, and sentiments of the times. The practical use of time, talent, position, friends, is this : to elevate one's self above the neighbor." It ignores the sympathies, because they tend to break the rigid inflexibility of purpose, which is the prerequisite of success. It ignores humanity and its universal claims. It sums up all philosophy in an enlightened self-interest. It seeks in culture but a means of splendidly adorning and enriching a grasping and socially destructive heart. For plain speaking, it substitutes hypocrisy ; for manliness, sycophancy ; for sincerity, concealment ; for charity, avarice ; for moral justice, legalized extortion. It legislates for classes, not for man. It preaches for the select, whom it flatters and soothes in a fancied security of dogma or ritual ; not for the many whom the real Gospel serves, and elevates with embodied precepts of Christian worth in life.

It keeps men and women forever base and servile in heart, though it may hide the soul that perishes beneath a radiant garment of social dignity and place. It arrests the development of genius, which tends to human worth and liberation ; of Divine belief, which spiritualizes and purifies ; of cosmopolitan sympathies, which knit together the dissevered limbs of humanity, and make the orb one of truth and righteousness. Anarchial as to some, may appear the doctrine, Christianity never can be realized, until selfishness is overthrown.

The best conception that we can form of an harmonic or Christian earth, is one of a social state, in which all men are engaged in fulfilling the entire round of duty, from the inspiration and service of disinterestedness. On the other hand, the worst possible conception that we can form of a world which has wholly become base and bestial, is one where all disinterestedness is obliterated.

ated, where every sentiment, thought, and action reveals a selfish essence. The severest criticism that we can pronounce on renowned or largely gifted characters is, that they act from a central and paramount self-love. It is this that forever shuts out great captains like Marlborough, or illustrious men of letters like Goethe, from the household shrine, where the heart uplifts her heroes. The chief argument for the Divinity of Christ is the fact that not one stain of selfishness adhered even to His robe. The secret of His rule over humanity is, that He loved it with an infinite devotion. The degree in which self is replaced by love is the guage that measures the Christianity alike of nations, churches, and men. The difference between heaven and hell is, that the one is disinterestedness, organized through universal families of angels; and the other, selfishness past all bounds, and, in one wide whirling vortex, seeking to burst and consume mankind. We all know these things. Those who deny, yet feel a something, as of God moving upon the conscience, gleaming in the understanding, and leaping to action where the heart concerns herself about the inmost life; and still, in spite of vague denial, the feeling leaps predominant, that those who possess the most of disinterestedness of all their fellows are the most inspired of God. Though a Religion of Disinterestedness at first glance may seem impossible to be realized, yet, nevertheless, we all look toward it in every foregleam of a new Eden for mankind.

The prevalent idea of Religion is constructed, not upon the Christian, but the Jewish, and not upon the highest of the Jewish, but upon its most corporeal presentments. In the common faith, as Christendom misinterprets it, the individual begins by seeking in life that position which shall yield the most recompense for the least service. We choose our calling with reference to emolument. We are called just men if we keep the letter of the commandment; good citizens if we break no law. Then, if, without retrenching in our habits of expense, we indulge a feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate, by doling out alms from our superfluity, we acquire the reputation of being charitable and large-hearted men. The Israelite bestowed a tithe of his living, but many have gained in Christendom a wide estimation, for piety and saintship from the mere gleanings of their fields. It

seems to be considered that we have a right to amass millions ; to found noble families ; to establish permanently an indolent and luxurious class in society who shall corrupt the multitude while they enervate their own spirits. The doctrine is seldom if ever called in question ; yet, after all, it is an offense against the Word ; and a vital Christianity can never be triumphant in hearts where it brings forth its corrupting fruit.

The doctrine of Christianity is, that we are not our own, that we belong to Christ in God ; that we are created, as spiritual and immortal beings, that He may live in us, using the will with its myriad affections, the mind with its thousand-fold octaves of faculty, the whole being, so fearfully and wonderfully made ; that we are to be the temples of the Holy Ghost ; that Christ is to dwell in the regenerate will, and so in the whole personality, as in a glorious tabernacle of subservient organisms ; that we are absolutely to become the doers of His will, until His kingdom comes and His will is done on earth as in Heaven. No morally sane man can read the New Testament without coming to this conclusion. The demand is "my Son, give Me thy heart." August and infinite declaration ! Throughout the whole Gospel man is recognized as a voluntary subject. In the code of Biblical law, any thing less than complete heart-surrendery to the Lord is treason and rebellion.

I thank my God that it is so. The first craving of my nature is, loyally to serve the Highest Good, faithfully to execute His just decisions. Living, we should live unto the Lord ; dying, die unto the Lord ; that, whether living or dying, we may be the Lord's. This is the only true liberty. Intimacy with God springs from obedience to Him. What do I say, intimacy with God ? To me, the idea that my Redeemer, whom I obey, exists in a constant interchange of emotions with my poor spirit, is the one thought that, above all others, inundates my nature with bliss and gratitude and love. Yet only as we die to self can we live in unity with Him. As the seed must give itself up to the sunshine before it can be the flower, so must the soul give itself up to its Divine Original before it can win the attributes of angel-hood, or inherit the genuine qualities of man. That Jesus Christ our Lord is immanent in every man in the degree in which, with

body, soul, and spirit, we receive and obey Him, is the very crown of all our joy. But no man can be a devotee of self, and a receiver of the Spirit of Jesus. No man can serve two masters. Obedience to Christ is non-conformity to the World.

How strong is our faith, on the material side, in treasury boards and railway corporations. We pour out such an overplus of faith into what we are pleased to call the "real and the practical" that we have but a poor apology left for the Creator and the Redeemer of our spirits. We have a theoretical belief in the Almighty, yet to many, when analyzed, it is but the conception of a steam-engine, of universal and unwasting power, throwing off jets of nebulous clouds through nature, which condense to suns and systems, and roll away in their mighty orbit till they float far distant through immensity, left behind the train of His on-moving forces. They are governed, indeed, by the laws of electricity and caloric, by aerial and magnetic attractions; they thunder out into the vortex which the Mighty One exhibits, plunging onward in His grooved path through time and space. Yet there is no more heart nearness of God to man than there is of heart sympathy and nearness between the iron-clamped, blazing, rushing locomotive, and the steam-clouds that float from it into blue air and sky.

What fearful gripe this doctrine has upon the nineteenth century. Practical unbelief is at the bottom of the self-seeking and self-serving of the age. Aye, Christians no less than skeptics; we all need to be converted over again to a literal belief in the literal presence and promises of Christ. The promise of the gospel is "ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find." "Whosoever will be my disciple let him deny himself and follow Me." In laying ourselves open before God, and renouncing self, and seeking in all things to substitute His will for ours in the guidance of life, we embrace no cloud, we follow no chimera. We simply, so far as human ability may go, place ourselves in conditions to be led by Him into the reception of His attributes, and the very out-giving of Himself. We become Christians of the Spirit; Christians of the Universe; Christians alike of the intensest adoration and of the most heroic practical devotion. We go through the world leaning on Christ's heart.

God takes care of those meadow daisies that await the coming Spring to star your landscapes ; care of the early fledgelings, winged joys of nature, that shall make every coppice tremulous with song. But God takes more care of human hearts than of the daisy or the dove. God takes great care of hearts, even when they do not love Him. They swim in the great white ether of His benevolence. They flaunt their noonday blossoms in the very splendor of His smile. If they are blind, God sees for them, and hedges up the road to ruin. If they are deaf, God hears for them, and wards off many a storm that rushes, self-invoked, to burst above their heads. If they are cold and selfish, God loves for them, loves over them, and beneath and all around them still—makes the hearts of wife, or mother, or daughter cups of aroma, full of love as they can hold, and gives out the bread of love from viewless ministering hands of nature and of grace ; hints His love in all the voiceless darlings of the Spring that do but mutely smile ; touches their bosom-chords of feeling, and plays upon the harp-strings there ; wafts love out of His Bible, and bids them look, and see it flow in heart-gushes from the cross. Shall not God, then, love those who seek to be conformed, from the very finest fibre to the extremest leaf and tendril of all the being, to Himself? Shall He not love them? Ah, friends! could we but trust the God with our hearts and our lives, we should know, not the fullness of that love, but its sweetness ; nor yet its full sweetness, for that is kept for the overflowing feast of Heaven ; but surely its providence. We shall find Him an infinite Care-taker for every concern of life, and for eternity itself, which is but a greater and better life embosomed in His own.

How wondrously, during the last hundred years, England has been transformed from an area of rural landscapes into the huge manufactory of the world. What miracles of skill have fashioned the structures of her new industrial age. Yet there is a work intrinsically far more wonderful which the Divine Spirit is achieving in the bosoms of all who have consecrated their spirits to be the habitations of Christ. If the Divine Spirit values the world simply as a means for the evolution of man, He regards man, as we see and understand him, but as a means for the evolution of a Divine manhood, pervaded and actuated by Himself.

There is a time when the Divine Mind with a specialty of action works upon the human faculties ; when our subjective reason is illumined, as with a burning torch of God. It is then the Spirit pleads with man, crying "give me thy heart." As the clear light of eternity flames in upon us, our selfishness arises to make terms with Deity—to secure, if possible, salvation, while it remains a non-conformist to the Divine charities. A man can go a great distance, in seeming, with the Lord, and still be incorrigibly hard of heart. Enlightened selfishness will give up any overt sin for personal security, and profess any creed, and submit to any ritualistic necessity. How aptly the apostle has delineated the matter, "and though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal ; and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing ; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The death of selfishness involves the dying-out of the carnal natural man of whom self-love is the very life.

Many who would willingly submit to the amputation of a limb for the sake of being accounted the servants of Christ, when they would pluck self out of the bosom shrink from the ordeal. The workings of the human heart are fearfully deceitful. Even after men determine that they will keep self-love enthroned in the deep heart they insist on believing that God will accept a compromise. The rigid tenacity with which many cling to doctrines is only explicable on this ground. I love the doctrines of the Bible ; the eclipse of the slightest of them is to me the occultation of some splendid spiritual orb ; the suppression of the least of them is like the silencing of some great harp that poured out its rich music in the celestial orchestra. It is a silencing of a deep voice in my own soul. The truths of revelation are the breath that plays upon the bosom-oracle, calling out responses there. But far better is it that every doctrine were hushed, and the man's mental house given up to an obvious paganism, than to render lip-service to the principles which the soul denies.

With many the profession of doctrines is a mere insurance

against the hazard of eternal fire. The selfish doctrinalist is hardened against the Spirit in a most fearful sense, whether he is a Calvinist or an Arminian, a Unitarian or a Swedenborgian, a member of the Church of England or the Church of Rome. Entrenched in the strongholds of doctrinalism, which he substitutes for inmost consecration to his God, he laughs to scorn the arrows of the Almighty. Selfish congregations of nominal believers have fortified themselves against the Holy Ghost. The obviously impenitent and unbelieving sinner is an enemy in the open field. He is taken, red handed, in the flagrant fact of rebellion. He flaunts the banner of skepticism against the sky. He knows all the while, poor conscript of Satan as he is, that he is fighting against the Highest Good; that every blow recoils upon his own breast. There is a breath of Tophet in the very atmosphere; he is obscurely conscious of an inverted nature, that protests and cries against the wrong he is inflicting on it. It is hard for him to resist the felt and recognized presence of Almighty Love. Of such, when a genuine Christianity is brought to them, I have a great hope. Poor man! he does not know what he is fighting against. When he sees the Saviour coming—not the cold theological Christ who lives in creeds, but the Divine Friend, with health, and aid, and healing, as he reigns in heaven—ah! when He thus comes, how often will the skeptical sinner, melted by Divine tenderness, yield up the weapons of rebellion, and fall and worship at His feet. The glorious results of genuine revivings of religion, in all time, prove that, for the ignorant and the oppressed, though far gone in natural depravity, there is great hope.

Not so with the cold-hearted doctrinalist, the modern pharisee, who makes the respectabilities of his faith a substitute for the robes of righteousness. When Christ comes to him He finds the door barred. The cry is, "My son, give me thy heart!" the response, "Ah! I gave that forty years ago." But, "My son, give me thy heart!" Again the reply, "I was changed from nature to grace forty years ago, thank God!" Again the cry is heard, "Give me thy heart!" and then the decorous professor is ready to declare that this is a temptation of the adversary. The Lord would convict him of selfishness, convert him to disinterestedness; but he lulls his feelings with some misapplied Scripture that it is not well to be righteous over much.

The difficulty with us all is, that we find it so hard to realize that the Spirit of Christ can absolutely come and live within the breasts. But, to those who can take this truth home, comes a second, a fearfully small and wretched estimate of what the Lord will do in the breast when He has taken up His abode therein.

Man's spiritual nature is in reality a series of germinal forms, which when the Divine Spirit shall overcome the inertia and the repugnance of selfishness, spring to life in the sweet bloom of charity, and clothe us all with the splendid garnitures of the resurrection. I would not make war against the human faculties. They are God's handiwork. It is only their degeneracy and their corruption that I oppose. The faculties themselves are organs in which the Spirit of Life, making its abundant way, would evolve all things beautiful, all things Divine. I aim not at the destruction of any normal human power, but at the restoration of the entire series into that inspired condition in which the Infinite Spirit, through them working with ceaseless action evolves every virtue that can enrich and dignify mankind.

The evil of the world is self-love. If we can supplant the inspiration of self-love with that of disinterested virtue, the human heart, that Satan now plays upon, with such rude discords upon the strings, shall be resonant with an immortal melody under the fingers of God.

This restoration of the soul to the Divine love-life must precede all efforts at social renovation. Accepting the world as it is, its arts and sciences, its customs and institutions must serve as reservoirs for this better Spirit. I would not abolish the pulpit. Let it stand so long as God has words for men to utter; so long as the dark need light, the sinful purity, the erring guidance, and the wretched hope. But there I would have men placed who have not an atom of self-love clinging to their garment's hem, interpreting the Divine Oracles through hearts made pure by holy living, for the inner sight of Deity. A disinterested pulpit stands above the world, above the changing clouds of secular opinion, above the clash and clamor of contending interests, lit with the light of upper day, and sounding on forever with immortal powers.

Trade is right. The man who would clog the wheels of commerce, arrests the development of civilization, stays the onward

march of the all-conquering God. But against trade selfishly conducted, with no regard to a supreme law, high above the standard of a conventional morality, against that I protest as a canker at any man's heart that thrives by it, any nation's heart that justifies and pursues it. The tradesman should be God's secular priest, devoted to his avocation from an inward sense of fitness and call. His weights should be God's weights ; his measures God's measures ; the day-book and ledger exact and righteous as the decalogue ; his place of business a cathedral where everlasting litanies are sung in holy and obedient service to the King of kings.

Sundays and the pulpit are good ; but for what end ? That, going up to mountains of beatitude, men may listen to the Divine laws of rectitude, and drink in spiritual life by undisturbed communion with Deity. Week days and places of business are good ; for what end ? That we may take those principles and work them out in all the social moralities, diffusing abroad the perfume of a higher world. The apostles said " If any man speak let him speak as the oracles of God." Greater than the temple at Jerusalem, where the Divine Voice spoke once a year, is the shrine of the regenerate man, where the Lord Christ would speak every day and every hour.

So with literature. Books shall yet be written greater and sweeter than the world imagines now. History shall yet interpret God in providence. Belle-lettres, wholly filled with a Divine inspiration, shall make known the universal heart, interpret to mankind those silent loves that dumbly wait for utterance in every human bosom. The romance shall be truer, the poem more tender, the philosophy more comprehensive and august. Science shall interpret her God from His steps in the old fossil ages ; while piety shall disclose a Shining Presence, pouring the chalice of an endless benediction, a river of mercies to fertilize the heart of man. But self must die before it comes, and writing must be wholly true to the impulse of duty. In the priesthood of literature, man must dignify his office by an absolute devotion to God and to the right.

Governments are of Divine appointment, and those who would do away with them would invoke the chaos of the social sphere. But Christ is the supreme King. To Him all nations should bend the knee. The law of every land should be the sermon on the

mount, embodied in institutions. Until that day comes, and come it will, whatever be the position of trust and service, whatever be the outward form our institutions take, Christ must be served in the office by every Christian man. The first oath is that of allegiance to God.

I do not ignore the fact that some are qualified by peculiar endowments of faculty to shape and to administer the social forms for empires. Let them come, lion hearts like Cromwell, with invincible inspirations like Joshua. I am not insensible to the august movements of reform. I hail the mission of every true reformer, as of a human sunbeam flung from the disk of the Orb of Righteousness. None can truly legislate for others until God legislates in them and for them. Order must triumph in the man's own heart, if he would be used to extend its peaceful sway through peoples and institutions. The Word incarnate is the true wisdom, and he who findeth Him findeth life.

Oh, friends! the Bible is true. Man is the pilgrim of eternity. There is a Heaven of disinterested virtue. There is a hell of selfish vice. There are ransomed spirits saved in the overcoming of self. There are lost spirits ruined through the indulgence of self. There stands over against every man his evil genius. What do I say? a legion of evil genii, who seek to infatuate us with the sorceries of Hell. But clad, as with garments woven of our Redeemer's essential brightness, are the redeemed ones, potent with energies which He communicates, and glorious with holiness which He imparts. We pause; we question; we deliberate; we decide, in spiritual freedom which Christ sustains. According as that decision is, to selfishness or disinterestedness, we darken or we brighten, we attract to ourselves the fiend, or summon to our side the angel. Placed by our spiritual nature, in the unknown spirit world, we are in contact, on the subjective side of being, with good or bad spirits, as on the objective side with good or bad men. The radiant processions of the Divine ideas, descending to illumine the world of consciousness, are met by bewildering and meteoric fantasies, flung up from the dark night of utter woe. These thoughts of love, that prompt us to self-sacrifice, flung broad upon the bosom, are resisted by opposite suggestions to a veiled self-love, demoniacal in their source, and which, in the last extremity, destroy the soul.

Though a man's deep inward struggles are never revealed to wife or friend on this side the curtain, they are visible from the stand-point of eternity ; aye, visible and canvassed alike by the scrutinies of Heaven and of Hell. There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over the sinner that repenteth ; but infernals celebrate their jubilee when man, whom the Holy Spirit strives with, settles back into the apathy of self. The dark demon cries to his associates and followers, "By the brand of self upon his forehead, that man is mine. The Holy Spirit came to visit him, and then I trembled. The broad white soul-wings of the Divine Love fluttered, and then I feared that I should lose my prey. His heart heaved up, he lifted his countenance momentarily toward the Heavens ; his hand reached out as if to touch the shining hem of the Redeemer's garment. Ha, ha ! poor fool ! he listened to *me* in that extremity. My thought became at once prompting and suggestion. Greedily he drank in the sweet poison that I ministered to self-love. His heart sank back to its accustomed worldliness. His hand closed in iron grasp upon a sensual prize. He drinks the draft that I administer to the depraved and drugged affections. By the oath of fealty to self-indulgence, he has sworn forever to me and mine."

Oh, friends ! I indulge in no rhetoric. To me this is all a most authentic verity. This heart of mine, were it taken from its bosom house—a harp of a thousand strings made visible before you, with God's hands moving over it, and the impassioned utterance of its most intense convictions sounding forth and filling all the air—this heart, in solemn tones, would but reiterate the words the weaker reason coldly utters.

Soon the names of those before me will cease to be visible on the doors of houses and on the fronts of shops. They shall be perused by passing eyes only on tomb-stones, that gathering years are mossing over. We shall be then, not on earth, not dissolved in funereal ashes ; but, according to the quality of our affections, in glory or despair.

Ah ! many a beautiful and brilliant woman, who has filled her heart with romance, and indulged in the rapture of sentiment, and colored the dark orb of a fallen nature with the golden vapor of fictitious love ; but who has been a sentimentalist, and no more—who has lived at ease, neglectful of the needs of pleading and

perishing myriads—many such a one haunts to-night the dreary confines of the lost.

Many a glorious intellectualist, who concealed the selfism of the heart in the splendid images of doctrine—whose mind contained a Jacob's ladder of Divine ideas, springing from the spot of his cold sleep on earth, and touching the very verge of the celestial soil he hoped to stand upon in Heaven—many such a one, because he never trod those steps which all lead away from selfishness, which is hell, to disinterestedness, which is Heaven, awakes beyond this world, where the hidden heart-man takes the place of the apparent form, the companion of every thing evil, the type and embodiment of every thing infernal.

It is time to come away from delusive speculations into sober verities. Some of us have been taught to think that the angel is a magnificent creature, winged and crowned, clapping his triumphant pinions before God's throne, and bowing to eternity in posture of adoration. So, too, the idea which many have had of the myrmidons of Satan is of noble-hearted and magnanimous human creatures, pitiful and tender, compassionate and kind, who loved above all other things to make their companions happy, but who theologically lost their way, and were damned forever, because they misinterpreted the creed.

The angel is simply a Messenger Spirit of some just man made perfect, in whom self-love has died, who has become so sweet in the perfection, and so tuneful in the melody of every true and holy love, that his all-absorbing desire is to fill the varied faculties of being with God's own Spirit, and then, to pour it forth on suffering human kind in ceaseless benefactions. Could we behold, this night, with inner eyes, we should find, in noisome dens and secret homes of wretchedness these blessed ones whom the Father loves. With more than Howard's patience, or the zeal of Clarkson, with more than Elizabeth Fry's calm sweetness, or Florence Nightingale's beautiful devotion, we should find them where, perhaps, our feet might fear to go.

God makes the night of nature glorious with stars, rising in the ascendant, and peopling the darkness with beams of a sublimer day; but over the darkness of human nature He rolls vast constellations of beatified immortals. As yon twinkling planets shine with equal diffusion of influence over palace and prison, and

gem the sleeping bosom of royalty, yet glisten on some pallid breast of one who supped with famine and shall waken with despair, so those, our ministering spirits, who shine like the stars forever and forever, rain down their sweet influence, to cheer, to soothe, to elevate, to nerve for life's great battle, to compose for death's brief sleep, the lofty and the lowly. With equal tenderness for the slave's untended sorrow, and for the crowned grief of kings, unperturbed from their harmony by sinful nature's clash and jar, they dwell at once, by equal sympathy, with All-befriending God, with all-dependent and deploring man. And they are of intensest lustre in whom the Sun of Righteousness concentrates most the broad beneficence of recreative love.

And there are devils, too, who walk the burning round of centuries with a weird magic in the glance, and a faded lurid glory on the brow. Could they speak through human lips, your understandings might be swept away by the well-nigh resistless fascination. Reason itself might plead through them, and every charm of language aid their cause. Yet we should find them—though, as to mind, philosophers, and, as to bearing, princes—utterly debauched, utterly base, utterly dead at heart. Doctrine does not save. It rather loads the selfish man with deeper condemnation, and enables him, when lost, to be seven-fold the tempter and the ruiner.

How beautiful comes on the fire-ship, through the dusk twilight, over some gently-heaving sea. She seems a bark of angels who have lit mast and cordage, tapering spar and flowing sail, and airy pennon, with celestial flame. Yet all that beauty is a waste and a self-destruction. Anon she grapples us, and then we find that Death was at the helm. Then, locked together, two in one, possessor and possessed, the fierce destruction flames along the waves. So with us in our relations with the fiend. In the dusk of consciousness what thoughts of selfish pride, what dreams of selfish pleasure, shine from afar upon the soul. Nearer comes the splendid vision. Voluptuousness in her Cleopatra barge. Mammon in some great argosy, burning in burnished gold upon the waters. The fire-ship and the doom-ship, that perils every man, seems the floating palace to bear him to Elysium. Then, when locked in almost inextricable embrace, the evil genius has grappled us upon the sea, while every latent element in the soul is kindled

in a fierce combustion ; when every good and glorious principle is wasting down to ruin ; then, at last, we discover that our floating palace was a fire-ship from the very dark of doom.

It is not uncharitable to believe that some in every community are in this terrible state. It need not follow that they are open contemners of the Word. Men trust sometimes in the merits of their Saviour, and drug the conscience with the opiate of a mere creed-salvation, whose hearts are all a live glow with corrupting passions. Some, too, evolve a faith, that springs from the heart's corruption into a kind of phosphorescent intelligence. The Bible in their hands becomes an instrument of evil. Text after text is wrested from its original significance, and tortured to reveal a lax and easy God, who develops angels from corrupted men. I wonder not that such a faith as this prevails. The inverted heart does not desire that Infinite Rectitude should sit in judgment on its fate. The Rectitude that governs man will not leave the weak, who strive against temptation, to be lost ; no more will He save the strong, who shuffle from themselves the vast responsibilities of life, who evade the doctrine of heart-regeneration by textual subterfuges, or risk eternity upon the chances of a creed. The Infinite Rectitude who sits in the heart of affairs will yet make known, through all the windows of the Word, that He is throned in Heaven to exalt the disinterested, who, dead to self, live but to do His will.

It may be said that, in advocating an absolute living for God, and above self in all the affairs of life, I set up an impossible ideal. I plead guilty to the charge of endeavoring to translate the requirements of the Gospel into the language of the day ; but nothing more. Christianity is character, organized in a Divine form, for humanitarian and heroic ends. It begins in absolute self-renunciation before God, and slowly is perfected in a beautiful life before men. This implies growth from an initial point of internal regeneration. As with the acorn, so with man. God will make us mighty for His purpose, but only by degrees. So that, were the social edifice to fall to ruin, still, unharmed and floating over it, caught up to meet their Lord in the air, the disciples of the Master should behold the passing away of dynasties and creeds, the evolution through regenerate men of new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

(Continued from page 277.)

Odora then sang her

BETROTHAL MELODY.

Green are the billows of Christna's blue Lake,
Where the Red Lily blooms like a bride,
And the souls of the lilies their blossoms forsake,
When round their bright petals the love-billows break,
And the spray-fairies whisper, "Awake, love! awake!
O'er the waters of Æthra to glide."

I was fair, I was young, like a blossom dropt down
By Christna to bloom in the stream,
I was fair, and my girlhood's celestial crown
Was the love of the Spirit Supreme.
As the red lily rocks on the stream,
Entranced in her beautiful dream,
I slept on the bosom of Æthra's blue tide,
Till my Poet ascended and claimed me his bride.

While Odora continued singing, the fairies gradually formed a silver diadem, which floated above the guests in the centre of the pavilion. It seemed to be composed of the radiant forms of millions of fairies, who were clustered together into living gems of every color, and blossoms of every perfection. There was then heard a sound as of silver bells, and the crown flew away.

Shortly afterward the young bride descended in a chariot, with the diadem glistening upon her brow, and the guests arose to greet her, and sang in unison,

HAIL TO THE BRIDE !

Hail to the Bride! all the Graces attend her,
Attired in her truth, like a sun in its splendor ;
Her soul in the heart of her Bridegroom reposes,
As sleeps the white dove in its nest in the roses.

Hail to the Bride!

Hail to the Bride ! in her bosom's sweet pleasure
Dwell fairies of silver, of crimson, and azure ;
She dwells on her truth like a queen on the waters,
And Hymen hath crowned her among his fair daughters.

Hail to the Bride !

Hail to the Bride ! may her blissful reposing
Be sweet as the sleep of a rose in its closing ;
And Night rain its odors of balm o'er her slumbers ;
And Peace woo her heart like a dove with its numbers.

Hail to the Bride !

Hail to the Bride ! may she rise with the Morning,
The truths of her love all her vesture adorning,
To live in her love, like a rose in its sweetness,
And find in the Bridegroom her spirit's completeness.

Hail to the Bride !

The lovely one then advanced, and took from her brow the diadem and said, " Gifts, when they have fulfilled their use, return with increase to the givers. The fairy thoughts of my own bosom, sweet maidens, shall go back with your own, and warble a marriage melody in every heart."

CONCLUSION.

In Winter, when no fields are green,
The cedars are in verdure seen ;
They stand beside the winter's bier,
And say that Spring shall reappear.

This poem, like the cedar-tree,
Between the Past and the To Be,
With verdant crown that can not die,
Is the New Eden's prophecy.

Spring shall return ; the world awake ;
The seed of truth its dust forsake ;
The human heart, no more a tomb,
Reopen to celestial bloom.

Fling wide, fling wide, the bosom doors,
Lo ! Christ, the Lord, whom Heaven adores,
Pours morn through earth's awakening eyes,
While Angels chant through all the skies.

The poem ends as it begun,
With love to God and love to man.

INTERLUDE.

"Partings are always sad," they say,
The golden, mild Autumnal day
Shone round me as I passed away.

But Singing Sweetness, and his bride,
The Crimson Lily, by my side;
Whispered "Tis eve, with us abide.

"Attired in robes of dainty green
The water fays are still beseen,
And from their cups the lilies lean.

"The sunset, in his crimson barge,
Is sailing from the western marge
Of Æthra's island, fair and large."

A second poem Heaven bestows ;
Its name will be Melodia's Rose,
A lyric of the world's repose.

MELODIA'S ROSE.

"Forever live, sweet Bridal Day,
Ring out thy music evermore ;
And happy Night forever stay,
Entrance our eyelids more and more.

"Forever live, forever shine,
With nuptial roses in thy hand,
And sing to us of Joy divine,
Who lives in Hymen's mystic land.

"Sweet Day, of smiles and blossoms made,
And marriage songs from every tree :
Sweet Eve, within the myrtle shade,
We would forever dwell with thee."

Thus, on the earth, when Time was young,
E'er Night her starry sheep had fed,
Two mated lovers inly sang,
In heavenly nuptials newly wed.

'Twas in the time when Earth, as yet,
Was like a Maiden, pure and mild,
Within her young experience met
Wisdom the sage, and Love the child.

Young Time sat in his feathered barge,
And lightly skimmed the tranquil sea,
Nor saw the storm that, dark and large,
O'erhung the veiled futurity.

The shepherds fed their Eden-sheep,
And sang to young Apollo's lyre ;
While, throned on every sunlit steep,
Shone Angels, robed in golden fire.

"Rise from thy trance, thou dreaming boy,
From thy fond thoughts, sweet maiden, rise ;
True Love goes forth from joy to joy,"
Thus spake a STRANGER from the skies.

"Five great affections have primeval place
Within the human Soul :
The first all other holds in its embrace,
And bids their music roll.

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

" Behold the light and heat together run,
To shape the world we see ;
Goodness and Truth, the glorious two in one,
Unfold life's human tree.

" The tree is dead, unless the living leaf
Fill its appointed sphere ;
So man is dead, unless a true *Belief*
In thought and act appear.

" To bud and blossom tends the generous plant :
The solar heat and fire
Throb in its veins, even as the young fawns pant,
With budding life's desire.

" One common life pervades and binds it all ;
The sap, that fills the root,
Climbs in its veins through branches lithe and tall,
And ultimates in fruit."

So Man, though quickened by diviner fires,
The flower of love unfolds,
And, through the act and end of his desires,
The golden future holds.

One tree may sow the world with fruitful seed,
One Man unfold a race ;
One lovely thought may ultimate a deed
That shall mankind embrace.

Strive not a single moment to detain ;
The hours, in use that fly,
Shall teach thee nobler states of love to gain
Through all eternity.

Growth is the process, not the end, of life.
Hate brings a sure decay,
And selfish aims breathe bitterness and strife
That eat the soul away.

Man could not rise were he not free to fall :
He is a free-born will,
And wears his kingly mantle, or his pall,
As loves are good or ill.

Cease to respect the end that prompts the act,
And action groweth base.
The Angels, who God's loveliness refract,
Turn ever to His face.

Live simply, then, for ends of good, and ye
Shall in His glory stand,
Who hangs the stars like blossoms from a tree,
Above the Morning Land.

Pause, ere ye cross the threshold of the night,
And ask—for will is free—
That God may thrill you with His boundless might,
And ope your eyes to see.

Prayer holds the door of Providence ajar,
God enters when we pray ;
To dwell with him we need not move afar
Beyond the dying day.

God sits within the will, as on His throne,
Amid the cherubim.
God is in you, but ye through love alone
Can be at one with him.

The use and end of being is to live
That God through you may flow.
He seeks through every soul some gift to give
To all the world below.

The sunset flowers their evening perfume yield,
And, through the flying foam
Of silver mist, the Shepherds from the fields
Have called their cattle home.

O Lambs of Heaven, obey your SHEPHERD's voice ;
To dewy vales afar,
Rise where the sheep of Paradise rejoice
In ADONAI'S STAR.

In His own truth the STRANGER stood enshrined,
More than an Angel fair,
As in some grand apocalypse of mind,
Before the youthful pair.

Then beamed His image through their spirit eyes ;
They spake with one accord,
Hail, Father ! Guardian of the earth and skies !
That stranger was the Lord !

As one who takes young dovelets in his hand
From out their little nest,
That SPIRIT from the utmost Morning Land
Drew them into His breast.

He bore them to the far celestial vales,
Where sinless ones abide,
And summer noontide evermore prevails :
That Heaven is called " The Bride."

It is the inmost of Celestial Spheres !
In loveliness divine,
Those gentlest Angels pass their endless years,
In God's own bosom shrined.

There they awoke, as children from the womb,
And saw, through eyes of love,
All Heaven like one immortal rose in bloom,
And the first WORD above.

For, all around, the yellow hills of Day
In golden lustres shone,
And, like a dewy rose, the landscape lay
With every petal blown :

And, in the centre of the rose, a sea
Of liquid music rolled,
And fed the lucid sphere with melody,
That dropt in dews of gold.

High in the crystal zenith shone a scroll
Emblazoned in a sun :
It was the thought-sphere of the PRIMAL SOUL,
A three-fold Word in one.

There every Angel could, at once, behold
The Spirit and the Word,
And, through that burning sphere in music rolled
The Wisdom of the Lord.

Myriads of Angels bathed forevermore
In that transparent sea ;
And other myriads worshiped on the shore
Through all eternity.

Those in the sea, made lucid by the light,
In glory rose and shone,
And underneath the zenith infinite,
They wrought a winged throne.

Of living Cherubim and Seraphim,
That spirit Throne was made,
Who chanted ceaseless praises unto HIM
To whom its light was shade.

Then, by the wisdom of their love inspired,
The Angel-bands, who shone
Upon the shore, to see their Lord desired ;
Then from the Word's bright zone

There came a Voice which said to all below,
" All heavenly worlds shall see
The Lord incarnate on an orb below—
GOD IN HUMANITY !

Then all the Angels worshiped, and they cried,
 " We praise thee, Lord, and bless
The love that hath to every soul supplied
 Life, light, and loveliness."

Then every Angel saw the Lord appear ;
 A spirit glory shone ;
It filled with day the universal sphere,
 And GOD THE MAN was known.

Throned in a form of infinite degrees,
 Beamed forth a light intense ;
Celestial isles and continents and seas
 Were all irradiant thence.

Through all the Heavens a Voice, in majesty
 Of truth resounding on,
Said, " Heaven shall primal Godhead only see
 In the Begotten Son.

" God shall descend to ultimates of form,
 To save a world from death ;
He shall be called, who doth that work perform,
 Jesus of Nazareth !

" As Christ he shall in human speech be known :
 God, in immortal youth,
Shall make that human nature all his own,
 The form of His first truth."

Thereat a mild, miraculous melody
 Of praise began to swell ;
And sea, and land, and atmosphere, and sky,
 Rang like a golden bell.

And every bridegroom sang unto his bride,
 " God shall as man be here ;
And in our innermosts of love abide,
 And to our sight appear."

This poem was sung to us by young Melodia, and after its conclusion I said to her, "Truly it is a rose, a rose of the Celestial Heaven." Thereat the young matron smiled in a sweet delight, and said, "To relieve your mind from so intense a strain, permit me to sing to you a little cradle melody." The atmosphere then appeared filled with the forms of fairy infants, and I was told that they were called innocencies. I observed, moreover, that Melodia wore a golden rose upon her bosom, and that in its corolla two little crimson fairies lay sleeping, folded in each other's arms, like faith and charity in the interiors of a wedded pair. In a voice, and with a smile which thrilled my heart with the very exquisiteness of pleasure, she thus began

A CRADLE MELODY.

Oh! to be a fairy nature,
Like these sleeping babes of mine,
Who have drawn their every feature
From the truths of love divine,
Is far better, is far better,
Than to dance with all the spheres,
Wearing Nature's shining fetter
Through an endless maze of years.
They behold a land elysian,
Through their deep and dreamy eyes;
For our hearts, in their fruition,
Build a fairy paradise.

Oh, the mothers! Oh, the mothers!
How they pine and grieve below;
How the true heart inly smothers
The wild wailings of its woe.
For the babies they are weeping,
Who must learn their bread to win,
Where, with harlots, kings are keeping
The red carnival of sin.

"Sleep, my baby, hush thy wailing,"
To her child the mother cries,

While her sunken cheek is paling,
And the aching bosom dries.
"Hush thy weeping, Oh, thou blessed !"
Cries the mother oft alone,
After Hope, the golden tressed,
From her own true heart has flown—
"Hush ! my baby, sleep and rest !"

"Dance all night ! dance all night !"
Sing the fairy mothers to their babies bright ;
"Dance all day ! dance all day !"
Sing the fairy mothers while their babies play.
"Life is fair ! life is fair !"
Sing the golden fairies in the sunrise rare ;
"Life is fair ! life is fair !"
Sing the fairy mothers to their babies there.

Oh, childhood in the planet Mars,
Beneath the flowering myrtle-tree,
Thou art a wreath of crimson stars
Within a silver galaxy.
'Tis sweet to see a baby there
Feed on the milk of Paradise,
While fairies dance in sunbeams rare
That sparkle through their mother's eyes.
"Crow, baby, crow ! in infant glee,
Sweet heart, unstained by mortal guile,
While fairy babies there you see,
Who sing amid your mother's smile."

When aged Earth, that inly dies,
Becomes an Eden mild once more,
And true hearts find their Paradise
A new-crowned Hymen's mortal shore,
The earthly mother then shall sing,
"Crow, baby, crow ! in smiling glee ;
The fairy queen and fairy king,
With laughing eyes my darling see."

EGYPTIAN WHEAT.

A GRAIN of Wheat lay in the folds of a mummy's robe—it was the mummy of a mighty monarch. Thousands of years ago the terror of his name went before his arms, like the wind sirocco before the heat of the desert. Near him lay his priests and warriors, immured in wooden sarcophagi, painted with deeds of battle and with the symbols of Divine mysteries.

"I'll tell you of the future," said the mummy of the king. "This pyramid will burst, and by-and-by the skies will blaze with yellow flame. The glorious monarch, who inhabited my form, will claim it, coming in all the pomp of Isis. These holy priests will rise, and all these mighty warriors, to serve and worship before me." Each gave a silent assent. It was so still that the little wheat grain could hear his heart beat within himself. He lived alone, and all the rest were dead.

Then the lips of the wheat grain moved to prophesy, and he replied, "Osiris is dead!" It seemed as if, from the sacred chamber where the white bull was buried with Divine honors, came an echo, "Osiris is dead!" "Yes," cried the wheat grain; "Thebes is found no more. The bats fly by night, and the sand-atoms whirl by day, in the hollow empty space between the columns of Abou-Simbul. The friends of Isis, who divided with her the homage of the nations, flit like wandering shadows of night, hunted to their darkness by the hosts of Morning.

"Foam-born Venus is no more adored in Paphos; her sea-girt isle resounds no more with the echoes of her impure rites. Astarte dwindles to a ghastly wraith upon the broken rocks that once were Tyre." Then the mummies of the priests gave a groan, but the wheat grain went on:

"The sceptre is passed away from Egypt; her javelin is broken; her sons are as the slime of the Nile, down-trodden by the passers-by. I live alone: for me shall come the resurrection. I hold within the germs that shall ripen to a thousand harvests. I shall live, in bread to man, forever and forever."

"Who ever heard such presumption?" the royal mummy found words to speak. "Thou miserable slave, answer me! Shall not my king, who dwelt within me, come with the pomp of Osiris, and make me his visible self, and, in me, rule over Egypt?"

"Nay!" answered the wheat grain, but lowly; "nay! the dust

returns unto the dust as it was. No form, dispossessed of life, however stately in seeming, but is destined to dissolution; thou shalt be scattered to the elements. I, even the poor wheat grain, shall feed on thee."

"Stay," cried the mummy; "abject! [†] I shall be incorruptible. Men shall serve me on bended knee, waiting at my board. Is it not so?"

What the reply might have been we may infer; but, at this moment, the mighty stone that barred the entrance to the pyramid was rolled away. The mummy was disentombed; his royal sarcophagus rent rudely open; his swathings and bandages torn apart. Even kings, if they become mummies, must endure in their persons the contact of common hands. They took the mysterious beetles from his breast, and the jewels from his hands; then, when but rags and ashes seemed remaining, they were about to cast the image away as rubbish. But lo! the wheat grain! A traveler drew nigh and reverently claimed it. Its long captivity was over. It grew, placed in mellow soil, and brought forth seed for the sower and bread for the eater. It heard the husbandmen talk, in the fields, of the Age of Human Liberty; and saw, above the hill-top, the golden figure that proclaims to every age the triumphant sufferings of the Incarnate Love!

"A pretty story," cried Doctor Tomlinson; "but, pardon me, if I hint that I do not quite perceive the application."

His little nephew spake and smiled: "Dear uncle, when you preach in the old stone church with the dingy windows, it is so drowsy! first the clerk nods; then the churchwardens begin; at last we all get so tired—and that's the last, until we start up at the amen. And then I dream just such things as about the wheat kernel. Perhaps some day England will prove a mummy, and the fine robes be taken from the stupid people who try to revive the past, and who would give to slavish and superstitious customs a resurrection. Perhaps, then, the brave words that you read in the Gospels, about freedom, and brotherhood, and Christ in us and with every man, like seed-wheat from the mummy's folds, may take root, and bring forth harvests. That will be the true Millennium."

"God forbid!" quoth Dr. Tomlinson; but the guest gravely rejoined, "The lad has interpreted the parable."

THE NEW CHURCH FABULIST.

No. 6.

THE PITCHERS AT THE WELL.

Three broken Pitchers, once, beside a well—
'Twas on a summer day the thing befell—
Gossiped, as pitchers do ; till, faint and dry,
A worn and weary traveler drew nigh.
From each to each he passed, and found them, all,
Perched as the topmost pebbles on a wall.
The first exclaimed, " Sir, I was bought at Rome ;
With the true drink, O man ! behold, I foam,
And ever shall, infallible and clear
For every taste, since Peter set me here."

The second, thereupon, with boisterous shout,
Sought, not with water, but with words, to spout ;
And cried, " O mortal ! slake your thirst with me ;
I hold pure lymph, from earth's admixture free.
Yon earthen pot is but a ' man of sin ;'
I hold a strainer, placed my throat within,
And, through its little holes—just thirty-nine—
All that flows out is purest crystalline."

Up started then a noisy little pot—
'Twas very small, and, therefore, soonest hot—
And cried, " Ye foolish Vessels ! why pursue
Your prate ? Old jugs, I am a pitcher new :
The ark of Noah floats upon my brim,
And all its tenants amble round the rim.
These ancient jugs their watery contents poured
To the last drop, and stands a sight deplored
By men and spirits, broken potsherds, gay
Without, but, inly, hollow globes of clay."

A Maiden came, and, blushing at the brink,
Drew from its depths, and bade the pilgrim drink.
Grateful to sense and soul the cool delight !
He drank ! The empty jugs behold the sight
And first the Roman, dry as dust, began,
" That draught will be perdition to the man !"

"Nay," cried his next-door neighbor, "'tis a case
Of lunacy ; there's nothing in the place ;
He seems to drink, I know ; but, well-a-day !
These sons of schism all their gods betray."
Then Little Pitcher, sore aghast that one
Should find a fountain where he knew was none,
Declaimed, in language eloquent, " Beguiled
And foolish pilgrim ; Wisdom undefiled
Bids thee beware ! rash man, 'tis out of rule,
With steps presumptuous, to approach the pool.
Too much of water is a dangerous thing ;
Try the New Pitcher, but avoid the Spring."

The Maiden turned and cried, " I'll try you all."
" No," spoke the Pitchers jointly, great and small,
" We will try you, by candle, book, and bell.
Pray, Madam, what's your mission to the well ?"

Answered the Maiden, with a sweet accord,
" I am the Spirit, waiting on the Word.
I fill the cup ; the lame and halt and blind
To the well's brink I guide ; they seek and find ;
And still I cry, where the sad seekers grieve,
'Tis free to all ! ask and ye shall receive ! "

" Stuff ! stuff !" cried Rome, " my very fingers itch
To have you roasted, Madam, for a witch."
" Stuff ! stuff !" his neighbor then, with self-content,
Added, " we'll starve her ; thus we serve Dissent."
" Stuff ! stuff !" with piping treble cried their friend
The Little Pitcher, " see the wanton's end !
She'll drown that man : foul siren of the wave !
He drinks the poison to embrace the grave."

Meanwhile the Traveler, like one of old,
Transfigured shone, clad with the noonday gold,
No more envailed with robes that pilgrims wear ;
Truth owned her Source, and Love her Author there.
He smote the empty vessels with his rod,
And vanished—for the pilgrim was the God.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE SUN.

A Dew-drop twinkled all night upon a sprig of hawthorn, waiting for the rising Sun, and, as he waited, to keep his heart warm, and satisfy his longing love, foretold the advent of the glorious luminary that was soon to shine.

"What is that fool prating about?" said a very wise Owlet, "for my part I wish the Sun would never rise. When it is below the horizon the field-mice come abroad, and there is fine picking in the meadows. I should be satisfied, and so I am sure would be all owls of sagacity and experience, to have the Sun abolished; or have a blanket hung over him to say the least."

Still sang the Dew-drop of the beautiful brightness; but a Bat, sailing by, and flapping his filmy wings, could not endure it, and, squeaking as if he were a mouse, abused him roundly; "you foolish one, have done, will you! I never saw the Sun at all. What is it that you are making this ado about? In my cave, which is the very metropolis of wisdom, where all day we hang by the hooks of our wings upon the walls, the Sun never shines; therefore our faculties are never confused or obscured, and what we do not know is not worth the knowing." But the Dew-drop heard him not, he was whispering his delight to the pale Moon, gleaming over the tree-tops, and asking her if she had ever seen the Sun.

"Croak! croak!" from a neighboring marsh chanted the Frogs in chorus, "the day of wrath is coming; soon the Sun will rise, and singe the herbage, and scorch the wings of all the singing birds, and wilt the grass in the meadows. See how good this terrible Sun is to us, his children. He hates all the world but us. But the Frogs he loves. We are his peculiar people. We shall hear the violets burn, and see the larks drop dead. Foolish things! that is because they are proud of their leaves and feathers. Did we give out sweet odors and sing in the sky, the day of wrath would overtake us also. For us he has provided the frog-pond. When all the world turns to ashes we shall croak all the merrier. Silly Dew-drop! can you croak? can you dive in the marsh? are you a Frog? You will be one of the first to perish in that awful

day." "So he will," responded a fat Eel, who heard the Frogs in their discourse, "so he will, as his fathers perished before," seizing, as he said this, the fattest of the frogs, to stay his stomach till breakfast-time.

Like crimson fishes in a globe of starry light, the clouds floated in the eastern sky. The Dew-drop trembled with rapture, for he knew that morning was not far. The Lark arose, and, fluttering upward, shook out a rain of melody. Slowly, on the bosom of the stream, the white Lily unfolded her moist corolla, and the Dew-drop, inhaling the fragrance, sang, "the Sun is coming, the great Sun is coming soon."

TRUE POLITENESS.

He who has a heart glowing with kindness and good-will toward his fellow-men, and who is guided in the exercise of these feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance; it does not consist in artificial smiles and flattering speech, but in silence and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you, in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort, to add to the enjoyment of others.

The man who lays aside all selfishness in regard to the happiness of others, who is ever ready to confer favors, who speaks in language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man, though he may wear a homespun coat, and make a very ungraceful bow. And many a fashionable who dresses genteelly, and enters the most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility. True politeness is a virtue of the understanding and the heart. It is not like the whited sepulchre, or like Sodom's far-famed fruit.—*Selected.*

FAIRY WISH-GOOD.

What joys attend
A fairy friend !
His peaceful pleasures never end.

The blossoms grow,
With music low,
Because his loves within them flow.

The lilies white
Exhale delight,
For fairies in them hide from sight.

Upon the grass,
For fairy lass,
The dew-drop is a looking-glass.

On Sundays, when
The fairy men
Chant praise, the blue-bells chime " amen."

The golden day
Beholds their play ;
The sky-lark thrills to hear them say,

" 'Tis morn ! 'tis morn !
What joys adorn
The fairy world when day is born."

In every star,
That shines afar,
I ween the happy fairies are.

And all, as one,
The errands run
Of Him who fills the Fairy Sun.

LET US RETURN.

"Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the OLD PATHS; where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Where is our rest?

In the experience of every unregenerate soul there comes a time when those things in which hitherto it has taken most delight pall upon the senses, and become wearisome. The world, as Shakspeare expresses it, seems "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Life itself, at such moments, is a burden. The pining soul longs to take the wings of the morning and flee away to be at rest.

Nature, the bountiful mother, sympathizes with this desire of the yearning spirit, and, speaking to us with her many airy voices, says ever, "*Return my child, return.*" The flowers lift their dew-dripping petals, and, smiling upward, whisper of *peace*; the trees in the grand old forest wave their wild branches, and cry "*Come, be a child once more*;" the rivers, flowing musically along, sing to us of green and solitary places where quietness abides; and old ocean's shifting sands, and the changeful clouds, and the hum of insect-life, and the rippling melody of the little brook, and old gray ruins, and the church-spire, and dewy night-fall, and the holy noon-beam, at times fill us with melancholy, causing us to feel that truly this is *not* our rest.

And all-beautiful, and pure, and true thoughts, how they affect us! and, touching the deepest springs in our hidden nature, our most interior being, how they minister to this feeling of *unrest*, and cry unto us "Return," until we are drawn inward to our true rest in God!

And in the Ideal-world it is the same; sooner or later the Actual usurps, or veils over, the Ideal; for when we have once been behind the curtain, and have seen the trap-doors and the pulleys, with rare exceptional moments, the illusions of the stage are over.

And in the Tone-realm—ah! what sadness of soul do those heart-wringing sounds bring to us! what reminiscences of the past, when all was well with us, and the evil days, as yet, were not!

How swiftly starts the tear, true to the imperishable nature of

the heart's immortal affection, when some song of Home, some strain of Auld Lang Syne, meets the ear !

And the mutability and strange fickleness of worldly attachments at times fills the soul with a strong agony, as if the shadow of Death had obtruded itself into our very sunshine ; for the friendships of earth are but the shallowest of pretenses ; and Love—the love of the nineteenth century—what is it but the veriest of mockeries ? The skeleton at the feast is none the less hideous that its brow is garlanded with roses. The trail of the serpent can be traced o'er all that pertains only to this fallen orb ; ah ! in *none* of these can our souls find the rest they crave.

Sitting at the Opera a few nights ago, we fell athinking on this want of many unsatisfied hearts ; and, while gazing around us at the assembling and expectant throng, our attention was drawn toward a lady and gentleman who seated themselves very near us. Their *distingué* appearance and elegant adornings gave outward evidence of their social position.

No doubt, thought we, they are a happy married pair, on whose birth Dame Fortune smiled ; and whose love of music has drawn them from the refined seclusion of a home, where the Loves and the Graces find ample accommodation. Just then, the music commencing, we paused in our soliloquy.

The subject of the evening's entertainment was that of a young couple who had left their childhood's home, lured by ambition and the love of fame. Glory fired their young imaginations, and Pleasure, with her siren arts, strove to eradicate from their bosoms all the memories of their early and happy youth.

As the Opera progressed, it seemed, however, they found Glory to be but a bubble on life's ocean ; Fame but a distracting dream of vanity ; Pleasure's cup was soon drained of all but the bitter dregs, which are always found in the bottom of it ; and the taste of which ever lingers to spoil the memory of the purple draught, whose effervescence at the first was so tempting. Sorrows and misfortunes gathered thick around them, until at last they appeared in prison and doomed to die. The female was sleeping, and in her dreams wafted once more back to the home of her youth, she exclaimed to her associate in misery,

“ Let us go back to the mountain,
And the old time will come again ! ”

At that moment, a low convulsive sob met our ear, and we saw it came from the beautiful woman who had so attracted us in the earlier part of the evening. The sweet melancholy strain of the singer had borne her, too, back into the past. Bending over, with all her entreating soul looking out of her moistened eyes, she whispered gently to her companion, "Let us go back, and the old time will come again!" A cold, supercilious stare was her only answer; and its freezing expression, like the surging of an icy wave, sent her yearning love back upon her heart. She wiped quickly away a furtive tear, and, resuming her former manner, soon appeared to have forgotten the little touch of human nature, which had beguiled from her proud lip the thrilling heart-want. Ah! thought we, the old, old story—Love's pure gold exchanged for base and spurious coin. Would that she might go back; retracing her life's devious wanderings, and finding again a starting point, commence over *as a little child*, her life's true journey.

How had that unsought glimpse into her veiled heart, changed the whole tenor of our thoughts regarding her. Her rich attire no longer looked desirable in our eyes; that one tear had power to dim her sparkling jewels; that one sobbing sigh to change her bright robings into mourning garments.

Then, looking around the gay circle, we fancied we detected weariness and discontent on most of the faces present. Do they all wish they could *go back*? thought we. Are they all, like the babes in the wood, lost children, who are straying away from their Father's house? Darlings of society, with all that the world has to offer gleaming and glittering around them, are they, too, beginning to find life's pleasures are but a mirage, which mock and betray? Dying by inches for want of true sympathy, how many of their hearts will to-morrow echo the words of the fair warbling songstress of this hour?

"Let us go back to the mountain,
And the old time will come again!"

The old time, are we indeed longing for it? Yes, truly we all are. That we have now is evidently "out of joint." It is not as in our deep heart we would fain have it. In the old time Love was pure and sincere; and heart valued heart for its wealth of

emotion, its jewels of truth, its garments of beauty, and its expression of trust and devotion. Love, with his smile like the morn, ruled then ; but now we have a counterfeit Cupid, and his arrows are tipped with *gold*. Hard money-getting is incompatible with unselfish tenderness. Would that the old time was here again!

And it *can* come, whenever man will consent to live out of himself. At the *foot* of the mountain still grow the Spring flowers ; in the sweet green valley of Humiliation, healthiest region for the soul, self dies out, and the power to commence over again a brave, true hero-life—the noble life of living for others—is imparted when we *arise and go to OUR FATHER* !

The lost Golden Age, yes, it has been lost ; but there is *ONE*, who, if we ask Him, will show us how to find it. It may once more be ours, if we will but *return unto our rest*.

M. H. B.

WORD PICTURES.

VII.

A ruby in a wreath of pearl,
Clasped on a beauteous jeweled wrist ;
Among the maids a blushing girl,
By the Betrothal Angel kissed.

BOOK NOTICES.

TRUTH AND LIFE IN JESUS.

Discourses by Rev. T. L. Harris, preached in Manchester, England, October, November, and December, 1859. Phonographically reported. 12mo, pp. 200. London, W. White. New York, New Church Publishing Association.

The history of this volume is presented, with singular felicity of style, in its Introduction, written by a gentleman of the place in which the discourses were delivered, and to whom their publication is owing in a large degree. We feel it due to the cause of Unsectarian and Spiritual Christianity to quote this in full, as an illustration of the power of the Spirit, even in communities where spiritual gifts are slightly known or held in utter disbelief.

"A brief account of the circumstances attending the delivery and publication of these sermons may be of interest to the reader. The Rev. T. L. Harris came to Manchester uninvited and personally unknown; without introductions, and under the auspices of no sect or association. He left in New York a church of which he was the beloved minister, and a people tenderly and fervently united to him and to each other, and came to England, because he believed his mission here was Divinely directed. He remained twelve weeks in Manchester, preaching and lecturing. The means ordinarily relied on to attract public attention were in this case non-existent. The greater part of those who were so far interested as to wish to hear him, came at first with a degree of distrust. But the tones and words of love and truth which were uttered, penetrated and melted; and the weekly increasing audience, and deepening interest of the hearers, showed that the Word of God, earnestly and lovingly preached, still has power to dispel prejudice and to reach human hearts and consciences.

"Several gentlemen having taken phonographic notes of most of the sermons, intended for their own use only, a very general wish was expressed by the hearers that at least some of them should be published. Very kindly acceding to this desire, they commenced to write out several of them. On its being requested, the consent of Mr. Harris was at once given, and his services in their revision most kindly offered. As they were written out from

the short-hand notes, they were sent to the printers. The present volume is thus the result of spontaneous utterances, and undirected gatherings. Its publication can not but be useful if the written words retain only a small portion of the influence which attended their oral delivery.

"There are many who look with longing hearts, hoping, though it may be but faintly, for something truer and nobler than the Church of the present day, in any of its sections, sets before them. While some who seek, but know not where to find, the water of life, "passionately dig wells in the dry quick-sand," and multitudes of others sink into a brute-life, looking to the closed heavens with unwondering eyes, and numbed hearts; and still other multitudes, savages of Christendom, outcasts who strew the path of society's onward march with their bleached bones, are trampled down by the strong, or left to stagger and fall on the skirts of the great moving host, as it journeys through the desert of modern civilization; the few only, looking at Christ Himself, looking at Christianity in its initial history, with perceptions not yet entirely clouded over by the life of the senses, ask, "Can the existing Christianity be the Church of Christ and of the Apostles? Can it be that Church among a cultivated people, instead of one semi-barbarous? Can it be Christ's Church after eighteen centuries of growth? Is it not rather the Church in the midst of that great falling away that was predicted?" And they long for that new in-flowing of the Divine Spirit which prophecy foretells, that descent of the New Jerusalem which is to bless the latter day. Through the long hours when "birds of darkness are on the wing" they cry "Watchman, what of the night?" and with sacred joy they hail the gleam of a Diviner light, and the voice which announces through the gloom "The morning cometh."

"Of the eloquence of the preacher a London audience of the highest class of minds is now giving a judgment of admiration. One who is highly esteemed in the literary world says of him: 'I can recollect no man to be compared with him in the essentials of a finished preacher; for power and originality of mind, for poetry of diction, for breadth and copiousness of argument, for affluence of historic and philosophic illustration, for vivid and acute analysis of the elements of modern society, for a courageous

trampling on all conventionalities, in a word, for the effectual stripping from the Gospel of the cobwebs of a dusty worn-out Divinity, of the hampering bandages of creeds; and for planting Christianity before us in her Divine and undisguised lineaments, in her free and noble beauty.*

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* W. Howitt, in *The Critic* of January 28, 1860.

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“ Who, then, was the great Christ of history and of humanity, whose life we trace through Gospel narrative, and whose spiritual power is even now the motive force in the reconstruction alike of the moral, the intellectual, and the social world? What titles from Holy Writ shall we be constrained to form into the crown which indicates His majesty? Let each of the four great schools of thought describe Him. We agree with the Naturalist, He is ‘ the man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief ;’ He is the carpenter, the son of Mary ; He is the friend of Mary and of Martha, and of Lazarus, whom He raised from the dead ; He is afflicted with our infirmities, and from His most external consciousness He feels and thinks, He wills and reasons, as a man ; He is tempted,

and overcomes temptation ; He is the hero toiling for His human brothers, the Ajax and Hercules of the great social fight ; the stern combatant for the rights and liberties of the peoples ; the patriot for his country, the philanthropist for his race—evolving through natural faculties the golden truths of earth's ideal and final religion—living and dying as the teacher and exemplifier of the sweet fatherhood of God, the lasting brotherhood of man.

"He is more. We have beheld as yet the ante-court alone of this stupendous nature. While His outer consciousness is that of the terrestrial race, restored and adjusted to the central and confluent lines of the Divine Intelligence ; within it are all the faculties that pertain to the loftier comprehension of the Universal Heaven. Still, in His finite degrees of life, He is 'the Son of Man who came down from heaven,' and who yet, with subjective perception, 'dwells in heaven.' 'He is before all ;' 'He is the head,' and 'by Him all things consist ;' of whom it is said, that, when 'God brought His only begotten Son into the world, all the angels worshiped Him.' He is the 'only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth ;' yet still, in this celestial and supernatural consciousness, declaring 'my Father is greater than I.'

"But as, through the degrees of being, we mount up, while below, through the Lord's celestial consciousness, the celestial unveils its glories—as through his natural consciousness are pictured Judean scenes and Galilean villages—so now we arrive at the intervening veil of thrice-woven Divine effulgence, through which shines forth the infinite image of the 'WORD made flesh.' We now understand those pregnant words, 'He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father'—why prophecy heralds Him as the 'Mighty God'—why contemporaneous devotion welcomed Him as 'Immanuel'—why the seer of the Apocalypse beheld Him as 'the Alpha and Omega, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.'

"But now, with unexhausted interest, we open to other—though mystical, yet most inspired—sentences, not merely of our God in objective manifestation, but in subjective life ; which, dimly from their very vastness, yet not dubiously, hint at union and communion in the drama of redemption ; wherein each separate depth and fullness of trinal life in Deity plays its own agreeing part. 'In Him we behold the fullness of the Godhead bodily.'

"There are four views of the glorification of our Lord. At

these I can but briefly hint. The Naturalist beholds that great and faithful servant, and martyr of humanity, sublimed in the fervency of spirit, and vanishing as in a dream of glory, to pioneer the passage, no less than indicate the attributes, of the coming life. It stands in awe, and hears Him cry, 'Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.' In this formula, the spirit of the man Christ, worthily accomplishing a career of perfect human greatness, is incarnated from time and space.

"A second view, the Arian, is more resplendent, more significant. The vast Angelical Intelligence completes, in the resurrection, the cycle of earth-assumed existence. The occultation of the Soul is over; it rises through fulfilled duty to more than its original lustre of wisdom and delight; it is as if the heavens had visibly opened, and the Son of Man ascended where He was before. He is at the right hand of the Almighty, where evermore 'He liveth to make intercession for us.'

"But still higher, all that is celestial and, as to consciousness, natural, is caught up, ascending to its Father and our Father, to its God and our God. In other words, the infinite Creator *infolds* the natural consciousness into the celestial, as by some universal involution; and then again infolds the natural and the celestial in some more interior Divine approximation to himself. In other words, the Son of Man is glorified; and, if He comes to us again, it is as the objective manifestation of all-perfect Deity, in the power of the Father and all His holy angels, to 'render unto every man according to his works.'

"There is a view still more interior. Earth is not as it was before; our Lord, in thus descending, has added somewhat to it, taken somewhat away. He came that 'we might have life, and have it more abundantly.' The celestial-natural form was a vessel through which—as light and heat through the organic sun—rolling billows of arterial life, beauty, joy, strength and inspiration, descended to melt and mingle with the common elements of all mankind. But He removed something as well; here we approach the theory of vicariousness in sacrifice; the whole orb, as a body, was foully impregnated with moral evil; it was a lost orb, a planet of inversive men; its worship for the most part

grown demoniacal ; its inspirations from an under world of depraved and melancholy spirits. He laid His hand on the world's heart, and, through the attraction which results from infinite sympathy, outdrew the elements and essences of evil, which, gendering there, were consuming the finer and inner qualities of the soul. He interposed Himself, through that assumed humanity, between earth the biologised subject, and realms of polluted human spirits, acting in unity as the biologising and seducing ruiner. He took poor earth as an organic form to His bosom ; He applied, as in the affecting story, His own lips to her heart-wound, and drew out the poison, and took it into His own natural person, and bore it away Himself. But on this I may not now enlarge. So, the mystery of the Gospel hides—not foolishness, but infinity. Doctrine agrees with doctrine, system with system—

' And where the natural halts ; where, seen, confined,
The pent horizon bounds the baffled mind,
The Inspired begins, the onward march is given,
Bridging all space, nor ending e'en in heaven.' "

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